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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1862.

## VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Half-hidden behind a tall hedge of roses, which ran round a small piece of artificial water, with a *jet d'eau* in the centre, a peachy-cheeked young girl was busy clipping withered blossoms and dead leaves, singing cheerily the while. When we say that the girl's business was with decayed flowers and dry twigs, we give her credit for a good intention; the doleful fact being that, along with the old and faded ones, perfectly fresh roses, and promising buds, not a few strewed the ground wherever she had passed. But could any one hold her responsible for these trespasses who contrasted the ponderous garden-scissors in her grasp with the plump tiny hands which tried to wield them?

Meanwhile, a quaint-looking figure in a striped cotton cap and green apron, under cover of a row of mulberry-trees, was limping stealthily along towards the pond. Once there, the man—for a man it was, and an old man, and certainly one of the ugliest men alive—well, the man stood waiting a few seconds, then, biding his time, crossed on tiptoe the short open space between the row of trees and the pond; and, when only separated from the girl by the thickness of the hedge of roses, he roared out, "I catch you at it again, Signorina."

The Signorina jumped back in great alarm, and cried, "How rude of you, Barnaby; you have startled me out of my senses."

"I wish I could startle you out of your wicked ways, but that I can't. How many times haven't I told you to let the flowers alone! You have a garden of your own, haven't you, and scissors of your own, haven't you?"

"I have lost mine," pleaded the youthful offender.

"So much the better for these poor things of God. Fine work you have made of it," pursued the old gardener, pointing to the hedge and to the "rosy way" on the ground, with which she had marked her progress; "a hailstorm could not have done worse. And who will have to bear the blame when the whole town comes up for the feast? Why, that old dotard, Barnaby; that good-for-nothing Barnaby. Dotards and good-for-nothings yourselves, confounded ignoramuses."

"You needn't bellow so, I am not deaf," remonstrated the Signorina; "you are always in a rage with some one or other. I don't wonder they call you Radetsky."

This cut on a bleeding wound brought the old man's exasperation to a pitch of fury. He opened his mouth to a frightful extent, stood gasping for a moment; then, probably finding no words adequate to his passion, he made a pull at his cap, threw it on the ground, picked it up, walked two steps away, came back, and said solemnly, "Will you give me my scissors; yes or no, Signora Padrona?"

Whenever he called her "Signora

Padrona," Barnaby was in high dudgeon. She did not seem to mind it much, as she only said, "Presently," making in the meantime the most of her short presumed tenure of the scissors. Barnaby, without further parley, turned into the green inclosure, and gave chase. Will-o'-the-Wisp skipped along to avoid pursuit, snipping right and left at random, and laughing heartily. All at once she stopped, gave a faint cry, and lo! the twist of keen merriment in her face gave way to that particular and not over dignified grimace about the mouth which is a forerunner of tears. In her precipitation to do havoc, Miss Rose had caught one of her thumbs between the handles of the scissors.

Here was a piece of poetical justice, which one, even under smaller provocation than our old fellow, might well be tempted to turn to account as a text for a little moral lecture. But Barnaby was a poor hand at moralising, and no amount of poetical or unpoetical justice could ever reconcile him to a consummation which entailed pain on his young mistress. For, be it said to his honour or to his shame, cross-grained and grumbling, and full of sound and fury as he was, the least of the little distresses of this pet of his was enough to make him as chicken-hearted as could be.

The echo of Miss Rose's faint cry had barely died away ere Barnaby was by her side, and, kneeling on one knee, his two arms round her had drawn her close to him. "What is it? where is it?"

"Here," sobbed Rose, showing the injured thumb; and, with the effort of speaking, down dropped two big tears.

"Don't, don't, my darling," cried the good old fellow, raising the small hand to his lips, previous to its inspection. "It's nothing; it will be soon all right. You see the skin is not broken—only a little pinch. We'll rub the pain away in no time;" and he began rubbing with great care. There were coaxing and caressing tones in his voice now, which no one would have dreamed of finding in it a moment before. Even the hotch-potch of grimacing, tumble-down features, which made him a remarkably ugly man, had settled into something almost agreeable to look at, so intense was the gentle and tender feeling which lighted them from within.

"There, the smart is over, isn't it? Not quite yet? but almost—well, we must conjure it away by a little magic;" and, putting the thumb on a level with his mouth, he first mumbled some inarticulate sounds, and then blew noisily over it. "There, it is gone now, and we can smile again" In spite of some effort to the contrary, the corners of the pouting mouth had begun to relax, when a shrill sound, something like a colt's neigh, caught her ear. "Here is Vincenzino," she said, disengaging herself from the old man's arms; "don't tell him I have been crying." And, passing a corner of her long-sleeved pinafore over her eyes, she answered the signal in the same key. Well might Miss Rose be ashamed of being found out to have been crying, for, younger by two years as she looked, she was not the less fourteen years of age.

Presently hove in sight, capering towards the pond, the slim figure of a bare-headed and tonsured lad, in the long and not over-graceful robe of a Seminarist. "Is the rehearsal over?" asked Miss Rose, the moment he was close to her. He did not reply to the question, but, with a sharp glance at her, he said, "You have been crying;" and, turning quickly on Barnaby, added, with a significant stamp of the foot, "it is you who made her cry." Barnaby burst into a contemptuous laugh, and, mimicking the treble and gesture of the young orator most pointedly, repeated word for word the new-comer's address to himself; then, resuming his natural gruff voice, he went on cuttingly, "Of course, it was I who made her cry; who else could it be, I should like to know? Whenever there is mischief done, depend on it Barnaby is at the bottom of it. Barnaby feeds on babies, three weeks' old boys for breakfast, six weeks' old girls for dinner, and so on. Nay, now that I think of it, I had better take to my heels, or for certain I shall be whipped by his Reverence. Ha! ha!

ha! confounded brats!" was the *ab irato* winding-up. "Their lips are still moist with mother's milk, and they give themselves airs of authority. I have no patience with them." Having thus delivered his opinion, Barnaby picked up the shears, and walked away in sullen majesty. To avoid misconception, let us here state distinctly that, next to Rose and Rose's father, Vincenzo was Barnaby's greatest favourite. But, by laying at his door Rose's tears, Vincenzo had stung him to the quick, and the old fire-eater had instantly shown fight.

The lad looked after him and said, "Ugly-and-Good seems uncommonly touchy this afternoon."

"To tell the truth," replied Rose, "I have worried him too much;" and she confessed her freaks with the scissors and her mishap.

Ugly-and-Good (*brutto e buono*) is the name given in Italy to an excellent sort of winter pear, having a very rugged exterior. It was Barnaby's legitimate nickname, and, to a certain extent, accepted by him, though with a slight *variante*, viz. the modest addition of a *not* before *good*. It was only lately that a few scamps in the village had taken to calling him "Radetzky." The Austrian field-marshal at that epoch (1848) was acting a very prominent part in the drama of contemporaneous events. This foolish appellation, disapproved as it was by the majority in the village, would have fallen into disuse of itself, had not Barnaby, by resenting it violently, given it the whet that it wanted. Of all pleasures, the one most rarely resisted by young people, especially by boys, is that of working an old man into a passion.

"By-the-by," said Rose, "how did the rehearsal come off?"

"Not come off at all," was the reply. "The musicians are all at the Palazzo, but the bass-viol is missing. The Signor Avvocato has sent out scouts to meet the porters, who are to bring it. Let us go to the Belvedere, and watch for the men."

They skirted the row of mulberry-trees which had masked Barnaby's approach, went down a few steps, then turned to the left into a vine-covered walk, which led them straight to the Belvedere. It looked over the village and the zigzags of the gently rising road, and commanded a pretty extensive view of the plain, down to the red-tiled roofs of the nearest town. Rose sat down, and, producing from her pocket a small box of vari-coloured beads, an unfinished purse, and sewing materials, said, "While we are waiting, I may as well do a row or two of your purse. It's pretty, isn't it, Vincenzo?" She called him Vincenzo without ceremony, speaking to him in the familiar second person of the singular; but he always addressed her in the deferential third, and as "Signora Padrona."

"Beautiful!" replied the lad; "yours are very clever little fingers, Signora."

"And, you may add, very patient ones also," said Rose. "I wouldn't do it for any one but you. Quite extraordinary the work there is in such small things. Shall I do the initials in red or white beads? Which should you like best?"

"Really, I scarcely know," said perplexed Vincenzo; "which should you advise?"

"Red, I should say."

"Then, let it be red," returned Vincenzo, energetically.

"But, remember, you are not to get the purse unless you sing your motet next Thursday to perfection. Do you quite know it?"

"I think I do," said Vincenzo. "Shall I sing it to you?"

"Yes, do." In a clear pleasing mezzo-soprano voice, Vincenzo sang, without once blundering or faltering, the "salutaris," which was his allotted part in the religious festivity appointed for the following Thursday. "Bravo!" exclaimed Rose, clapping her hands. "Papa will be so pleased. You were so slow in learning it, that he never thought you would be equal to it."

"I was very slow," said Vincenzo; "but the fact is, this motet is too high for my voice, which is no longer what it was last year: and then I don't like it as well as I did the other ones."

"Don't tell papa so; he considers this as one of his best compositions; and, if he knew that you didn't think as highly of it as he does, he would be downright angry; and, as it is, he is not too well pleased with you."

"I do not wonder at that," said Vincenzo, rather sadly. "I have not given him any cause to be pleased with me. When I recollect how miserably I failed in my last examination, I am heartily ashamed of myself."

"But how was it? Had you been idle?" asked the girl.

"No," returned Vincenzo. "Philosophy was the rock on which I was wrecked. I got clear of all other matters with a *bene*."

"Is philosophy, then, so very hard to learn?"

"For me, very; it bewilders me. I can make neither head nor tail of it. It is like reading an unknown language, which, read and read for ever so long, you can never catch the meaning of. And, as to arguing *in formâ*, and syllogisms, it is of no use my trying to master them."

"What is a syllogism?" questioned Rose.

"It is a form of argument made to prove white to be black, and black white, in so clever a way that one is at a loss to discover where the flaw lies; at least, I never can. I'll give you an example. Up to this day, you have believed that salt meat makes one thirsty. Well, I am going to prove the contrary, thus—To drink assuages thirst; *atqui*, salt meat makes one drink; *ergo*, salt meat assuages thirst."

"But that is downright nonsense," cried Miss Rose, laughing; "don't you see that the flaw lies in the *ergo*?"

"I dare say it does," assented the lad; "but affirmation is no proof, you know, and you must prove your case *in formâ*; there's the bog."

"My poor Vincenzo," said Rose, looking at the melancholy face, half in merriment, half in sorrow, "I wish I could help you out of your bog, but I can't. However, you must keep up your courage, and try and try till you do succeed. Just think! a lad of seventeen, and only to have got the minor orders. If you go on at this rate, papa says, when will you ever say your first mass?"

"Who knows if I shall ever say one at all?" said Vincenzo, with a doubtful shake of the head. "There are times when I despair of ever being able to acquire the amount of learning necessary for a priest. I am afraid I am naturally dull."

"Nonsense," put in Rose.

"Perhaps," he went on, "the want of early education may have something to do with it. Born a peasant, I was brought up as a peasant—I could almost wish I were one now. When my father—bless his soul!—destined me for the Church, I was already eleven years old, and scarcely able to read or write; so I had to begin at the beginning. I suppose this want of ballast has kept me back in my studies, besides my being, as I said before, naturally thick-headed."

This harsh judgment upon himself, though passed in perfect good faith—who could doubt for a moment the lad's honest face and voice?—was singularly belied by the gentle earnestness with which he spoke—an earnestness beyond his age—and by the accompanying intelligent play of his features. Rose had felt this when she had entered her protest against Vincenzino's first self-accusation of dulness, and ten to one but she would have again protested, if the missing bass-viol had not loomed in sight at this very nick of time. Just turning the corner of the Parish Church Square appeared two men carrying the cumbrous instrument, with a third person somewhat ahead, who had the unmistakeable air of a priest. "Don Natale, I declare," said Rose, springing from her seat. "I wonder if he's come to the rehearsal; let us go and meet him."

And, darting swift as arrows through the vine-covered walk, and along a terrace planted with walnut-trees, the nimble pair cleared the gate in a twinkling, and were scampering down the high road, when a lusty hail from Bar-

naby made them stop and turn their heads. The old man was running after them, the young lady's straw hat in his hand. "Never mind the hat," laughed Rose; "I suppose I dropped it at the pond."

"Ugly-and-Good means it as a peace-offering," said the lad. "I'll run back for it;" and, suiting the action to the word, he raced away to Barnaby, and was in no time again at Miss Rose's side.

Meanwhile Don Natale, a little ahead of the men with the bass-viol, was jogging on pretty fast, considering his short legs and big round paunch. Don Natale was the *beau ideal* of a parish country priest—fat, broad-faced, double-chinned, red-nosed, good-humoured. Long use had deprived his cassock of all gloss, his three-cornered hat of every, even the last vestige of nap—gloss and nap replaced by a coat of grease. He shouted and telegraphed with his head-gear to the boy and girl, and, when within reach of voice, bellowed out, "Here I am! come in person to explain and make *restitutionem in integrum*. Ouf! Vincenzo knows what that means. What do you think that blockhead of a porter from the town did? Ouf! Why, he took the double-bass to the parish church. And what do you think that goose the clerk did? He shut it up in the vestry, where it has been standing for this hour and a half."

Rose and Vincenzo were close to him by this time, and, as in duty bound, kissed the priest's hand. "Good day, Rosa, Rosetta, Rosettina; good day, Vincenzo—bless my soul, what a sun for the month of May; it scorches one's skin, it does. Hard work to climb up hill at any time, but—"

"I beg you will not call this gentle slope a hill," remonstrated Rose, smiling.

"When you are past sixty-five, and have to carry the weight I do, you'll find it hill enough, my dear child. But, hill or slope, let us move on. By-the-bye, there's a hamper for the palace at Peter the chandler's—a hamper come by post, as big as a babe, and—exhaling such a fragrance! if it were not out of season, I should say of white truffles. Whatever it is, thou wilt smack thy lips at it next Thursday, Vincenzo, thou little rogue—while I—I dine at the castle, you know. It is traditionary that the parish priest should dine at the castle on St. Urban's-day. *Consuetudo est lex.* Not that I have anything to say against the table at the castle; God forbid!—but they hate truffles there, can't bear the smell of them—quite an idiosyncracy. Mine lies the contrary way; I am overfond of truffles, I confess; perhaps it is a weakness, but there are worse ones, I daresay. Ouf! I am out of breath."

"No wonder you are," cried Rose, laughing; "you do nothing but talk, and talk, and talk."

"Do you hear her? The lamb is scolding the shepherd, I declare," pursued Don Natale, with an arch look at Rose. "You are like Job's friends, fault-finding instead of helping. Come to me, Rosinetta, dear, and be *baculus senectutis meæ*—give me the support of your arm, I mean, and I'll tell you why I go on talking, and talking, and talking."

And, playfully drawing Rose's arm under his own, Don Natale continued:

"I am making up for time lost. I have been gagged these last three-and-thirty years—ever since 1815, my dear—and, now that the gag is removed, thanks to immortal Pio Nono, thanks to magnanimous Charles Albert, thanks last not least to that philosopher of all Christian philosophers, Gioberti"—and he raised his greasy hat in succession to the three names—"now that an honest man, lay or priest, can say his say without hindrance or fear, well, I use and abuse the privilege, and I am rattling on for ever."

To this ingenious theory the young lady might have opposed a sober fact, confirmed by her own experience—namely, that at all times Don Natale had been famous throughout the parish for his superabundance of talkative powers; but she had discretion enough to hold her tongue. They had passed the gate, and were strolling up the long avenue of poplars, which abutted upon the palace, when another little party was noticed, coming down the avenue towards them.

It consisted of Rose's father (the Signor Avvocato, as he was called constantly) and four or five of the musicians, who had assembled there for the rehearsal. The two groups, on espying each other, accelerated their pace, and were not long in meeting, when there followed such an explosion of "oh's!" and "ah's!" and "what good wind has blown you hither?" and questions, explanations, and wonderments, as the crows living on the poplars had never witnessed the like of.

However, time pressed; and, after this short halt employed in mutual greetings, and giving and receiving information, the now united column resumed its march in good order. Rose and her father (the Signor Avvocato) headed it, having Don Natale between them; the rest followed by twos and threes. Vincenzo brought up the rear, by chance or by inclination, all alone; and, having no better occupation for the nonce, he kept sedulously kicking out of the way everything in the shape of leaf, root, or stone, which stood in relief enough to allow of its being kicked away.

"What is the matter with thee?" asked Barnaby, sallying suddenly forth from behind a tree.

"Nothing is the matter, Barnaby," answered Vincenzo, with a little surprise.

"Art thou ill, I mean?"

"Not in the least."

"Hast thou had any words with the Signorina?"

"God forbid!" said Vincenzo.

"Why then canst thou not hold up thy head, like the honest lad thou art?"

Upon this, Barnaby went his way, and Vincenzo his.

## CHAPTER II.

### A VOCATION.

Vincenzo had no more been consulted about the profession for which he was being educated than is a bale of goods about its destination. His father was a trusty and meritorious servant of the Signor Avvocato, who eventually came by his death, one might say, in his master's service. He had the management of some pretty extensive rice-marshes which the Signor Avvocato possessed in the environs of Vercelli. A sure and a productive concern this rice cultivation, but very unhealthy! Rice is raised in water, which stagnates and corrupts and begets malaria. Well, it so happened that, on a certain night, the water was turned off one of the pieces of ground under this man's control—exactly a field that most particularly required irrigation. Upon this, Vincenzo's father, though sadly out of health and spirits (he had just lost his wife), in his zeal to ascertain which of two neighbours was the offender—at all events, to prevent the repetition of the offence—kept watch in the swamps for several nights, and then and there imbibed the germs of the malady which was to cost him his life. He was immediately attacked by ague, which resisted every effort made to overcome it. His master had him removed to a healthier situation, gave him good medical advice, but with little or no benefit. The poor man continued to waste away. As he grew weaker, his mind often wandered, and he had what he and the people about him dignified by the name of apparitions, but which, in fact, were only the common hallucinations of fever. One of the visions which most beset him was that of a beautiful lady with a babe in her lap, sitting on his bed, who said to him, "Devote your Vincenzo to my service, and you shall be cured."

Upon no stronger foundation than this was the poor boy's future career settled for him. There was a smack of the miraculous in the matter which tickled the fancies of the neighbourhood amazingly. The rector of the parish in which the sick man lived took up the case warmly, of course, while the sick man himself clung to his vision with all the instinctive eagerness of self-preservation. A communication was speedily made to the Signor Avvocato; and he, knowing only too well that it was not safe to interfere with real or imaginary calls from on High, said, probably with a shrug of the shoulder, "Why not? Let it be so."

The approbation of the Signor Avvocato was the more important, because, in his double character of Vincenzo's godfather and avowed patron, he was regarded, and was aware that he was so, as the person from whose purse must be drawn the sinews of war; in plain words, as the one who would have to defray the expenses of the superior education necessary to qualify Vincenzo for the priesthood.

While his fate was thus being sealed for him, unconscious Vincenzo was gambolling in the gardens of the palazzo with his little playmate and padroncina, Miss Rose, hunting for birds' nests or chasing butterflies for her—a business he had sedulously pursued for the last two years.

This will serve to explain the familiar style in which we have heard him addressed by Rose, the priest, Barnaby, and the rest. They had known him too long as an urchin in a fustian jacket to change their manners when he changed his jacket for a long black robe. Miss Rose, indeed, on his return after his first year at the seminary, somewhat impressed by the difference of dress, had made an attempt to break through former habits, and had actually in speaking to him used the second person of the plural; but Vincenzo begged so hard that she would still grant him his old privilege, that she had willingly complied. But we must not anticipate.

Well, then, one fine morning Vincenzo was summoned to his godfather's study.

"Vincenzo, my boy," began the Signor Avvocato, "the time is come when you must lay aside childish things and begin to prepare yourself for the profession your father has chosen for you, that of the Church. At his express desire I have written to our Bishop, and made arrangements with the superior of the seminary at Ibella (so was named the small red-tiled town visible from the Belvedere), for your reception there. I shall accompany you thither myself on Monday; to-morrow you shall go and see your father and receive his blessing; next Sunday will be your last holiday here, for the present. So long as you are a good boy and do credit to those interested in you, you may rely on me as a friend. I regret that I cannot myself continue your musical education, but I have expressly stipulated that you shall have singing lessons at the seminary. God knows what sort of a master they have got there; at all events, let him be what he may, he will serve to keep your fine voice and ear from entirely rusting. You understand that on Monday you are to go to Ibella; now you may take yourself off. Go and play."

"Yes, Signor Padrone, thank you, Signor Padrone," and, not slightly bewildered, Vincenzo ran forthwith to break the great news to his young mistress. Now let it be understood that Rose was an ardent little church-goer, who delighted in the ringing of bells, silver-cloth vestments, gorgeously decorated altars, and every sort of religious show. Priesthood was naturally associated in her mind with all these things, and farther with heading of processions, the mighty gold cross and the violet stockings of the bishop of Ibella. In short, to belong to the priesthood was the *ne plus ultra* of glory in her eyes. Had he brought her word of his accession to a throne, Rose would not have been half so elated as she was at the announcement that he was to be a priest. "Only think! why, one of these days he might himself be a Bishop!"

Vincenzo's vanity was not a little inflated by this view of the matter. There was, however, a drawback too close at hand to be overlooked—birds' nesting, chasing of butterflies, all such merry doings were at an end. This ugly side of the medal took the little girl by surprise, and for a time made her hostile even to the dignities of the Church; but, after the first alarm was over, she recovered her spirits and her allegiance, asserting that she would be able to get leave for him often to pay them a visit at the palazzo, and, when they went for the winter to Ibella, what was to prevent his coming to play with her every day? "Papa," she was sure, "would be very glad he should do so." Thus did her eight

years' old wisdom dispose of the difficulty.

For the rest of the day Vincenzo was the lion of the household. The servants within doors, the labourers in the fields, vied with one another in complimenting and congratulating him, just as if he had won the great prize in the lottery—with one notable exception, however. Barnaby kept aloof, and looked uglier than ever. At that epoch, he was not yet the victim of lumbago, that relentless foe which had gradually sapped his strength, and reduced him from general manager of the Avvocato's estate, to the honorific sinecure of head gardener, in which capacity he made his appearance in the foregoing chapter.

He was still an active, though not straight-backed man, and on him devolved the honour of driving the youthful catechumen the following day to his father's cottage. It was a pleasant drive, of some two hours' duration, through a gently undulating, rich, maize-growing country; but little joy had Vincenzo of his drive, so outrageously out of humour was his companion. Barnaby growled the whole way, now at the road, then at the tillage and the crops, and, lastly, at the black mare he was driving. "She was an ugly, good-for-nothing beast; a Jesuit."

These opprobrious epithets were the more unaccountable to Vincenzo, as he had always known Blackie to be a favourite with Barnaby. At last, the boy ventured to say, "I thought you liked the mare, Barnaby."

"I?" exclaimed the gardener, with a snap and a snarl. "I! I hate everything that has a black coat, horse or man."

On arriving at home, the lad had a long conference with his father and the priest of the parish, from which he issued duly impressed with a sense of the high mission confided to him. He thought of nothing else, all the way back to the palazzo, but the miraculous apparition described by his father, every now and then repeating to himself the priest's parting words—"that he "might well feel proud and happy at "having been chosen as God's instru-"ment in a great work." And so proud and happy was Vincenzo at that minute that he felt up to anything and everything, martyrdom included. Barnaby neither growled nor snarled during the return drive; he whistled incessantly instead.

There were many guests at the palazzo on the Sunday following, and Vincenzo had the honour of dining at his patron's table. He sat between Rose and Don Natale—the priest that was improving the occasion by delivering a little speech of mingled advice and congratulation to the priest that was to be. This raised the little peasant into a personage, and drew all eyes upon him. Every one present took more or less notice of the boy during the dinner, and Vincenzo went to rest that night in a flutter of happy excitement. But, when he got up in the morning and saw the padrone's carriage at the door, and was cautioned that he must be ready to start in half an hour, he then began to realize the blank awaiting him beyond that half-hour. No more Rose, no more freedom! The young heart sank; and, had he known of any tribunal before which he could bring an appeal, he would have humbly prayed to be allowed to renounce all hope or chance of ever wearing those violet stockings, so ardently admired by the signorina. Tribunal there was none; Vincenzo stood committed on all sides. Shame and pride drove back the tears which welled up from his full heart as he drove off from the palazzo. Shame and pride kept his eyes dry when, a couple of hours later, he sat down with passive despair, among a number of strange boys, in the great hall of the Seminary of Ibella. But, once safe in his bed, how those fountains of grief flowed! And what a relief it was! Eleven, however, is not the age of despair; so, after the lapse of a few days, the poignant feelings with which he had arrived had subsided into a great yearning after the past, and a great want of interest in the present. Even this state had begun to yield to the influence of time and

habit, when an event took place which revived all the pristine keenness of his regrets.

Just three months after Vincenzo's admission to the seminary, his father died. Once the first shock of grief had passed away, the boy could not help thinking and hoping that, along with the object which had dictated the sacrifice—for sacrifice he now confessed it to be—surely all reason for accomplishing it had vanished also. His reasonable anticipations were, however, doomed to be disappointed. When the Signor Avvocato came, as he shortly did, on a visit of condolence, far from making any, the least, allusion to a possible change in his *protégé's* prospects, every word he uttered made it clear that he considered them irrevocably fixed; indeed, so clear was this that Vincenzo lacked the courage to give his patron a hint of what had been occupying his mind. The poor boy called himself all sorts of names afterwards for having been so cowardly, and took a solemn vow to speak out boldly the next time he saw his godfather. But the next time was very long in coming, and, when it did come, alas! Vincenzo's vow remained unfulfilled. He then meditated on the possibility of entering on the difficult subject by means of a letter; he penned many, and sent none. Eleven is as little the age of indomitable resolution as it is of settled despair, and the only result of this contention of mind was, first, a period of renewed despondency, followed, secondly, by one of dull resignation. Yet Vincenzo's lot, as year succeeded year, if not exactly to be set down as happy, could as little be designated as unhappy. His masters were, in the main, humane, even kind; and he received at their hands, as far as his studies were concerned, that easy indulgence which is generally conceded to a pains-taking but naturally deficient boy. His teachers' estimate of his powers of mind was low indeed.

Though Vincenzo had no intimate friends, he was on good terms with the majority of his companions; and, if there was an abundance of lessons, chapel-going, and classes, the allowance for recreation was on a corresponding scale. His visits to the Signor Avvocato, whether in town or country, were much rarer, it is true, than Rose had predetermined they should be; nevertheless, there was the make-weight of that blessed holiday for a whole fortnight spent at the palazzo—to obtain which privilege for his godson, the godfather had had to use all his influence with the reverend professors of Ibella. Blessed holiday, indeed! which renewed the happy past of familiar companionship with his padroncina. Nor was the young seminarist insensible to the figure he cut at church as solo-singer of the mass in music, at Rumelli. It was St. Urban's Feast which brought him this bouquet of delights, and you can fancy, therefore, what an ardent devotee of St. Urban was Vincenzo. In his morning and evening orisons there was ever a special prayer to St. Urban.

Paradise had its drawbacks; so had these holidays. This was also the established time for the return from school to the castle of the son of the Avvocato's neighbour, the marquis—a bigger and an older boy than Vincenzo, and withal a mischievous sprite. He was for ever plaguing and bullying the seminarist, was for ever inventing nicknames for him, and making him the butt of endless practical jokes; bad enough when Rose was not present, intolerable when she was. This quizzing and joking naturally led to fisticuffs; and out of these scuffles young Church generally came off second-best, with the certainty of a severe lecture from the Signor Avvocato into the bargain.

Amidst such drawbacks and compensations rolled on the course of our hero's clerical preparation, stormless, if not cloudless, until 1848. If there was ever a year calculated to unsettle people's minds, 1848 was pre-eminently that year. Wonders never ceased. A national movement, initiated by a reforming pontiff; constitutions inaugurated at Rome, in Tuscany, Piedmont, and Naples; a republic sprouting forth from the Parisian barricades of February;

revolution at Vienna; revolution at Milan; Radetzky driven into the Quadrilateral; the war of Italian independence proclaimed; Charles Albert on the Mincio! Such was the chain of stupendous events, most of them compressed within a few months, with which that extraordinary year startled the world.

Well might grown men's pulses—ay, and those of young lads in priestly schools—beat high and fast with excitement. Vincenzo's enthusiasm bordered on frenzy. How he envied and burned to emulate his heroic brother-seminarists of Milan, who, as fame told, had contrived a moving barricade, fighting under its cover—another Macedonian phalanx! The faint echo of the din and strife of war which reached even the student of Ibella, how welcome it sounded in his ears! The mere word "statuto," as to the meaning of which he knew about as much as he did of the hieroglyphics of Thebes, had a magic spell for him. To watch passing events from near at hand, to mix somehow in the current, to be free—to be free! that became his waking and sleeping dream. If we were to write down all the little plots and contrivances which fermented in the youth's brain of how to reach that ardently desired goal, each and all winding up with his enlisting for a soldier, and going to the seat of war, we should have a long story to tell. But the superiors were more vigilant than usual, and flight became an impossibility. As to an appeal to his godfather and patron, Vincenzo was not up to it. What he had not dared to do at his father's demise, when to do so would have been a comparatively easy matter, he could not muster sufficient courage to attempt, now that six years of acquiescence on his part had strongly rivetted the chain round his leg. Yes, he felt that he wore a chain—a heavy and odious one; he was fain to break it; but how?

It may be as well to mention here that the failure in his last examination, to which we have heard him allude, was mainly due to the excitement of the times. Now, then, the reader understands the frame of mind in which Vincenzo returned to the palazzo, on the occasion of our first meeting him. Had there lurked in the lad's mind any atom of intention to make his godfather the confidant of his thoughts and wishes, it would have been repelled by the frown of displeasure which lay on that honoured godfather's brow.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE CASTLE AND THE PALACE.

The person who told us the story we are about to relate, had, or believed he had, his reasons for keeping back all precise indication as to places and names, and all that we could gather from him about the situation of the village of Rumelli—a name not to be found in maps, we believe—was that it lay in the north of Piedmont proper, at the foot of the hill-country. Were it worth the trouble, we might, by means of deductions, render this description less vague; but we do not see the use of so doing, and leave this easy task to any sagacious reader who may be disposed to undertake it.

Well, whatever its exact whereabouts, Rumelli was a hamlet, with nothing remarkable about it, except that it possessed both a castle and a palace; this last, already mentioned more than once, and neither of which the good folks of Rumelli would have exchanged for all the castles and palaces in Christendom. There was not much to be proud of, though, in so far as the castle was concerned. It was rather a respectable myth than a reality—nothing remaining of its former splendour, save an uninhabitable tower, a bit of the moat used as a nursery for mulberry-trees, and a drawbridge fast stuck in the earth, and serving as a back way to the village. The low heavy lump of bricks, with a sugar-loaf shaped excrescence at each end, which constituted the actual mansion, evidently of comparatively modern construction, had no more character in its architecture than has any substantial farm-house. Such as it was, however,

and no living man had seen it otherwise, the castle had lorded it over, and made the rain and sunshine of, Rumelli for God knows how long. In all probability it would have continued to do as much to this day, had not a rival establishment sprung up as if by magic, and advanced and enforced its claim to a share in the sceptre. This is how it happened.

Marquis Amadeus del Palmetto, the present head of the family who owned the castle, in obedience to the traditions of his caste and race, had entered the army at a very early age, and done his part well in the gallant stand made by Piedmont against republican France. When all possibility of resistance was over, and the French occupied the kingdom as masters, the marquis broke his sword, and returned to his Lares and Penates at Rumelli. He had not been there long, however, when it occurred to him that, before settling down definitively as a retired country gentleman, he owed it to the name he bore, first to go and pay his homage to, and take the commands of, his king, whose all of sovereignty at that moment was confined to the island of Sardinia. But Marquis Amadeus had more loyalty than ready cash, and every endeavour to raise money on his already deeply mortgaged estate proved fruitless. The marquis, like most of the Piedmontese aristocracy, was hospitable and open-handed, and, to gratify this amiable disposition, lived far beyond his means.

Could his lordship—so said his man of business—bring himself to consent to part with some of his unentailed land, and which, indeed, made scarcely any return, there was, as he had already had the honour of informing his noble client, that same Barnaby Mele who had brought home from his wanderings some money, and was on the look-out for a safe investment of his savings.

Besides the numberless objections to parting with land which he had in common with every landed proprietor we ever met, the Marquis had a special one in this case. The castle was, as is the wont of castles, built on a summit, and overlooked the village; but then all the unentailed part of the Marquis's property lay unfortunately on still higher ground, and, to use a traditional phrase of the family, the Del Palmettos wanted no spy over their heads. However, as we know, necessity has no law—money was wanted, money must be had, and could be had in no other way than by selling the hill land; and, after all, there was little danger of this poor devil Barnaby, who had already a cottage of his own, taking a fancy to build. In short, after some demur, the Marquis gave way, a tolerable bargain was made, and the deed of sale signed. Barnaby got a pretty slice of land, the Marquis pocketed the price, and went his journey. On his return, after an absence of only a couple of months, fancy his horror and fury at finding, on the lately-dissevered limit of his estate, the foundations of a vast fabric which would entirely command the castle. This misfortune occurred at the close of the year 1800. Barnaby, it was discovered, was merely a man of straw; the real purchaser was a certain Pietro Stella, a native of Rumelli, about whom the tongues in his native place had been busy more than once during the last twenty years.

Pietro Stella had left his home at sixteen years of age, with no other funds than a strong will and a mason's trowel; had gone to Mexico, and there realized a large fortune, as to the origin of which two stories circulated in Rumelli, each having its sect of believers. According to one version, Pietro had married an immensely rich lady, the daughter of a grandee of Spain into the bargain; according to the other, he had dug out of the ground a stocking full of jewels; whereas we can certify that Pietro had married no one of higher rank than the daughter of a builder, who was far from wealthy, and had never had any other jewels to trade with than a ready wit, an enterprising spirit, and uprightness.

Pietro, after a long lapse of years, returned to the place of his birth, accompanied by wife and children. Keeping out of sight himself, he made

use of Barnaby, a fellow-villager, whom he had met in Mexico, and rescued from starvation, to bring about the realization of his most cherished scheme—no other than to build himself in his native village a fine house in a commanding situation. A sketch of such a mansion had been lying in his desk for more than ten years. Pietro had set his eyes and heart on that part of the Marquis's land which lay above the castle.

The enriched builder was too well aware of the Del Palmetto crotchet, as to having no one to overlook the castle, not to be pretty certain that never would the Marquis sell a foot of the land in question to any man possessed of the means of building on it, should it so please him. Therefore it was that he had employed Barnaby to make the proposal of purchase, as if for Barnaby's self. The stratagem, as we know, was crowned with success; and no sooner was the Marquis's back turned than Pietro pounced on his prey at the head of an army of workmen. Trees were felled, ground levelled, a terrace raised, materials collected; and in no time, as if by magic, there rose breast-high the walls of what was to be Pietro's dwelling.

High was the wrath of the young Marquis when first he caught sight of what was doing, loud his denunciations of the base conspiracy by which he had been entrapped. Had it not been for a happy sense of his own dignity, he would on the instant have ascended the hill, and given a piece of his mind to the beggarly chimney-sweep, as he called Pietro, who had, in fact, to the perfect recollection of the Marquis, a small boy at the time, once mended one of the castle chimneys. But the swindlers need not calculate on impunity; his lordship would call in the aid of the law, and force them to remove their rubbish with their own hands! On the word of a Marquis, he would have them punished, though he had to go to Turin for that purpose!

No practical result ever followed these and other similar threats. Signor Pietro's position was legally unassailable, explained his lordship's lawyer to his angry lordship. No law could prevent Barnaby from selling what he had bought and paid for to Pietro; no law could prevent Pietro, become the actual owner of the soil, from building on it. As to going to Turin, a form of speech which meant bringing the weight of court favour to bear upon the matter, the Marquis had probably forgotten, when fulminating this menace, that Turin was for the time being the head-quarters of the French Department of the High Alps, where those belonging to the ancient nobility were far from possessing any preponderant power. So nothing was left to the fiery young nobleman—he was not more than seven-and-twenty—but to champ his bit and wait for the day of reckoning; that is, for the turn of fortune's wheel which should bring him and his class again uppermost, and give him, and such as he, all their own way again, law or no law.

In the meantime, Pietro, like the man of tact and taste that he was, far from manifesting anything approaching to exultation, evinced a praiseworthy spirit of conciliation. He never met the Marquis in the road, the only place where a meeting could occur, without raising his hat, and showing, by his manner, infinite respect and deference, and that not a mere pretence, but a sincere reality, Pietro having been brought up in the orthodox faith of the right divine of kings and aristocracies. His mute attentions were ignored; nor did the advances of the curé, the predecessor of Don Natale, who had been prevailed on by Pietro to undertake the part of peacemaker, meet with any more favour. A sharp "Don't mention that man to me," was all that the good priest got for his pains.

It took full three years to complete, decorate, and furnish the new building, which the Rumellians had long before christened the 'Palazzo.' The appellation may sound ambitious to the ears of the English, who attach to the word Palace an idea of almost royal magnificence. But the title of Palazzo in Italy means

something far less, and is, indeed, generally bestowed on all detached mansions which combine with a certain stateliness of proportions taste and elegance of design. In all these essentials, Pietro's new house was certainly not deficient. Pietro was by nature a man of taste, and he had made himself an excellent architect. The palace was three stories high, comprising the attics, built on a raised terrace, which, while enhancing its appearance, helped to dwarf considerably the underlying castle. One access to the palace was by a flight of steps, which led up from the avenue to this terrace; below and around which last ran a carriage-road winding up an ascent to an opposite entrance.

Well, then, in the month of March, of the year 1804, Pietro and his family took up their abode at the palace. Pietro's family at that time consisted of his wife, two children—a boy and a girl—of the respective ages of twelve and ten, and an aged aunt, the only one of his relations he found alive on his return to Rumelli. She, poor soul, died shortly after her removal to her nephew's grand residence. Barnaby, as a matter of course, also went thither, remaining what he had long been, Pietro's confidential servant. The tenour of life at the palace was simple and unostentatious in the extreme. Pietro, his wife, and children, all mixed familiarly with the country folks, and were on excellent terms with their neighbours, always excepting the Marquis, with whom they were on no terms at all. Nevertheless, it had been remarked, with sanguine expectations of a speedy peace, that on the first appearance of the lady of the palace at church, the Marquis, in passing her seat to his accustomed place in his own side-chapel, had slightly bowed to her. Every following Sunday there was a repetition of the same civility, and whenever also the lady and the Marquis met in the roads. But nothing more came of it than just polite salutations. Pietro, who had resumed his business as builder and contractor for public works, was often from home. Years rolled on, and at last 1814 arrived—the year of restorations. Dispossessed sovereigns reascended their thrones, the sovereign of Piedmont among others; and the aristocracy had it all their own way again. Here, then, was the day of reckoning invoked some fourteen years ago by the Marquis. He had waited long for it; here it was, and yet, strange to say, he showed no signs of any wish to avail himself of its advent, at least as regarded the palace and its builder. Perhaps he had never wished to do so; men are often better than they themselves imagine. Perhaps the gentle touch of sorrow had somewhat softened the asperity of his lordship's temper. The Marquis had married in the interval, had become the father of two children, and buried both of them. Perhaps he acknowledged the full force of an accomplished fact, sanctioned also by time, and felt unequal to cope with it. Certainly, many a thing was foolishly done and undone at this epoch in Piedmont and elsewhere, but few would have been more difficult to undo than this one.

The palace had taken root in the hearts and minds of the Rumellians. Public opinion, without abandoning the castle, had adopted the palace, was proud of the palace, was grateful to the palace. The palace had been the Pactolus which had left some particles of gold at the door of each and all of the cottages. And, besides, a stream of a no less precious ore—kindness—had never ceased flowing from thence. Everybody, likewise, found at the palace that which Italians prize above everything—what they, as pithily as originally, style a "dish of welcome" (*un piatto di buona cera*). The needy found ready employment and assistance, the sick relief and medicines; there was a whole apothecary's shop at the palace. The priest, the mayor, and the town council, who had hitherto sworn *in verba* of the castle, now swore also *in verba* of the palace, thanks to which it was that the roof of the parish church had been repaired—that the church could display beautiful silver lamps and copes of cloth of gold—and that the village was en-

dowed with a clean and spacious schoolhouse, instead of the barn which had hitherto served as such. All these benefits had made the position of the palace strong indeed, and difficult to carry. Had the difficulty of the enterprize anything to do with the Marquis's forbearance? We will give him the benefit of the doubt, and hope that he was actuated by less personal and more creditable motives. However this may be, the political change in the kingdom brought along with it a radical one in his lordship's course of life. He was soon after recalled to active service, and left Rumelli to move in a higher and wider sphere. During the succeeding twenty-four years his visits to the castle were few and far between; and it was not till 1838 that he came, as a colonel on half-pay, accompanied by a second wife and an only son, to settle again, this time for good and all, at the family seat. Of all those he had left inmates of the palace, the only survivors were Signor Urbano, Pietro's son, and Barnaby Mele. Signor Urbano had taken his degrees in law at the University of Turin, and from that time forth was known by no other name than that of his title of Avvocato. He was a widower, with an only daughter, Rose—at the period of the Marquis's return, a child of four years old.

Now that the principal offender had gone to his last account, the Marquis felt more disposed to leniency—not to a state however of friendliness with the Avvocato, or any one belonging to him, but to one of neutrality, a cessation in short of all active hostility. Thus he was condescending enough, in a first chance meeting, to return the Signor Avvocato's mute salutation, and to stop and inquire after his little daughter's health. Upon the strength of this courtesy, the Signor Avvocato, a man of ultra-conciliatory spirit, nay pusillanimous, turn of mind, had allowed himself to be persuaded by Don Natale, the curé or rector of the parish, into the belief that he was in duty bound to go and call at the castle; and so he did. The Marquis received him graciously, but did not introduce him to the Marchioness, nor did he ever return the visit. Instead of so doing, he established from that day a legal fiction, to the effect that he was soon about to do himself the honour of calling upon the Signor Avvocato—a legal fiction which in the long run the Signor Avvocato also adopted on his own account; and, upon this reciprocation of kindly intentions, the two neighbours never set foot in each other's houses.

The young generation held less to etiquette and social distinctions; and little Rose's calls to Federico to come and play with her, and Federico's inroads into the gardens of the palace, in compliance, were neither of them rare occurrences. But, somehow or other, these merry meetings too often ended, on Rose's side, in red eyes and complaints to Papa of Federico's rudeness. Papa soothed his daughter without remonstrating with the offender; and, by thus putting up with a slight now and then, and accepting on the whole a secondary position, the master of the palace managed to live at peace with his noble neighbour.

This noble neighbour was, it must be confessed, as crafty as an old fox—deeply versed in the art which always put appearances on his side—quite scientific in the process of gilding the bitter pill for the one he meant to swallow it. Thus, for instance, a few years later, when, hard pressed for the means of sending his son to the military academy of Turin, he set on foot a negotiation for the sale of another good slice of the land he still possessed close to the palace, he contrived it so artfully as to make it appear a great concession on his part, and to reap, besides his own price, both credit and thanks.

And yet the Signor Avvocato, rich, kindly, humane to his tenants, open-handed as the day, ought to have been well able to keep his own against any other, let him be who he might, had he had the spirit to do so. For, if less popular than his father—and he was perhaps too much of a gentleman to be equally so—on the other hand he was more looked up to, held in especial reverence on

account of his legal knowledge, which he ever willingly and gratuitously placed at the service of those who came to consult him. Illiterate people are apt to make much of a man who understands everything relating to *meum et tuum*, and holds in his hand the guiding thread of the intricate labyrinth called law. But Rose's father was an indolent man, and somewhat of an intellectual sybarite. Strife was abhorrent to his nature; and, so long as he could undisturbedly enjoy his music (his predominant passion was music), his gardens, his daily gossip, he cared little or nothing for what went on in the world. Let us add, in justice to the Avvocato, that a certain passage of his youth had placed him, politically, in a false position, and had contributed in a great degree to keep him down in after life. The fact is, he had been a *Costipato*. The sympathizers with constitutional principles were derisively styled *Costipati* by the adverse party. When, in 1821, a liberal constitution became for a moment the law of the land, the Signor Avvocato, then a young man under thirty, had, in his father's absence, illuminated the palace from roof to basement. This public sign of adhesion to an order of things shortly after abolished proved a wasp's nest to both father and son. Signor Pietro had difficulty enough to clear himself of any participation in the offence. His son, to avoid being arrested, had no alternative but to quit Piedmont and take refuge at Geneva. His exile however lasted only a year; thanks to his father's interest with influential personages at Turin, he could without risk return home at the expiration of that period. A fear however of being called to account for his unlucky demonstration of opinion had preyed on him ever since. That a man so clearly designed by nature to follow and not to lead should awake one fine morning and find himself mayor of Rumelli, captain of the national guard (that was to be), and the official leader of the constitutional party in the village, was certainly not one of the least extraordinary tricks of that extraordinary year 1848.

Leaving the path of partial reform in which it had been for some time creeping, Piedmont, at the bidding of Charles Albert, began to walk frankly and firmly in the high road of representative institutions; and one of the first acts of the new government had been to place at the head of municipalities new men known for their attachment to liberty. The Signor Avvocato's wealth, local influence, and political antecedents naturally marked him out to the minister as the most eligible choice that could be made for Rumelli. The newly elected mayor would have gladly declined the honours heaped on him, had he dared; but on one side was the fear of offending the powers that be, and on the other were Don Natale's persuasions and incitements to acceptance. In the end, the Signor Avvocato donned the authority offered to him, though still much against the grain. Not that his self-love was not mightily tickled, or that he was not a liberal at heart. Few had more applauded *in petto* than he had the progressive march of the government, and the grant of a free constitution. It was the national tendency of the movement that made him uneasy; and besides, the attitude of Austria was far from agreeable, and . . . . in short, look where he would, he saw breakers ahead. These and similar misgivings caused him to bear his new honours meekly, nay humbly, with the conciliatory manner of one not at all certain he may not be called on, at no distant time, to answer for himself before some inimical tribunal.

The Marquis was smitten to the heart by what he called the desertion of the Government to the enemy; and, as he measured at a glance all the ground lost to the castle, and consequently gained by the palace, by this change of men and measures, no wonder he inwardly consigned to all the devils the Government, the Statuto, and the new mayor of Rumelli. But, the more bitterly he felt, the more carefully he disguised his rancour under a great assumption of equanimity; above all, he solemnly disavowed all intention of opposition. He

confessed he was not a partisan of parliamentary institutions; God did not govern the universe by means of two Houses of Parliament—as far as he had ever heard, at least; however, he would abide by the result of the experiment; if it were successful, so much the better for all parties! In the mean time, as he was, above and before all other considerations, a faithful subject, neutrality should be his watchword! There were not many, indeed, in or out of Rumelli, who courted the perilous honour of being the first to attack an unknown creature, that might bite, and kick, and scratch, for anything any one knew. It was only at a later period, when her peaceful and gentle nature had been ascertained beyond a doubt, that the opponents of Liberty showed fight, when even boys thrust at her with their rattles and wooden swords.

Our acquaintance, the rector of the parish, as indeed the great majority of the clergy throughout the land, frankly adhered to a new order of things, which the popular writings of one of their clerical brethren, the Abbé Gioberti, had so much contributed to bring about, and which furthermore had the sanction of the Head of the Church. To listen to them, was to hear it affirmed that a new era had dawned, that liberty and religion were at last married. Pity that the honeymoon had not been of longer duration! Apart the incoming and the outgoing members of the municipal council—the latter re-actionists, the former constitutionalists by the force of circumstances—the bulk of our small rural community only opened their eyes and ears very wide, and waited for some tangible sign by which to form their estimate of the changes accomplishing. But, when this sign came, in the shape of war, and in a summons to the men on the reserve to join their regiments (men, be it understood, liable by the last conscription to be called into active service if required), when rumours of increased taxation became rife, the good folks of Rumelli began to protrude their lips in ominous fashion, and augur ill of the Statuto. Fortunately their devotion to the king knew no bounds, and their loyalty to his person served as a counterpoise to their dissatisfaction with the Statuto. What his Majesty had willed, what his Majesty had undertaken, must be right! This view of matters was eventually strengthened by the news from the camp, for the most part favourable. Such, then, the posture of affairs, such the state of men's minds in Rumelli on the eve of the fête of St. Urban, the patron of the village. Such the conditions under which the double entertainment given on that day at the castle and at the palace (representatives for the nonce of opposite principles), assumed the importance of a political demonstration.

*To be continued.*

## WASHINGTON DURING THE WAR.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN AMERICA.

In a book too clever to have been so soon forgotten, I remember, years ago, meeting with a passage which at the time struck me strangely. I speak of the "Travels of a Roving Englishman." The recollection of the words has passed from me; but the sense of the passage was after this fashion:—The writer told you how he stood one day at the latticed window of a high gable-roofed house,—looking out upon the lime-shadowed market-place of a great city in the fair German land,—when the great, glorious music of an Austrian band came crashing by; and how, as the music died away, and was followed by the dull, heavy tramp of the soldiers' feet, the thought passed across him that this grand music might have much to answer for in the nation's history; that the strains of

glory and pomp and war, which the band seemed to send thrilling through you, were such as no people could listen to, daily, without danger.

At the present time I recall this passage often. From the window, where I am writing now, I look out upon the mile-long Pennsylvania Avenue, leading from the broad Potomac river, by the marble palace of the Presidents, up to the snow-white Capitol; and, ever and anon, as I write, I am called to the window by the sound of some military band, as regiment after regiment comes marching by. The Germans have brought with them into their new fatherland the instinct of music, and the bands are fine ones, above the average of those of a French or English marching regiment. The tunes are mostly those well known to us across the water; for the war has brought out no war-inspired melody, and the quaint, half grotesque, half passion-stirring air of "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," is still under martial interdict. But yet, be the tunes what they may, the drums and fifes and trumpets rouse the same heart-throbs as in the old world, and teach the same lessons of glory, and pomp, and war. Can this teaching fail to work? is the question that I ask myself daily—as yet, without an answer.

Surely no nation in the world has ever gone through such a baptism of war as the people of the United States have passed through in one short year's time. With the men of the Revolution, the memories of the revolutionary wars had died out. Two generations had grown up and passed away, to whom war was little more than a name. A year ago there were not more than twelve thousand soldiers in a country of thirty-one millions. Once in four years, on the 4th of March, two or three thousand troops were collected in Washington to add to the pomp of the Presidential inauguration, and this was the one military pageant the country had to boast of. Now all that is changed. Our newspapers at home have been so long telling us what the North could "not" do—how it could not fight, nor raise money, nor conquer the South—that they seem to me to have quite forgotten to tell us what the North "*has*" done. You need not go further than my window to see the working of the war. As the bands pass out of hearing, you can watch the troops as they come marching by. Whether they are regulars or volunteers it is hard for the unprofessional critic to discern, for all are clad alike in the same dull grey-blue overcoats; and most of the regular regiments are filled with such raw recruits that the difference between volunteer and regular is not an obvious one. Of course it is easy enough to pick faults in the aspect of the troops. As the regiment marches, or rather wades, through the thick slush and mud, you will observe many inaccuracies of military attire. One man has his trousers rolled up almost to his knees; another has them tucked inside his boots; and a third has one leg of his trousers hanging down, and the other rolled tightly up. And (pardon the enormity) I have seen, myself, an officer with his shoulder-knots sewed on to a common plain frock-coat. Then, too, there is a slouching gait about the men, not soldier-like to our eyes. They will turn their heads round when on parade, with an indifference to rule which would make an old drill-sergeant's hair turn grey with sorrow. There is an absence also of precision in the march; the men keep in step, but you always wonder how they manage to do so. The system of march, it is true, is copied rather from the French than the English fashion; but still it is something very different from the orderly disorder of a Zouave march. That all these, and a score of other irregularities, are faults, no one—an American least of all—will deny; but there are two sides to the picture. There is no physical degeneracy about a race which can produce such regiments as these.

Men of high stature and burly frames are rare, except in the Kentucky regiments; but, on the other hand, small stunted men are unknown. I have seen the armies of most European countries, and I have no hesitation in saying that,

as far as the raw material of the rank and file is concerned, the American army is the finest. The officers are, undoubtedly, the weak point. They have not the military air, the self-possession, which long habit of command alone can give; but they are active, energetic, and constantly with their men. Wonderfully well equipped, too, are both officers and men. Their clothing is substantial and easy-fitting; their arms are good; and their accoutrements are as perfect as money can purchase. It is remarkable how rapidly the new recruits fall into the habits of military service. I have seen a Pennsylvanian regiment, raised chiefly from the mechanics of Philadelphia, which, six weeks after its formation, was equal to the average of our best-trained volunteer corps, as far as marching and drill-exercise went. Indeed, I have often asked myself what it is which makes the American volunteer troops look, as a rule, so much more soldier-like than our own. I suppose the reason is that here there is actual war, and at home there was at most only a parade. I have no doubt, any more than that I am writing at this moment, that, in the event of civil war or invasion, England would raise a million volunteers, as rapidly (more rapidly she could not) as America has done, and that, when fighting had once began, there would only be too much of earnestness about our soldiering; but at present it is no want of patriotism to say that the American volunteers strike one as more soldier-like than our own. There is no playing at soldiering here; no gaudy uniforms or crack companies; no distinction of classes. From every part of the North—from the ports of New York and Boston, from the homesteads of New England, from the factories of Philadelphia, from the shores of the great lakes, from the Mississippi valley, and from the far-away Texan prairies—these men have come to fight for the Union. It is idle to talk of their being attracted by the pay alone. Large as it is, the pay of thirteen dollars a month is only two dollars more than the ordinary pay of privates in the United States army during former times. Thirteen shillings a week is poor pay for a labouring man in this country, even with board. The bulk of these volunteers are men who have given up better situations in order to enlist, and who have families to support at home; and for such men the pay is not inadequate. Of course, wherever there is an army, the scum of the population will always be gathered together; but the average "morale" and character of the vast army round Washington is extremely good. There is little drunkenness, and less brawling about the streets than if a single English militia regiment had been quartered here. The number of papers read by the common soldiers, and the number of letters which they write, is what you would expect from an army where every man, with the exception of a few foreigners, can read and write; and the ministers, who go among them to preach on Sundays, find large and attentive audiences.

But, while I have been writing this digression, the troops have marched out of sight, towards the South. Still I have not long to wait till the sound of music tells me that another regiment is marching past. All day, and every day, the scene before me is one of war. I see passing before my windows an endless military panorama. Sometimes it is a line of artillery, struggling and floundering onwards through the mud. Sometimes it is a company of Texan cavalry, rattling past, with the jingle of their belts and spurs. Sometimes it is a long train of suttlers' waggons, ambulance vans, or forage carts, drawn by the shaggy Pennsylvanian mules. Orderlies innumerable gallop up and down; patrols without end pass along the pavements; and at every window, and door-step, and street corner, you see soldiers standing. You must go far away from Washington to leave the war behind you. If you go up to any high point in the city, whence you can look over the surrounding country, every hill-side seems covered with camps. The white tents catch your eye on every

side; and across the river, where the thick brushwood obscures the prospect, the great army of the Potomac stretches miles away to the advance posts of the Confederates, south of the far-famed Manassas. The numbers are so vast here, it is hard to realize them. Fifty thousand men are said to have been transported down the river within the last few days, and yet the town and neighbourhood still swarm with troops and camps, as it seems, undiminished in number. And here, remember, you see only one portion of the gigantic army. Along a line of two thousand miles or so, from here down to the New Mexico, there are armies fighting their way southwards. At Fortress Monroe, Ship Island, Mobile, and at every point accessible along the Atlantic coast, expeditions, numbered by tens of thousands, are stationed, waiting for the signal to advance.

Try to realize all this, and then picture to yourself what the effect of all this, seen in fact, and not by feeble description, must be upon a nation unused to war. The wonder to me is, that the American nation are not more intoxicated with the consciousness of their new-born strength. Still, the military passion, the lust of war, is a plant of rapid growth; and that, when the war is over, and the rebellion is suppressed, this people will lay down their arms and return to the arts of peace, is a thing more to be hoped for than expected. I see that a writer in a recent English periodical talks of the "essentially blackguardly character" of the whole American war, and, amidst some grave discussion about the essence of a gentleman, pauses to point a pretty paragraph by a sneer at the whole Northern army. Children play with lucifer matches amongst powder barrels; and probably the class of writers of whom this gentleman is a type have not the faintest notion that by words like these they are sowing the seeds of war. Still, for the credit of their own country, I wish they would remember that power, and strength, and will, are never "essentially blackguardly," and, that there is something in an army of a million men worth thinking about as well as sneering at.

I am wandering, I see, into political discussion, an error I wish to avoid. But really here, where nobody talks or thinks, or, I believe, dreams of anything but politics, it is difficult not to write about politics and nothing else. Before, however, I am drawn into the vortex utterly, as I know I shall be before this paper is ended, I must record my impressions of Congress. In its external shape, as a matter of bricks and mortar, it is a constant wonder to me that the Houses of Congress are not grander than they are. The position, design, and material of the Capitol are all magnificent; and yet, somehow or other, it is not, to me at any rate, impressive. The grand half-finished front façade is turned away from the city, owing to the fact that the building was planned before the town was built, and that, from a characteristic English quarrel between the State and a private landowner, the town was in reality raised on the side not destined for it. So, as a matter of fact, nobody enters, or ever will enter, by the front entrance, except to see the building. The completion of the Capitol is stopped for the present, because funds are short, and the architect is away at the war. The whole building has an untidy, unfinished air. The immense iron dome, which will vie in height with that of St. Peter's, is still a confused mass of beams and girders, surmounted by a crane, ominously resembling its brother of Cologne Cathedral. Blocks of unhewn marble lie on every side, scattered about the grounds; the niches are still without their statues, and the great entrance without its doors; while, in many places, the red-brick walls are without their marble facings. Still, even when the building is completed, I think the effect inside will always be disappointing. Vast as the building is, there is a want of great spaces in it, and you wander through endless passages, and richly roofed corridors, and splendid staircases, without coming across one point of view which leaves a strong definite

impression on your mind. There is, too, a characteristic absence of artistic propriety about the whole arrangements. The great centre circular hall is blocked up with a scaffolding, on which a number of pictures of little intrinsic merit are exposed. Amongst them, by the way, there used to be a picture of President Buchanan; but, when the troops were quartered here last summer, for the defence of the Capitol, the one sole injury they did was to destroy the portrait of the late President by squirting tobacco juice at it. "And a vile indignity too, sir," said an abolitionist, who told me the story, "*that* was for the —tobacco juice." Again, in the main passages, there are fruit-stalls allowed to stand, where apples and nuts and ginger-beer are sold. In another hall there is a stand for the sale of guide-books and tokens; and, further on, there is a little bazaar of Indian curiosities. In spite of these trifling defects, the arrangements of the building are wonderfully comfortable, and the rooms and passages, though less gorgeous than those of our own Houses of Parliament, are, I think, really more comfortable and luxurious. There is one great charm too about the building—that, from its shape and its elevated position, every room faces to the light, and commands most lovely views of the surrounding country.

With an Englishman's feelings about the relative importance of the two Houses of Parliament, my first visit was to the House of Representatives. The facility of access, to any one who recollects the dreary waiting in the gallery of our House with a member's order, and the still more dreary discomfort when at last you make your way into the close inconvenient pen, is enough to put you in good humour. Without any one to stop you, or ask you your business, you go up the long staircases, and pass through folding doors into the public gallery, where I should think there must be room for some thousand persons, and where you sit as luxuriously, on stuffed benches with padded backs, as if you were a favoured inmate of our Speaker's gallery. It is true the company you find around you, like that in all public places of resort in America, is mixed in its composition. Irish workmen with ragged coats will be sitting next New York dandies in elaborate morning costume; and, by the side of officers in the brightest of uniforms, you will see common soldiers in their grey serge uniforms, with the roughest of beards and the muddiest of boots. If you are fastidious, however, you can easily, supposing there is no great crowd in the house, get admission to the Ladies' gallery, where you have choicer company and a better view of the speakers. The room is oblong in shape, rather low in height for architectural effect, and surrounded with a gallery supported by iron pillars. With the exception of two small compartments set apart for the press and diplomatic body, the whole of this gallery is open to the public. In the body of the house, the seats of the members, with desks before each of them, are arranged in semi-circular rows round the raised platform on which the speaker's chair is placed, and in front of which the clerks of the house sit. The defect of the arrangement, as far as the public is concerned, is that, as the speakers turn towards the chair in speaking, it is difficult to get a front view of their faces, and it is by no means an easy thing to follow a speaker whose back is turned towards you. However, unless the speaker is in a centre seat of the semi-circle, you can always get a fair view of him by changing your seat from one part of the long galleries to another, though, at the same time, the constant buzz of conversation amongst the members makes it difficult to hear a speaker not near the place where you are seated.

One's first impression is that there is a want of life about the whole concern compared with our House of Commons. In the old days, and before the secession, it was a matter of custom that the Democratic members sat on the right of the chair, and the Opposition, Whig, Know-nothing, or Republican, on the

left. Since the Southern democrats seceded, and the old parties were all merged more or less in the party which supports the Government and the Union, this custom has fallen into abeyance; the seats have been extended to cover the spaces left empty by the members of the seceding states; and members sit in any part of the hall where their number may happen to fall, without much regard to party. This absence of any line of division between the members, and the fact that there is never any applause permitted, gives a dull air to the house. The scene looks like a lecture-room where the class is paying no attention to the lecture. Some of the members, not many, have their legs sprawling over the desks; some are sleeping in their chairs; and the majority are writing, or talking in low voices to their neighbours. The members have their hats off, and are, for the most part, dressed in the black suits Americans affect so much. The majority are men advanced in life. Young, boyish legislators, and fashionably-dressed representatives, are things unknown here. The house seems composed of business men, slightly bored at the waste of time. Thus the ordinary demeanour of the house is more quiet, if not more dignified, than that of our Parliament. The only distinct sound which interrupts the speaker's voice is the constant clap, clap, of the members' hands, as they summon the boy-pages to run on errands. These boys are, indeed, an institution of the place. They come and go with wonderful quickness; and, when nobody calls them, with that "*sans gêne*" peculiar to all American servants, they sit upon the steps of the speaker's platform, or perch themselves in any member's seat that happens to be vacant.

With regard to the merit of the oratory, it is difficult to judge. There are no speakers of great eminence in either house this session, and there has been no debate since I have been here of especial interest. In truth, a debate in one sense of the word is not known here. There being no ministry to turn out—or, rather, there being a ministry which has no direct connexion with the debates, and which cannot be turned out—the peculiar interest which attaches to a great debate with us, where the fate of an administration depends on the issue, is altogether wanting. Speeches are delivered to be printed and circulated amongst constituents rather than to influence the audience to which they are addressed; and, indeed, the newspaper reports of the speeches are so meagre that any member who wishes for a full report is obliged to have his speech reprinted. Probably in consequence of this, the custom of reading one's speech, or referring constantly to notes, is very common, and mars the effect of the discussions. There is an amount, too, of unimpressive gesticulation which becomes monotonous. I saw one member who, during a speech of an hour, kept advancing and retreating up an open space of some twelve feet in length, like the Polar bear at the Regent's Park Gardens; another, who always sidled from one desk to another; and a third, who kept turning like a teetotum towards every part of the house in turn. Still the one remarkable feature about the debates is the marvellous fluency of the speakers. Everybody seems to have the gift of speaking, the power of stringing words together without a hitch. I have never yet heard an American member of either house either stutter, or hem-and-haw, as nineteen-twentieths of our speakers do, in want of a word. And this is not because the speeches are prepared beforehand. I have constantly heard members interrupted in their speeches, and questions put to them; yet they always reply and break the thread of their argument with the same perfect self-possession and copiousness of words. If I have not heard anything yet in the way of oratory that rose to eloquence, I certainly never heard so much average good speaking in any English assembly.

The Senate, though probably the more important of the two bodies, is not so interesting to a stranger. In shape and arrangement the building is the counterpart of the Hall of the Representatives,

only smaller. With so small a number of members at its fullest—diminished, as it is now, by the absence of the seceding senators—and with the widely-parted rows of arm-chairs, fronted by the small mahogany tables—the aspect of the Senate is not a lively one. It seems impossible that, with such an audience, any orator could work himself into a passion; and the whole look of the scene is so staid and decorous that it is hard to realize the stormy, passionate discussions which have taken place within these walls. In the chair is Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President of the United States, a portly resolute-looking man, who, if (and there are many things more impossible) he should be called to fill the Presidential Office, will fill it, as far as manner and appearance go, far better than his predecessor. There is no limit, as in the lower house, to the length of senatorial speeches; and a senator who has the floor of the house is considered to have possession of it pretty well for the sitting. A Mr. Willey, of Virginia, was reading, when I was last there, a speech of portentous length to empty benches and a crowded gallery. If he were not constantly trying to jerk his arm out of the socket, whenever he is not fumbling amongst his papers, his speeches would be more impressive. The speech was on the abolition of slavery in the Columbia district, but when I was present he had wandered far away into the general question of emancipation. Like all pro-slavery orators, he proved too much. The slaves have not the slightest desire to be free; and then they are on the eve of a servile insurrection! Emancipation will ruin the whites, because black labour will drive white out of the field; and it will destroy the blacks, because they will not work, and must therefore starve! And so on. However, the speech was well written, and will, doubtless, read well. I noted in the corner General Jem Lane, of Kansas, the bugbear of the *Saturday Review;* and Wade, of Ohio, the strongest opponent of the Government, who tells any one he meets "that, if there was no officer in the army of higher rank than a sub-lieutenant, the rebellion would be suppressed in a month;" and Wilson, who ten years ago was a working shoemaker; and Sumner, of whom more anon.

When Mr. Willey had concluded his oration, the discussion dropped, and the house went into executive session. To me it has been a surprise to learn how very much of the business of both houses is conducted secretly. On all executive matters—that is, on questions of the appointment or dismissal of public officials, etc.—the discussions are conducted with closed doors. Then the real business of both houses, of a deliberative character, is conducted in the committee rooms, where no strangers or reporters are admitted. Every bill must be referred, before discussion, to the standing committee appointed to investigate the class of subjects on which legislation is proposed; and, practically, the frame-work and substance of every bill is regulated in the committee rooms, not in the open house. The party in power in either house manages the selection of the committees, so that one of the party is always chairman, and the majority of the members should belong to their own side. It is in the committee rooms that the real work is done; and members go into the house, as I heard a leading senator say, chiefly to write their letters. With all this, with the early hours (generally from noon to five), with the fresh air and easy seats, the position of a member of Congress must be, to my mind, a more comfortable one than that of an English M.P., not to mention the 600*l.* a year of salary, with the mileage, stationery, and franking perquisites.

But, doubtless, you will want to hear my impressions of the leading men here, whose names have been of late so much before our eyes. Let me speak, then, of those I have had some opportunity of judging of personally.

No man, we all know, is a hero to his valet; and thus, whatever there may be of heroic amongst American statesmen is hard to discern, from the proximity at which you view them. American majesty has no externals to be stripped of, and you see her public men always *en*

*deshabille.* So one's reminiscences are of the nature of photographs, not of portraits; and, possibly, the facility with which one catches the outside aspect destroys the correctness of one's impression as to the real character. Still, with this reservation, I will give you my impressions of some men of note here for what they may be worth.

First, then, of the President. To say that he is ugly, is nothing; to add that his figure is grotesque, is to convey no adequate impression. Fancy a man six foot high, and thin *out of* proportion; with long bony arms and legs, which somehow seem to be always in the way; with great rugged furrowed hands, which grasp you like a vice when shaking yours; with a long scraggy neck, and a chest too narrow for the great arms at its side. Add to this figure a head, cocoa-nut-shaped and somewhat too small for such a stature, covered with rough, uncombed and uncombable hair, that stands out in every direction at once; a face furrowed, wrinkled, and indented, as though it had been scarred by vitriol; a high narrow forehead, and, sunk deep beneath bushy eyebrows; two bright, somewhat dreamy eyes, that seem to gaze through you without looking at you; a few irregular blotches of black bristly hair, in the place where beard and whiskers ought to grow; a close-set, thin-lipped, stern mouth, with two rows of large white teeth, and a nose and ears which have been taken by mistake from a head of twice the size. Clothe this figure, then, in a long, tight, badly-fitting suit of black, creased, soiled, and puckered up at every salient point of the figure (and every point of this figure *is* salient); put on large ill-fitting boots, gloves too long for the long bony fingers, and a fluffy hat, covered to the top with dusty puffy crape; and then add to all this an air of strength, physical as well as moral, and a strange look of dignity coupled with all this grotesqueness; and you will have the impression left upon me by Abraham Lincoln.

On the occasion when I had the honour of meeting the President, the company was a small one, with most of whom he was personally acquainted. I have no doubt, therefore, that he was as much at his ease as usual. There was a look of depression about his face, which, I am told by those who see him daily, was habitual to him even before his child's death. It was strange to me to witness the perfect terms of equality on which he appeared to be with everybody. Occasionally some of his interlocutors called him "Mr. President," but the habit was to address him simply as "Sir." It was not, indeed, till I was introduced to him, that I was aware that the President was one of the company. He talked little, and seemed to prefer others talking to him to talking himself; but, when he spoke, his remarks were always shrewd and sensible. You would never say he was a gentleman; you would still less say he was not one. There are some women about whom no one ever thinks in connexion with beauty one way or the other; and there are men to whom the epithet of gentleman-like or ungentleman-like appears utterly incongruous; and of such Mr. Lincoln is one. Still there is about him an utter absence of pretension, and an evident desire to be courteous to everybody, which is the essence, if not the outward form, of good breeding. There is a softness, too, about his smile, and a sparkle of dry humour about his eye, which redeem the expression of his face, and remind me more of the late Dr. Arnold, as a child's recollection recalls him, than of any face I can call to mind.

The conversation, like that of all American official men I have met with, was unrestrained in the presence of strangers, to a degree perfectly astonishing. Any remarks that I heard made, as to the present state of affairs, I do not feel at liberty to repeat, though really every public man here appears not only to live in a glass house, but in a reverberating gallery, and to be absolutely indifferent as to who sees or hears him. There are a few "Lincolniana," however, which I may fairly quote, and which will show the style of his conversation. Some of the party began

smoking, and our host remarked, laughingly, "The President has got no vices; he neither smokes nor drinks." "That is a doubtful compliment," answered the President; "I recollect once being outside a stage in Illinois, and a man sitting by me offered me a cigar. I told him I had no vices. He said nothing, smoked for some time, and then grunted out, 'It's my experience that folks who have no vices have plaguy few virtues.'" Again, a gentleman present was telling how a friend of his had been driven away from New Orleans as a Unionist, and how, on his expulsion, when he asked to see the writ by which he was expelled, the deputation which called on him told him that the government had made up their minds to do nothing illegal, and so they had issued no illegal writs, and simply meant to *make* him go of his own free will. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that reminds me of an hotel-keeper down at St. Louis, who boasted that he never had a death in his hotel; and no more he had, for whenever a guest was dying in his house he carried him out to die in the street." At another time the conversation turned upon the discussions as to the Missouri compromise, and elicited the following quaint remark from the President. "It used to amuse me some (*sic*) to find that the slave-holders wanted more territory, because they had not room enough for their slaves, and yet they complained of not having the slave-trade, because they wanted more slaves for their room."

Stories such as these read dull enough in print; but, unless you could give also the dry chuckle with which they are accompanied, and the gleam in the speaker's eye, as, with the action habitual to him, he rubs his hand down the side of his long leg, you must fail in conveying a true impression of their quaint humour. This sort of Socratic illustration is his usual form of conversation amongst strangers; but, I believe, in his private life he is a man of few words, and those simple ones. Let me close my description with one remark he made of a more reflective character, and which, though not perhaps of great value in itself, is curious as coming from a man who has achieved distinction. Speaking of the fluency of American orators, he said, "It is very common in this country to find great facility of expression, and less common to find great lucidity of thought. The combination of the two in one person is very uncommon; but, whenever you do find it, you have a great man."

Of Mr. Seward, I can speak more freely, from the fact that at the present day he does not stand high in popular favour. After all, explain it as you will, the *beau rôle* in the "Trent affair" was not that of the United States, and the Americans are too sharp a people to be able long to delude themselves with the flattering unction that they had won a great diplomatic victory. Hence, the Secretary of State has suffered, perhaps unjustly, as the scapegoat of the national humiliation. Mr. Stanton has taken his place in the favour of the people, and, it is rumoured, of the President. It is to the setting then, and not to the rising sun, that I wish to do justice. My first thought, at meeting Mr. Seward, was one of wonder that so small a man should have been near creating a war between two great nations. A man, I should think, under five feet in height, and of some sixty years in age; small-made, with small delicate hands and feet, and a small wiry body, scanty snow-white hair, deep-set clear grey eyes, a face perfectly clean-shaved, and a smooth colourless skin of a sort of parchment texture! Such were the outward features that struck me at once. He was in his office when first I saw him, dressed in black, with his waistcoat half unbuttoned, one leg over the side of his arm-chair, and a cigar stuck between his lips. Barring the cigar and the attitude, I should have taken him for a shrewd well-to-do attorney, waiting to learn a new client's business. You are at your ease with him at once. There is a frankness and *bonhommie* about his

manner, which renders it to my mind a very pleasant one. In our English phrase, Mr. Seward is good company. A good cigar, a good glass of wine, and a good story, even if it is *tant soit peu risqué*, are pleasures which he obviously enjoys keenly. Still, a glance at that spare hard-knit frame, and that clear bright eye, shows you that no pleasure, however keenly appreciated, has been indulged in to excess throughout his long laborious career. And, more than that, no one who has had the pleasure of seeing him amongst his own family can doubt about the kindliness of his disposition. It is equally impossible to talk much with him without perceiving that he is a man of remarkable ability. He has read much, especially of modern literature—travelled much, and seen much of the world of man as well as that of books. His political principles seem to me drawn from the old Whig school of the bygone *Edinburgh Review* days, and you can trace easily the influence which the teaching of Brougham and Jeffreys and Sidney Smith have had upon his mind. What strikes me most in conversation with him is a largeness of view very rare amongst the American politicians. The relative position of America with regard to Europe, and the future of his country, are matters he can discuss with sense as well as patriotism. That his intellect is practical rather than philosophical, and that he is unduly impatient of abstract theories, I am inclined to suspect. In other words, he is a man of action rather than of thought—a politician, not a reformer. It was by sheer vigour of mind and force of will that he acquired his pre-eminence in the ministry. According to the theory of the American constitution there is no such a thing as a ministry, and the ministers are only heads of departments. One department is equal to another, and the secretary at the head of any department has no power to issue orders to any other. When the insurrection broke out, and every department was in disorder, Mr. Seward virtually assumed a temporary premiership. His colleagues yielded, because they felt the need of one directing head, or had not strength to resist his superior energy. When the pressure of danger was removed, the other departments threw off the supremacy of the Department of State; and it was only by his energy that Mr. Seward held his place after the reaction. It is reported that, not long ago, some influential politicians requested the President to remove Mr. Seward on the ground of incompetency, to which application the answer was made, that a man who worked three times as many hours, and did three times as much in one hour, as any of his colleagues, could hardly be incompetent, whatever else might be his failings.

As to Mr. Sumner, he is too well known in Europe to need much description. Many of my readers are acquainted doubtless with that great sturdy English-looking figure, with the broad massive forehead, over which the rich mass of nut-brown hair, streaked here and there with a line of grey, hangs loosely, with the deep blue eyes, and the strangely winning smile, half bright, half full of sadness. He is a man whom you would notice amongst other men, and whom, not knowing him, you would turn round to look at as he passed by you. Sitting in his place in the Senate, leaning backwards in his chair, with his head stooping slightly over that great broad chest, and his hands resting upon his crossed legs, he looks, in dress and attitude and air, the very model of an English country gentleman. A child would ask him the time in the streets, and a woman, I think, would come to him unbidden for protection. You can read in that worn face of his, old before its time, the traces of a life-long struggle, of disappointment and hope deferred, of ceaseless obloquy and cruel wrong. Such a life-training as this is a bad one for any man, and it has left its brand on the senator for Massachusetts. There are wrongs which the best of men forgive without forgetting; and, since Brooks's brutal assault upon him, men say that they can mark a change in Charles Sumner. He is more bitter in

denunciation, less tolerant of opposition, just rather than merciful. Be it so. It is not with soft words or gentle answers that men fight as Sumner has fought against cruelty and wrong.

Probably the most striking-looking of the ministers is Mr. Chase, the Secretary for the Treasury. His head would be a treasure to any sculptor, as a model of benevolence. His lofty, spacious forehead, his fresh smooth-shaved countenance, his portly figure, and his pleasant kindly smile, all seem to mark the model benevolent old man, created to be the victim and providence of street-beggars. One wonders how so kind-looking a man can find it in his heart to tax any body; and I believe this much is true, that a man of less ability and sterner mould would have made a better financier than Mr. Chase has proved. Mr. Blair, though a Maryland man, is the only one of the ministers, who has what we consider the characteristic Yankee type of face, the high cheek-bones, sallow complexion, and long straight hair. Of Mr. Gideon Welles, the Secretary for the Navy, who expressed unfortunate approval of Captain Wilkes, there is little to be said, except that he wears a long white beard and a stupendous white wig, which cause him to look like the stock grandfather in a genteel comedy, and that there is such an air of ponderous deliberation about his face that you wonder whether he has ever clearly realized, in so short a time as one year, that America is in a state of civil war.

With this I must close my portrait gallery for the present. Americans complain constantly that we know nothing of their public men. The complaint is hardly a fair one, as there are barely half-a-dozen English statesmen to whom Americans attach the slightest individuality, and the names of our minor celebrities, such as Lowe or Layard, would convey as little to American ears as those of Colfax or Conkling would do to us. It is, therefore, useless for me to tell you whether Senator Rufus G. Doodle (Mo.) has black hair, or whether the honourable Nero H. Boodle (Va.) has red whiskers. Let me only add, in parting with this subject, that, having frequently had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Caleb Cushing—known, and not altogether favourably, to the English public as Attorney-General under President Pierce's administration during the Frampton difficulty—I found him to be a man of extreme acuteness and immense and varied reading, and indeed one of the pleasantest companions whom it has been my fortune to meet with in life. From his connexion with the old democratic party, and the Secession leaders, he is out of favour with the country and the Government, at present; but I am much mistaken if a man of his power and ability does not, before long, play a great part again in public life.

In truth, there is one great charm to me about American society in general, and Washington society in particular, and that is the extraordinary facility with which you make acquaintances. If you are stopping in an hotel, in a very short time you may know any male inmate to speak to if you choose. If you are talking to any casual acquaintance, and any other casual acquaintance of his comes up, he immediately, as a matter of civility, introduces you to each other, and your new acquaintance introduces you to his, and so on, indefinitely. Probably a stranger is more freely introduced than a native; but, amongst Americans themselves, I have observed that the same custom prevails as a rule. The only objection to the practice is, that, if you have not a keen memory for faces, you find it hard to remember, amongst the multitude of your acquaintances, what names to attach to what faces. In a similar, though a less degree, there is much of the same free readiness to make acquaintance in society. Your friend's friends are yours also, and you are franked, morally speaking, from one house to another; so that such society as there is in Washington you see readily and pleasantly enough.

I say "such society as there is," because at present there is but little of any kind

here. The immediate presence of the war is, in itself, a great check to social festivity, and the mourning in the White House has stopped all official parties. Besides, the absence of the Southern families, who were the leaders in social life here, has made a marked difference; and during the first year of an administration people are new to the place, and somewhat shy of making acquaintance. Moreover, the Lincoln Government brought a perfect shoal of new faces into Washington. In its early days it was called the "Carpet-bag Administration," because the town was crammed with place-hunters, whose whole luggage was contained in a small carpet-bag, which never left their hands, and on which they were popularly supposed to sleep at night. Indeed, there is a story confidently told here, that one western backwoodsman who was in search of a place, after vain endeavours to see "Honest Abe," went up to the White House with a blanket under his arm, and announced his intention of sleeping in the hall until he could get what he wanted. After two days' squatting, the place requested was given, and the squatter decamped. Two-thirds, in fact, of the people I meet here seem to be new to the place, and still to feel themselves strangers in it.

But, in addition to all this, even at the most orderly of times, Washington society must have a strangely watering-place character. The city is an overgrown watering-place. Everybody is a bird of passage here. The diplomatic "corps" is transitory by virtue of its nature. The senators and members of Congress, and ministers, are here for two, four, possibly six sessions, as the case may be; and the fact of their being in the House, or in office, now, is rather a presumption than otherwise, that they will not be so again when their term expires. The clerks, officials, and Government *employés*, are all, too, mere lodgers. The force of necessity compels each Administration to re-appoint a good number of the subordinate officials, who understand the business of the office; but, still, every official may be turned out in four years, at the longest, and most of them know that they probably will be. There are no commercial or manufacturing interests at Washington to induce merchants or capitalists to settle here; and there is nothing attractive about the place to make any one, not brought here on business, fix on it as a place of residence. With the exception of a few land-owners, who have estates in the neighbourhood, a few lawyers connected with the Supreme Court, and a host of petty tradesmen and lodging-house keepers, there is nobody who looks on Washington as his home.

Hence nobody, with rare exceptions, has a house of his own here. Many of the members live in hotels and furnished lodgings. The wives and families of the married members come to Washington for a few months or weeks during the session, and during that time a furnished house is taken. In consequence, there is no style about the mode of living. The number of private carriages is very few; and people are afraid of bringing good horses to be ruined by the rut-tracks (for they are not worthy of the name of roads) which serve the purpose of streets in Washington. Public amusements of any kind are scanty and poor. There is a theatre, about equal in size and merit to those of Brighton or Scarborough; at the Smithsonian Institute there are frequent lectures, which, when they are not political demonstrations, are about as interesting or uninteresting as lectures on the glaciers and geological formations, and *hoc genus omne*, are in other places; and there are occasional concerts, dramatic readings, and exhibitions in Willard's Hall. So, if you want recreation of any kind, it is to private society you must look for it. In the great hotels there are ladies' drawing-rooms, to which those inmates of the hotels who choose, or their friends, come down in the evening, and where the staple amusements of gossip and flirtation are varied by singing and impromptu dances. Private balls are rare, or, at least, have been so during the past winter; but there are dinner parties and receptions without end. The French sys-

tem of calling prevails here a good deal, and you can go in during the evening to any house at which you are acquainted, with the certainty of finding callers there, in more or less numbers, according to whether the night happens to be a reception night or not. In New York, I always had an impression, whether just or otherwise, that, though, as a stranger, nobody cared or thought about your position, yet, if you had been a native, your standing in society would depend a good deal on whether you lived in Fifth Avenue or in Sixth, and whether your name stood well or ill with your bankers in Wall Street. Of this money standard, common to all commercial capitals, there seems to be nothing in Washington. Of course, there are plenty of wealthy people here, but there is no display of wealth, not even in the ladies' dresses. The attachés to the embassies, and the young men of fashion from New York, I believe, vote Washington the dullest place in creation; but, to a man with quiet tastes, there are many capitals less attractive.

The receptions here are, in hour and customs, very like ordinary English "at homes," except that they are less crowded and have less of stiffness and formality. Evening dress, stiff white neckties, varnished boots, and sombre black suits, which form the attire and curse of gentlemen in all parts of the so-called civilized world, are the rule here; but great laxity is allowed in the practice. I have met senators at evening parties in brown shooting-coats, and ladies in morning dresses; and here everyone seems perfectly indifferent as to how you are dressed, if your taste or your circumstances compel you to vary from the ordinary costume. Generally, the receptions end with stand-up suppers, though sometimes tea and coffee are the only refreshments provided. It is not common, as far as I can perceive, to speak to persons without being introduced; but the practice of introduction is so universal, that a stranger is not "alone in a crowd" as he would be in London. Card-playing I have never seen at a Washington party, and there is hardly any music, so that conversation is the sole amusement of guests.

Fortunately, you may lay it down as an axiom, that all Americans are always ready to talk; and therefore you rarely see people standing still and looking bored. I quite admit (I hope this expression of opinion is not ungrateful) that I can conceive of a person becoming tired of Washington society. You meet constantly varying combinations of the same set of people, and between one party and another there is a distinction without a difference. Moreover, all the gentlemen talk about politics, and all the ladies talk about the army, with occasional lapses on both parts into slavery discussions, more or less abolitionist or anti-abolitionist, as the case may be. There are also two camps of M'Clellanites and the anti-M'Clellanites; and between the two, especially amongst the ladies, feeling runs so high, that a prudent "Gallio" will take care not to express any opinion whatever on the subject of M'Clellan. Still, to any man who has a dislike to originate subjects of discussion, and who looks upon having to invent your topics, as well as your remarks, as a sort of intellectual Egyptian bondage, in which you have to find the straw as well as make the bricks, this uniformity of topics has a comfort. You know perfectly well what to talk about, and you run no risk of any American lady you are introduced to answering your remarks with monosyllabic "yeses" or "noes." They all talk always eagerly, and sometimes cleverly. Besides, amongst the ladies, a knowledge of current English literature is very general; and the "Heir of Redclyffe," or "Great Expectations," or "A Strange Story," are as safe subjects of conversation as they would be in a London drawing-room. How far the extraordinary freedom allowed to young unmarried ladies may be desirable or not, is a question too wide to enter on now. To our Old World notions, it is strange when a young lady you have just been introduced to asks you to call upon her, or offers you introductions to friends at a

place you are going to visit. On the other hand, I should state, as far as my experience goes, that there is less "freedom of language" (using the expression in its peculiar social signification) used or permitted here than with us, and that there are many remarks you might make, if so disposed, in English society, which you could not safely make here.

To a stranger, also, there is a never-failing attraction in the fact that at these evening parties you meet everybody you want to see in Washington. In London, you might go to respectable houses every night in your life, and never meet a Cabinet Minister; and even a member of Parliament—provided he were not a metropolitan one—would be something of a novelty. Here you can meet half the Ministry, and all the Senate, at any party you go to. Thus the men you read of daily in the papers, and whose names are become "household words" to you, are presented to you in private life. Every American literary man, too, of note, has been to be met with some time or other this winter in Washington. Very recently we have had here Emerson and Hawthorne, and N. P. Willis and Bayard Taylor; while the English world of art and letters has been represented, not unworthily, by W. H. Russell and Anthony Trollope, and Mrs. Kemble. Altogether, any one, I think, who, like myself, has spent a few weeks this year of the war in Washington, must look back upon it with pleasant memories.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY WILLIAM J. STEWART.

So much has been said and written, recently, descriptive of British Columbia, that, beyond doubt, a large number of our surplus population will be attracted to this great gold-field of the Pacific. This is as it should be; and no one who knows anything of the depressing poverty which prevails at all times in the agricultural counties of England, or of the uncertainties of artisan life in our manufacturing districts and great cities, will say one careless word which should deter our suffering poor from migrating to a land where, at least, the day's bread is ensured to every pair of strong hands that choose to work for it. But it has occurred to several who have spent some years in British Columbia, that a perusal of the newspaper articles and letters, which have been written recently about the country, is but too likely to fire the imagination of the inexperienced reader, and is calculated to convey a false impression of the place to the more wary inquirer. It was not as if the advice to emigrate thither had been addressed to the stout heart and ready hand, that can make their way wherever a tree has to be felled, a road made, a spadeful of earth to be turned. Not one word of remonstrance or warning would have been heard in that case. But, when the inducements of certain occupation, and a hearty welcome, are held out to such men as the tide-waiter, pestering the representative of his native borough for promotion; the banker's clerk, toiling on with the hope of adding another ten pounds to his scanty salary; the University-man with the world before him, an oyster he knows not how to open; when even married men with families are encouraged to start for the shores of the Pacific, it is right that what they may expect to find there should be simply set before them.

They will find there, in the first place, the promise of one of the richest and most flourishing countries the world has ever seen. There is no exaggeration in this statement. We all know by this time the geographical position of British Columbia. To say nothing of the adjacent island of Vancouver, which

shelters its coast from the drift of the Pacific, and renders its inlets and rivers safe and easy of navigation, it possesses within itself the elements of a complete and powerful empire. Harbours, the most commodious; rivers, even where they are unnavigable, adapted admirably to water and fertilize the soil through which they run; large valleys of rich fertile land stretching from the base of the Rocky mountains that form the back-bone of the great American continent to the sea; timber enough to stock the navy-yards of Europe for ages to come; coal in sufficient abundance, and easily worked; with other mineral wealth almost beyond the power of the imagination to conceive:—this may seem an extravagantly coloured picture, but it is, in reality, the simple truth couched in the simplest fitting words. A glance at the geographical and geological charts of British Columbia will satisfy the least experienced inquirer, that here nature has provided elements out of which the Anglo-Saxon race can scarcely fail to build a great and powerful nation. But the work of making its foundation is of the hardest, and the hands that are put to the plough have need of more than ordinary pith and muscle.

As yet the chief rendezvous for settlers is Victoria, in Vancouver Island, a few years back one of the out-of-the-way stations of the Hudson's Bay Company. Hither, when the Americans laid strong hands on the Oregon territory, the head-quarters of the Great Fur Company were removed from Vancouver's Fort on the banks of the Columbia. Here, as there, Mr. Douglas continued to trade with the Indians, winning their confidence by his fairness and justice, and commanding their respect by his firmness and decision. The life of these agents—factors as they are called—of the Great Fur Company, in their detached stations along the shores, and far up in the mainland of British North America, where they possess a power which they seem rarely to have abused, is full of interest and romance. Recruited at intervals from the home country, which they leave at an early age, they marry, frequently half-breeds, and rear families, striking their roots so deep into the soil that they rarely care to quit it. Once a year a great Fur Brigade winds its way from fort to fort, gathering the collections of the year from each as it rolls on, by dizzy mountain passes, across swollen rivers, through dense forests, to the coast. Whither once a year also comes, from the Company at home, the same familiar brig, with its supply of fresh young English life, its news of home, and cargo of muskets, blankets, beads and toys, for which the Indian hunters barter furs and skins.

It was from such a life as this that Mr. Douglas, in 1858, was called upon to act as Governor of one of the richest gold-producing countries the world has ever known; from such a trading station, with its rough stockade and wooden bastion, that Victoria has grown into a city. Mr. Douglas has proved himself well equal to the work he was called upon to undertake; and the shrewd head and firm hand that ruled the Indian tribes were found as equal to the management of the most heterogeneous population imaginable—among whom many of the scamps of San Francisco, whom the Vigilance Committee of that city, from no unwillingness on their part, had left unhung, figured conspicuously.

But we have to do with Victoria now mainly in relation to the attractions which it offers to the settler. Here, of course, as in all places where the process of transforming a town from canvass to wood, from wood to stone, is being carried on, artisans of all kinds will not fail to find remunerative employment, and capital will not be long in discovering fit channels to flow in. But the undergraduate, the tide-waiter, clerk, and shopman, even if they have strong arms which they are not ashamed to turn to any honest work, will of a certainty prefer pushing onward to the mines. Even the agriculturist will find little inducement to settle upon a coast so densely wooded as this is. From this cause it is that the population of Victoria is decidedly migratory, flowing and ebbing with the rush of the miners to and from the dig-

gings. Last winter it was comparatively depopulated, while this spring they are expecting no less than 50,000 miners on their way through to the Fraser.

The way to the mines lies up the River Fraser. To reach its mouth the Gulf of Georgia must be crossed. No ocean ship or steamer can pass its bar, so that the passage has to be made in smaller vessels that ply at regular intervals from Victoria. The way is pleasant, by and through an archipelago of islands; of which San Juan, now a bone of contention between our government and that of the United States, is one of the most important—the smaller ones being mere rocky islets, covered with pines to the water's edge.

The entrance to the Fraser is, as I have said, impassable to ships of considerable freight, and to all uncertain. But for the friendly shelter of Vancouver Island, its bar of uncertain shifting sands would be as perilous as that of the Columbia River; as it is, if a vessel grounds, as often happens, she has only to wait until the rising tide shall set her free. The Fraser is the high, and, indeed, at present, the only road to the gold-fields. Hopes are entertained that some day a way may be found at the head of one of the numerous inlets that indent the shore north of its mouth, by which the upper country may be reached; and several explorations have been made by officers of the navy, and enterprising settlers, to discover such a route, but hitherto without any practical result. A way was forced inland, from Burrard's Inlet, by Lieutenant Mayne, of H.M.S. *Plumper*, in 1859; and, many years ago, Sir Alexander M'Kenzie reached the sea from Fort George, one of the northernmost stations of the Hudson's Bay Company. But their way lay over high mountains, and across swift streams, in winter covered with snow, in summer dangerously swollen by freshets from the hills.

The banks of the Fraser, for some miles from its mouth, are low, and liable in summer to be flooded. There is no rising ground until New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, is reached. In writing of new countries, there is no choice but to use the phraseology of old, however much it may mislead the reader. An American backwood's-man would be at no loss to form an accurate conception of the city of New Westminster, while nothing that I can say will help an English reader to imagine it. Half-a-dozen wooden huts, a whiskey shop, and a post-office, constitute a "city" anywhere in America; and New Westminster, in addition to these, possesses a church, a court-house, treasury, and camp. That is to say, with extraordinary efforts, some square yards have been cleared of the vast over and under growth of timber and roots, that line the banks of the Fraser, and a few wooden huts run up, to which these pretentious names have been attached. Nothing short of a photograph could give a proper idea of the position of these little boxes of houses, set in the midst of the fallen timber, with a dense background of impenetrable forest in their rear. It is this vast growth of timber, on the shores of Vancouver Island, and upon the coast of the mainland, that must for a time retard colonization. There are rare stretches of good land among the inland valleys—the Semilkameen country, for instance, east of Fort Hope, is one of the richest in the world—and the day will no doubt come when pleasant English farm-houses will rise among them, and the plains, clothed now with long sweet grass, and the numberless wild flowers, which in British Columbia grow so luxuriantly, be white with bleating flocks. But, until roads are made to them from the towns, the agriculturist who may be induced to settle there will find his crops useless and embarrassing, for want of a market at which he can sell them.

Some twenty-five miles from the Fraser's mouth, Langley, another town of wooden huts, is reached; and here the river becomes so swift and shallow, that the steamers which have crossed the gulf can go no further, and have to transfer their cargoes to shallow, flat-bottomed boats, drawing a few inches only of water, and propelled by huge wheels, projecting

from behind the stern. These stern-wheel steamers struggle up against the stream with a great effort to Fort Hope. But at this point the mountains so close in upon the river that it becomes unnavigable, at some seasons of the year even for canoes, and the first settlers had to land from them at Yale, some fifteen miles higher up, and follow a trail which ran, now by the water's edge, now high by a dizzy path round the face of steep precipitous rocks, many hundred, even thousand feet above the swift and turbid stream. All this portion of the river's banks is highly auriferous; and the traveller following this trail might see below him the figures of the miners washing the gold "dirt," and hear the ceaseless clatter of their rockers. Upon the Fraser generally, before more secure trails were made, and this route in particular, many miners in 1858 and 1859 lost their lives.

But the richer gold-fields of British Columbia lie many miles above this rocky barrier, through which the Fraser, reduced to a comparative thread of water, works its tortuous way. And for those bound to them, a route, not perhaps the most direct, has been formed, by which the necessity of ascending that part of the Fraser I have just described may be avoided. This is known as the Harrison Lilloett trail. A few miles above Langley, a smaller river meets the Fraser; following which the first of a chain of lakes is reached, which extend, with occasional intervals of forests and mountains, in a northerly direction, until the Fraser is struck again some 140 miles from where it had been parted with. This route was well known to the Indians, and, less familiarly, to the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company; and, when the rush to the diggings commenced, it was at once determined by the Governor to open it. The task looks easy enough on paper. It consisted simply in opening communications from the head of one lake to the nearest port upon the succeeding one. But, to do this, roads had to be carried over steep mountain passes, across rivers—as many as sixty bridges were built—and through "bush," in some places so dense that the hardiest pedestrian, walking ten hours a day, might think himself lucky if he made as many miles. The following table of distances will show the nature of this route :—

| From. | To. | Distance by Land trail. | Distance by water. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fort Langley | Port Douglas | — | 75 |
| Douglas | Port Lilloett | 33¾ | — |
| Lilloett | Port Pemberton | — | 13 |
| Pemberton | Port Anderson | 24¾ | — |
| Anderson | East Port | — | 15 |
| East Port | West Port | 1½ | — |
| West Port | Port Seton | — | 16 |
| Port Seton | Fraser River | 4 | — |

Total from Langley to the Fraser—

| | |
|---|---|
| By land (trail) . . . . | 64 miles. |
| By water . . . . . | 119 ,, |
| Entire distance . . . | 183 ,, |

From this point of the Fraser River roads are planned, but not made, and the miner must be prepared to tramp it to that part of the Quesnelle or Cariboo gold-fields to which he may be bound. A miner, having only himself to look to, and carrying his baggage on his back, may make his way from Victoria to Cariboo in ten days, and at a cost of from 7*l.* to 10*l.* Of course, if he tramps it from lake to lake, on the Harrison Lilloett route, he will do with less. But, live hardly as he may, he can scarcely spend less than two dollars (8*s.* 4*d.*) a day, on his journey up. All the way he will now find, at intervals, huts—restaurants is the name there given to them—open for his accommodation, where a meal of bread, beans, and bacon, may be had, and a soft plank secured for the night. It is impossible to say at what price provisions may be now, varying as they do with the supply and the state of the weather; but they have been at times very high, and, until the country is in more certain communication with the sea, will necessarily be so again. Last year, it is said, the miner might live for four or five shillings a day, and the restaurants offered board and lodging at the rate of 2*l.* a week; but letters lately received from British Columbia tell a somewhat different tale.

The following facts relative to the country may be interesting. It is peo-

pled pretty thickly with Indians. No apprehension need be entertained of them, if treated justly and fairly. They hate the Americans cordially, and not, it is believed, without good reason; but King George's men, as the British are everywhere called by them, are secure against all but petty depredations. The fish-eating tribes by the sea-coast are morally and intellectually much inferior to the Indian of the interior, who approaches closely to the red man whose noble qualities won Penn's respect and regard. The country is not rich in animal life, and, mosquitoes excepted, is singularly free from insects and reptiles. The climate resembles that of England closely. As with us, the winters are uncertain. For years together little snow will fall, or frost be felt; and then as was the case there last year, a season of more than ordinary severity will set in, blocking up the trails, and even closing the Fraser against the entry of ships or steamers. The land, where clear, is rich and fertile, and will produce abundantly the roots and cereals familiar to the English farmer.

## THE PARRICIDE.

ABRIDGED FROM VICTOR HUGO.

At that still hour when sleep folds up the sight
Of mortal men beneath the darkened sky,
No witness near but the blind giant, Night,
Canute beheld his aged father lie
Asleep, infirm: no guard, no dog was nigh.
"He, himself, will not know it," Canute said,
And killed him, and was monarch in his stead.

Ever a conqueror—fortune on his side—
He flourished like a corn-field in its pride;
When through the conclave of old men he passed,
Their austere visages were lit with smiles.
He, by pure morals and wise laws, bound fast
To his loved Denmark twenty subject isles;
Conquered Pict, Vandal, Saxon, Sclave, and Celt,
And savage tribes that in the forests dwelt;
Abolished idols and their hideous rites;
Said, speaking of Rome's Emperor, "We two."
Strongest of warriors, most renowned of knights,
Dragons and kings alike his right arm slew:
His life, at once a terror and a glory,
Became his people's proudest theme of story;
The fate of Europe seemed with his allied—
He had forgotten quite his parricide!

He died. Coffined in solid stone he lay.
The Bishop came from Aärhus to pray,
To chant around the tomb a hymn, and say
That great was Canute, both as king and saint—
His memory shedding fragrance through the land;
While they—the priests—discerned him, free from taint,
A prophet seated upon God's right hand!

Night came; the mournful organ ceased its plaint;
The priests passed slowly from the minster nave;
The king was left alone within his quiet grave.
Then he unsealed his darkened eyes, arose,
Took up his mighty sword; no walls or doors—
Mere mist to spirits—might his course oppose;
He crossed the sea that mirrors back the towers
Of Aärhus, Altona, Elsinore.
The darkness listened for the monarch's tread;
But noiseless as a dream the foot-fall of the dead.
Mount Savo rose before him on the shore,
His gloomy ancestor, with ages hoar.
"Old Mount," he said, "round whom the whirlwinds blow,
Give me for shroud a portion of thy snow."
The mountain knew his voice, and thrilled with fear;
Then Canute drew his sword, and on the hill
Shaped out the shroud according to his will,
And cried again, "Death teaches little; tell,
"Old Mountain, where does God Almighty dwell?"
The giant Savo from his yawning side,
Dark with the endless flight of clouds, replied,
"I know not, ghost; know only I am here."
So Canute left it in its chains of frost;
And, front erect, in spotless shroud of snow,
Far beyond Norway's, beyond Iceland's coast,
Into the silent dark went pacing slow.
The world behind had vanished from his sight:
Bodiless spirit, king without a throne,
Confronted with the spectral Infinite,
He saw the awful porch of the Unknown,
Where lightnings die like torches in a tomb,
And shapeless horror wanders through the gloom.
No star is there; and yet a ghastly sense
Of some fixed gaze from out that night intense;
No sound is heard, and yet is felt the sweep
Of wave on wave of darkness deaf and deep.
Canute advanced. "This is the tomb!" he cried;
"God is beyond." He called, but none replied.
He went on still, his shroud of spotless white
His only comfort, only guiding light;
When all at once upon its livid folds
A dark spot form and widen he beholds.
His spectre hand, upraised to feel the stain,
Knows by the touch 'tis blood, and drops again!
His head, that fear had never bowed of yore,
Straightway he lifts more proudly than before.
Fierce-gazing through the night—"I waver not!
Onward!" he cries; when, lo! near that first spot
Another falls and spreads—but still in vain
The monarch's eyes against the darkness strain.
Gloomily he advances, when once more
The shroud is reddened by a drop of gore.
Canute has never fled, but yet he swerves;
A falling drop has stained his right hand now;

His troubled course towards the left he curves;
Again the shroud is spotted—whence, and how?
Canute shrinks back—he dares not be alone;
He will regain his sacred funeral stone;
Another drop of blood upon the shroud!
He bends his head, and tries to pray aloud—
A drop of blood upon his head! The prayer
Dies on his lips—he moves on in despair!
And still, implacable, from out the night
Fall the red drops upon the garment white;
More, and yet more, and more—a ghastly rain—
Till in each fold there spreads a cloud-like stain.
Still on and on he moves; he dares not stop—
Still falls the blood in heavy drop on drop.
Alas! who is it weeps these tears of doom?
The Infinite! On through the tideless gloom
Canute advanced; but he looked up no more.
At length he stood before a closèd door,
'Neath which a strange effulgent glory pass'd;
Then on his winding-sheet his eyes he cast.
It was the dread, the holy place at last!
Hosannas rose within—the glory spread,
And Canute shuddered, for his shroud was red!

And therefore Canute still the daylight flies,
Nor dares confront the judgment-seat of Him
Before whose face the noonday sun grows dim;
Therefore he deeper into darkness hies,
And, hopeless to regain his shroud's pure white—
Since at each footstep tow'rds the dawn that tends
A drop of blood upon his head descends—
Roams evermore beneath the black and boundless night.

K. C. S.

## THE MORALS AND LITERATURE OF THE RESTORATION.

BY ANDREW BISSET.

The extreme dissoluteness of morals which manifested itself in England on the restoration of Charles the Second, has usually been attributed to the powerful reaction caused by disgust for the measures adopted by the Puritans to put down amusements, and enforce sanctity by Act of Parliament. This hypothesis may afford a partial, but it does not furnish a complete, solution of the important social and historical problem presented by the fact above mentioned. The more complete solution must, I think, be sought in an examination of the effect of the English government upon the condition of English society, for at least forty years before the rise of the Puritan domination.

Writers of authority, such as Mrs. Hutchinson, expressly mention the pestilential influence of the court of James the First, and of his personal character on the English nobility and gentry The inundation of vice and licentiousness, which the Restoration seemed to bring with it, was not really an innovation, as has been supposed, but only a restoration. The strictness of the Puritans was, in fact, a reaction against the dissoluteness of the court of James, on

the same principle that total abstinence from all fermented liquors is resorted to as a refuge against the habits of a drunkard.

We may read what is commonly called History for a lifetime, without learning so much about Athenian manners and morals, as we may learn from a few lines of the Acharnians, the Knights, the Clouds, the Plutus, the Frogs, the Lysistrata, of Aristophanes. If the evidence from this source, respecting the state of Athenian society in the time of the Peloponnesian War, is of great value, the evidence of the state of society in England under the Stuarts, to be derived from the contemporary literature, is of still greater value, from its far greater completeness. And a comparison of the literature towards the beginning, with the literature towards the end of the Stuart dynasty, may also afford a measure of the influence of that dynasty upon morals and literature. For, at the beginning of the Stuart dynasty, English literature bore the stamp of the government and morals of the Tudors, particularly of those of Elizabeth, while towards the end of the Stuart dynasty it bore the stamp of the government and morals of the Stuarts.

In a monarchy, such as the English government was at the beginning of the seventeenth century, though the monarch was not even then sovereign in the strict sense of the word, his morals naturally exercised a considerable influence on those of the nobility and gentry—the classes which came much in contact with the court. The power of the kings had increased greatly towards the end of the fifteenth century, in England as over the rest of Europe. The power of the nobility was proportionately depressed, and loss of power brought with it the usual humiliations. The old nobility, indeed, had, in England, been very nearly annihilated in the wars of the Roses; and the new nobility did not feel those humiliations as they might have done if they had been the representatives of those barons, such as the De Montforts, the Percies, the Nevills, in England, and the Douglases in Scotland, under whose banners had marched armies more formidable than those of kings.[1] Such men as those warrior nobles, however numerous and dark might be their own family of vices, would have deemed it beneath their dignity to import into it the vices of their kings. The Kingmaker and Bell-the-Cat might have pleasant vices of their own, but they disdained to imitate the vices of Edward the Fourth and James the Third. When the nobility, however, had sunk into the mere attendants of a court, when they had changed their armed vassals into fine clothes and fine furniture, into trinkets, gold lace, and embroidery, they lost also the independence of character, which scorns to imitate another man's vices. The favourite vices of the Tudors were indeed not such as they could conveniently imitate. However much some of them might be disposed to take up with avarice, that "good old gentlemanly vice," they could not amass money exactly in the manner of Henry the Seventh; neither, if their taste lay in that direction, could they adopt, as a pleasant pastime, Henry the Eighth's amusement of marrying a wife and beheading her every two years. The son of Henry the Eighth died a boy; and, of his two daughters, one was a cruel but decent bigot, and the other, though she treated her nobility no better than lackeys, and spoke of them in terms ("I will have no rascal to succeed me, but a king")—she, the great grand-daughter of a Welsh squire and a London citizen—which neither William the Norman nor the most powerful of the Plantagenets would have applied to the Anglo-Norman barons, yet set them an example of decorum in her court. But with her successor a strange change came over the scene.

It was, according to all human foresight, a black day for England on which James succeeded to the throne of

[1] The last Earl of Douglas brought into the field, against the king's army, an army of forty thousand men, the best soldiers in Scotland; and, if he had not been a blockhead, would have annihilated the king's army.

Elizabeth. "The court of this king," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "was a nursery "of lust and intemperance. . . . The "honour, wealth, and glory of the nation, "wherein Queen Elizabeth left it, were "soon prodigally wasted by this thrift-"less heir; the nobility of the land was "utterly debased by setting honours to "public sale, and conferring them on "persons that had neither blood nor "merit fit to wear, nor estates to bear "up their titles, but were fain to invent "projects to pillage the people, and pick "their purses for the maintenance of "vice and lewdness. The generality of "the gentry of the land soon learned "the court fashion." But all the gentry did not follow the court example, as is proved by the cases of Mrs. Hutchinson herself, of her husband Colonel Hutchinson, of John Hampden, of Oliver Cromwell, and many others. On the contrary, the morals of the court stirred up in many of the gentry, and in more of the class below the gentry, a strong deep feeling of disgust and indignation, which at last burst forth into that memorable Puritan rebellion, which "bound "kings with chains, and nobles with "links of iron."

Let us now see how far the testimony of Mrs. Hutchinson, supported as it is by a vast body of other contemporary evidence, by the published correspondence of the foreign ambassadors at the English court, and by MS. letters in the English and French archives, is borne out by the contemporary literature. The writers of the age of James the First would necessarily possess many of the qualities of the age of Elizabeth in which they had been bred; and the influence for good or evil of the new court would be first felt by those writers who came most in contact with and were most dependent on it. This is particularly observable in Ben Jonson, the court poet in the time of James I. Mr. Gifford having expressed some indignation at the charge brought by Sir Walter Scott against Ben Jonson, of brutal coarseness of conversation, and of vulgar and intemperate pleasures, Sir Walter signified his adherence to the opinion he had before given. "Many authors of "that age," he says, "are indecent; but "Jonson is filthy and gross in his "pleasantry, and indulges himself in "using the language of scavengers and "nightmen. His 'Bartholomew Fair' "furnishes many examples of this un-"happy predilection, and his 'Famous "Voyage' seems to have disgusted even "the zeal of his editor." To this we may add that there are passages in the "Alchemist"—which Mr. Gifford designates as "the noblest effort of Jonson's genius"—which come nearer to the Lysistrata of Aristophanes, and the sixth Satire of Juvenal, than anything that it has been our fortune to meet with in modern literature. Besides the grossness of manners, amounting to filthiness, that lies on the surface, there is an ominous cloud made up in part of the characters of frightful crimes distinctly traced out, and in part of others still more frightful, "deeds without a name," remaining in shadow, which imparts to that court, and in some degree to that time, a strange, repulsive, pestilential air and aspect, hardly belonging in an equal degree to any other period of modern history. If Jonson had written his tragedy of "Sejanus" towards the end instead of the commencement of James's reign, we might have expected to find in it hints to help us on some dark points; for there has been thought to be some analogy between the fate of the son of Tiberius and that of Prince Henry.

The effect produced on the mind of Ben Jonson by the moral contagion of the court of James is the more remarkable, inasmuch as he above all the dramatic writers of that time, except Shakspeare, appeared to possess a healthiness of mind that saved him from resorting to the coarse stimulants that call up the emotions of horror and disgust rather than those of pity and terror. Jonson himself refers to this in the lines which he adopted from Martial as the motto of "Sejanus,"—

"Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasque
Invenies: hominem pagina nostra sapit."

Jonson's "man," however, and his woman too, it must be confessed, is rather a repulsive animal. And how could an artist paint otherwise who was the court poet of James I.? There was a moral poison in the very atmosphere of that court, from which there was no escape but keeping out of its influence. That poison has left an indelible stain on the greatest name in English philosophy; and it was but by a happy and providential escape that the same poisoned circle did not leave an indelible stain on the greatest name in English literature. Those persons who, on moral and religious grounds, shunned the poisoned precincts, were branded with the name of Puritans—a name applied as a term of ridicule and reproach. There is evidence enough in his writings that Shakspeare was far less inclined to the side of the Puritans than to that of their scoffers; and we have seen manuscript evidence, in the English archives, that his patron, the Earl of Southampton, was deeply stained with the vices of the court of the first Stuart—vices which, even more than all the selfish policy of the Tudors had done, humbled and dishonoured the English nobility and gentry; among others, both the sons of "Sidney's sister," the Countess of Pembroke, who, it is said, wept and tore her hair when she heard of her younger son's having endured with patience an insult offered to him by another courtier—the same whose ready hand had before murdered the Earl of Gowrie and his brother, whom the king wished to make a favourite, but who preferred death to that infamous honour. But Shakspeare came little, if at all, into contact with the court of James. Much of his work was probably done before James came to the English throne; and what was done afterwards was the produce of a mind working amid scenes more favourable to the labours of either poet or philosopher than the atmosphere of a court or a city. It is impossible to conceive any association, even in the slightest degree, between a court, the influence of which, if long continued and widely diffused, would have been to reduce the highest human intellects to the level of brutish idiocy, and him whose mind has laid open with intuitive truth the most secret springs of the human heart, and has left to after ages such marvellous pictures of human characters and human passions—of ambition for which the earth was too small a bound; of policy that would circumvent God; of remorse, with its worm that dieth not and its fire that is not quenched; of love strong as death; and jealousy cruel as the grave.

The other dramatic writers of the time of James I., though they all contain a great deal too much both of indecent and of otherwise repulsive writing, afford abundant evidence that they often wrote in a spirit quite independent and quite unlike the servile courtier spirit of the writers of the time of Charles II., who set up the worst court vices as models for the imitation of the nation, while they held up to ridicule and contempt such qualities as temperance, industry, and conjugal fidelity. The difference in favour of the elder writers could not be more strikingly illustrated than by the example which Dryden has selected to prove the contrary. In his answer to Collier, Dryden, while he admits that in many things Collier has taxed him justly, rests his defence mainly on this, that there is more obscenity "in one play of Fletcher's, called "'The Custom of the Country,' than in "all ours together." Now there are undoubtedly several whole scenes of obscene writing in the play he refers to, as there is also a great deal that is reprehensible in many other plays of Fletcher, and in Massinger, Ben Jonson, and even in Shakspeare. But the profligacy of the older writers is distinguished from the profligacy of Dryden and his contemporaries by a very important difference. In the very play which Dryden has selected, the main plot of the story is to save a married woman from dishonour, and consequently its tendency at least, if not its professed object, as is that also of the plays of Shakspeare as well as of Fletcher, is to strengthen those ties which

bind society together, and more than anything else serve to distinguish men from brutes.

One remarkable instance of the difference between the earlier writers and those of the Restoration is furnished by Beaumont and Fletcher's play, called "The Maid's Tragedy," the representation of which must, one should suppose, have been particularly unacceptable to Dryden's patrons, Charles II. and James II. James II.'s conduct towards the sister of one of his subjects, a man of the highest military talent, was similar to that of the king in the "Maid's Tragedy" towards *Evadne*, the sister of his victorious veteran general. It would seem that at that time the spirit was extinct which moved a brother to speak and act as *Melantius* spoke and acted. Yet any of the barons of Magna Charta, as well as the Kingmaker and the Black Douglas, would have so spoken and acted. Indeed, it has been supposed by some writers that the final quarrel between Warwick and Edward IV. was rendered so deadly, in consequence of an insult offered by the royal libertine to a female relative of the great earl, who, like *Melantius* in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy, was not a man to endure any affront of that nature.

——"'Tis, to be thy brother,
An infamy below the sin of coward.
And I could blush, at these years, thorough all
My honour'd scars, to come to such a parley.

——"Where be your fighters?
What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive! By my just sword, he had safer
Bestride a billow when the angry north
Plows up the sea, or make Heaven's fire his food!

——"He that dares most,
And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner snatch meat from a hungry lion,
Than come to rescue thee——

——"King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me!
In my own metal: these are soldier's thanks!
——Come, you shall kill him."

And the outraged honour of the lady's family is compensated by a bloody revenge; the moral with which the play concludes—

——"On lustful Kings
Unlook'd-for sudden deaths from Heaven are sent."

being as widely opposed as possible to this branch of morals as preached by Dryden in his "Absalom and Achitophel," as well as in his dramatic works.

Whence came this change? Our explanation of the matter is this. The intense and hideous depravity of the court of the first Stuart greatly increased and embittered the spirit of Puritanism; and the spirit of Puritanism, partly by its violence and excesses, partly by the cant and hypocrisy of some who professed to be governed by it, had a tendency to increase the evil to which it avowed such hostility. If we compare the moral tone of the English drama at the conclusion of the Tudor dynasty with its moral tone after the restoration of Charles II., we shall have some measure of the effect produced on the national literature and morality by the influence of the Stuarts. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to trace the change step by step; and, if it be objected that the plays of Fletcher we have referred to were produced in the reign of James I., and not in that of Elizabeth, we may answer that the change would be gradual, and that it would first begin to manifest itself in those writers who, like Ben Jonson, would be most subjected to the atmosphere of the court. Moreover, the change would be further promoted by the fact that the Puritans, when they became powerful, committed nearly the same error which the Stuarts and their divine-right and passive-obedience prelates had committed before, the error of pressing too hard upon the conduct and amusements of their neighbours.

But this was not all. While I admit fully the view of Dr. Arnold, that such men as Oliver Cromwell are "the wonders of history—characters inevitably misrepresented by the vulgar, and viewed even by those who in some sense have the key to them, as a mystery, not fully to be comprehended, and still less explained to others—that the genius which conceived the incomprehensible character of Hamlet

"would alone be able to describe with "intuitive truth the character of Scipio "or of Cromwell," I must at the same time remember that the later acts of Cromwell's life had impressed on the minds of many who had been once among his most devoted friends and followers—men who had followed him through a hundred battles and sieges—men who had never turned back from the sword or feared the face of a mortal enemy—a deep and bitter conviction that their ancient comrade had played them false, that he had betrayed and ruined them and their cause, and that he had done this with the name of the God of Truth constantly on his lips. When such was their conviction, right or wrong, can we wonder that a revolution took place in the minds of many even of the most sincere of the religious enthusiasts, and that what had once been religious feeling of no common degree of strength became first cold indifference, and then intense disgust? Thus, as from the apotheosis of James Stuart the refuge had been puritanism, from the apotheosis of Oliver Cromwell the refuge was atheism.

The Puritan legislature undoubtedly committed a very grave error in interfering with matters that lay out of their province; yet, if we are to believe some of the contemporary writers, their interference had little effect in the way they intended. Mrs. Afra Behn, in one of her plays, "The City Heiress," in which the character of *Sir Anthony Meriwill*, if it be not the prototype of *Sir Anthony Absolute*, would seem to have afforded Sheridan a hint or two for that character, thus describes the effect: "Well fare, I say, the days of old Oliver; he by a wholesome Act made it death to boast.—Right, sir; and then the men passed for sober, religious persons, and the women for as demure saints." And, in another of her plays, "The Roundheads; or the Good Old Cause," she describes in similar terms the effect of the Act against fornication and adultery. Even if Cromwell had acted as Timoleon or Washington did, there would, no doubt, have been, in time, a strong reaction against the more violent feverheat of Puritanism. But it was such Puritans as the great success of Cromwell brought forward as the bright day does the adder, when hypocrisy became epidemical,[1] that rendered Puritanism so disreputable and odious, and made the reaction against it run into such indecent excesses.

Prynne, in the dedication of that strange performance, "Histriomastix," to "his much honoured friends, the "right worshipful masters of the Bench "of the honourable Society of Lincoln's "Inn," insists on the ill effects on many young students and others of stage plays. He relates that he had himself, when he first came to London, "been drawn by the "importunity of some ill acquaintance "to see, in four several plays, such wick-"edness and lewdness as then made his "penitent heart to loath, his conscience "to abhor, all stage plays ever since." In process of time, Prynne accomplished his wish of expelling from the land the unclean spirit. But, alas! after an interval, of some twenty years, he was doomed to witness the return of the object of his abhorrence, accompanied by seven other spirits more wicked than himself.

Dryden's first play, "The Wild Gallant," was acted at the King's House, on the 5th of February, 1662-3, and failed. On the 23d of February, it was acted at Court, under the patronage of Lady Castlemaine, with no better success. The audience did not find the play sufficiently licentious to bear out the title (a defect which the author in the prologue promised to amend, and he kept his promise); nor could they make out with certainty which of the characters was the "Wild Gallant." It seems to me that the character in the play really most deserving this appellation is the young lady whom the author designates *Madam Isabella*, the cousin of *Lady Constance, Lord Nonsuch's* daughter. It will be observed that this play was first acted two years after the Restoration; consequently the state of society which

[1] Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson.

it depicts can hardly be considered as the produce of those two years. It follows that, if the character of *Madam*, or *Mistress*, or *Miss Isabella* can be regarded as in any shape or degree an average specimen of a young English gentlewoman of that time, there must have existed in England, even during the reign of Puritanism, among the higher classes, a state of manners and morals coarse and licentious in no ordinary degree. If it were not that there is abundant other evidence bearing in the same direction, it might be questioned whether the characters of Dryden's plays can be considered as making even any moderate approximation to an accurate representation of the characters of that age. Dryden was evidently not the sort of observer of human nature (or of inanimate nature either) which a good dramatist or novelist must be. Unless, perhaps, he might take a touch or two from such a boldly and coarsely marked original as his patroness, Lady Castlemaine, he was incapable of copying from life the portrait of a young gentlewoman. When he might intend to paint a tolerably selfish, but sprightly and intelligent young woman, he only produces a portrait of a shrewd, coarse, licentious man. At the same time it must be admitted that the writings of Mrs. Afra Behn, and the acts and deeds of Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn, of Lady Castlemaine, of the Countess of Shrewsbury, and of other women of that time, prove that Dryden had some originals to copy from, that might well give birth to portraits of a very anomalous character—a character more epicene than *Sir John Falstaff* attributed to *Mrs. Quickly*, or Mr. Canning to Madame de Staël. But it can hardly be believed that the average men and women of England, out of the Court circle, were represented by the men and women of the plays of Dryden and his contemporaries.

Whatever may be the claims of some of those contemporaries in comedy, Dryden's pretensions to dramatic talent, either comic or tragic, cannot be rated high. He pillaged, indeed, largely from his predecessors; but, unlike Shakspeare, when using old materials,[1] Dryden usually marred what he stole. The character, for instance, of *Justice Trice*, in the "Wild Gallant," is evidently taken partly from *Justice Greedy*, in Massinger's "New Way to Pay Old Debts," and partly, as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, from *Carlo*, in Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour." Any jokes, or rather attempts at jokes (for they are no more), are thefts from the old dramatists, chiefly Shakspeare, marred in the stealing, Thus we have, "Swearest thou, ungracious boy?" "O the father," and "O, these little mischiefs are meat and drink to me;" which last is transferred from the mouth of the accomplished *Master Slender* to that of a young lady of high birth. In short, Dryden steals the plot from the Spanish, and all he can steal from Shakspeare; but the morals and manners are his own, and few, I think, will be disposed to rob him of that part of his property. In "The Rival Ladies," we have this line—

"Hold, Sir! I have had blood enough already."

Compare this with Shakspeare's—

"But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already."

The way in which Dryden has dealt with this line, altogether destroying the beauty and melody of the pause, by making the word "already" end a line, shows that he had really no ear for the music of blank verse, and none of that power over it, as an exponent of thought and passion, in which Shakspeare was such a master. It may be worth observing that the character of *Sir Timorous*, in "The Wild Gallant," may, perhaps, have furnished Goldsmith with a hint for his *Tony Lumpkin*, in "She Stoops to Conquer." But, if Goldsmith did borrow the idea from Dryden, he improved greatly on it, as any one who remembers Gold-

[1] Dr. Johnson at one time had projected a work to show how small a quantity of *real fiction* there is in the world; and that the same images, with very little variation, have served all the authors who have ever written. —*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, vol. viii. p. 239. London: Murray, 1835.

smith's scene will perceive by comparing it with this :—

"*Tim.* D, e, a, r, *dear*; r, o, g, u, e, *rogue*. Pray, madam, read it; this written hand is such a damned pedantic thing I could never away with it."

Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to Dryden's "Indian Emperor," speaks of "the beautiful and melodious verses "in which Cortez and his followers de- "scribe the advantages of the newly dis- "covered world;" and "the still more "exquisite account which Guyomar gives "of the arrival of the Spanish fleet." No one can join in this admiration who has ever watched from the shore the coming in sight of ships at sea. Dryden's description does not agree with what is actually seen, any more than it agrees with the known figure of the earth. This is his description :—

"The object I could first distinctly view
Was tall straight trees, which on the waters flew;
Wings on their sides, instead of leaves, did grow,
Which gathered all the breath the winds could blow:
And at their roots grew floating palaces."

Now, it would appear from this that Dryden had never watched a ship coming in sight, and gradually approaching the shore; for, if he had, he would have known that the object first distinctly seen would not be *tall* trees, but *short* trees, which would gradually become taller and taller, till, last of all, the hulls, or, as he phrases it, the "palaces growing at their roots," would become visible also. When Dryden said of Shakspeare (what is not true, at least but a half-truth, though often quoted with applause), that he needed not to study nature—that he looked inwards, and found her there—we may suppose that he was thinking of his own mode of writing. It is evident that Dryden's looking inwards for nature did not discover to him that the earth is a spheroid, and therefore did not supply the want of his looking outwards as well as inwards, any more than Shakspeare would have learned from looking inwards to describe the cliffs of Dover, and a thousand other forms of nature, animate and inanimate, with such truth and spirit as he has done.

When a general, in the night after a battle, and in expectation of another battle on the morrow, encamped in an enemy's country, and surrounded by hostile forces that outnumber his own in the proportion of thousands to units, comes to the door of his tent in a night-gown (the night-gown is a brilliant idea, which had not occurred to Shakspeare under similar circumstances), and delivers the following speech, as *Cortez* is made to do in the "Indian Emperor"—

"All things are hush'd, as nature's self lay dead;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
The little birds, in dreams, their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat"—

or when a man is represented as dying in the utterance of such last words as Dryden puts into the mouth of *Maximin*, in his "Tyrannic Love"—

"And, shoving back the earth on which I sit,
I'll mount, and scatter all the Gods I hit."
[*Dies.*]

or as dying like *Montezuma*, in the "Indian Emperor," with a simile in his mouth—

"And I grow stiff, as cooling metals do—
Farewell, Almeria."—[*Dies.*]

[the same hero had just before, when hard pressed by pursuing enemies, and when every moment was precious, found time to deliver himself of two similes, filling six lines], or praying for darkness in such tropes as these used by *Orbellan*, in the "Indian Emperor"—

"Moon, slip behind some cloud, some tempest rise,
And blow out all the stars that light the skies"—

and when such stuff as this is received as poetry, even as "beautiful poetry"—[Rymer preferred the description of Night in the "Indian Emperor" to those of all other poets]—we may conclude that the nation which so receives it is in a rapid decline—a decline which will terminate in as utter a destruction (if it be not stopped by a powerful re-

action that shall restore health both to the political constitution and the popular mind) as that of which the rant of Statius was the prelude and the forerunner. But, farther, the deification of the Roman emperors by good writers like Virgil and Horace was as sure a precursor of the decay of literature, of good taste, and good morals, public and private, as the bad writing of such writers as Statius, Seneca, and Claudian. Now, Dryden in his own person united these two signs; for, while his unnatural rant equalled that of the worst of the writers of the decline of the Roman empire, his fulsome adulation of those he called "the Great" has never, perhaps (as even Johnson has observed), been equalled since the days when the Roman emperors were deified. In the swollen and bloated phrase—the bombast, so untrue to nature, and so far removed from the simplicity of taste in all the arts, from literature to dress, which denotes a healthy intellect—in which Domitian is deified, and in which is celebrated the installation of Pandæmonium upon earth and its confusion with heaven, may be seen the prototype of the style of Behn and Dryden.

It was fitting that writers who had attained such a phraseology—quantas robusti carminis offas—and who would have made gods of Domitian and Heliogabalus, of James and Charles Stuart, should also make a new heaven and a new earth; should give to nature new laws—laws in accordance with which all the aspects of nature observed and recorded by Homer and Shakspeare, and all the operations of nature analysed and explained by Galileo and Newton, must be blotted out for ever from the memory of mankind. And this new world, in which the mountains at night nod their drowsy heads, and the sleeping birds sing madrigals in their dreams, had to be furnished with new machinery of every kind, physical and moral. In fact the whole affair was like a modern Christmas pantomime, the resemblance being farther aided by the rhyme, except that the pantomime is much the preferable performance, being a harmless amusement for children, while the other was a bloated pestilential burlesque of what was meant to be grand and heroic. Pope, in the "Dunciad," has forcibly described the effect of such a metamorphosis, and has rapidly sketched such a world as formed the materials of the heroics of Statius and of Dryden.

> "Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth
> Gods, imps, and monsters; music, rage, and mirth;
> A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
> Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
> Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
> Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
> Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
> And other planets circle other suns.
> The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
> Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
> And, last, to give the whole creation grace,
> Lo! one vast egg produces human race."

In sad truth, these plays of the Restoration, whatever they may have been to write and to see, are a melancholy business to read. The author of the Prologue to the "Rehearsal" says of the poets of his time—

> "Our poets make us laugh at tragedy,
> And with their comedies they make us cry."

And we so far agree with him, that the tragedies do excite in us a sort of laborious laughter, and the comedies have a much greater tendency to produce melancholy than mirth. The men and women of the tragedies belong almost entirely to that "new world to nature's laws unknown," described in the "Dunciad." On the other hand, the men and women of the comedies, while they possess some features more recognisable as belonging to the world which we inhabit, are not on that account more attractive. Molière describes his Don Juan as passing his life "en veritable bête brute." But it would be a libel on the nobler kind of brutes to confound them with Don Juan, or with the dramatic heroes and heroines of the Restoration. While the heroes and heroines of the heroic tragedies have no reality at all, the heroes and heroines of the comedies belong to a world which, as

Lord Macaulay has observed, "is a great deal too real." They are to be found even in these days in more than sufficient abundance by those who look for them, and too often by those who do not wish to see them. But the important difference between those days and these lies in the fact of such people being then in such a position as for a time to give law to morals and manners in a nation at least in some degree civilized.

The poison thus communicated to a nation circulates through the veins of several generations, producing a widespread and deep-seated corruption of historical truth, as well as of moral and political justice. When Dr. Johnson, in "The Vanity of Human Wishes," applied the epithet "great" to that "unhappy minion of court favour" (as Sir Walter Scott more truly designates him), who died by the knife of Felton, he probably wrote rather in imitation of his favourite Pope, who applies the same epithet to the son of that person, than from any well-considered appreciation of Buckingham's title to such an epithet, which in his case is a sheer abuse of language. When we contemplate such misapplications of the moral lessons history may teach, as in this and other cases—in that of Laud for instance, that of Wentworth, and that of Hyde—in the same vigorous poem, we may well say in the words of Johnson himself in the same poem—

> "See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
> To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

It is indeed astonishing, when we consider how much Johnson read in the course of his long life—that he never travelled, or even went out almost, without a book in his pocket; that he constantly read some book in stage-coaches, and on all those occasions when people that can see more than a yard before them employ their eyes not in reading but in looking about them—how little he knew either of ancient Greek and Roman or of English history. Boswell has preserved a report of a conversation, in which General Oglethorpe said: "It was of the senate Caligula wished "that it had but one neck. The senate "by its usurpations controlled both the "emperor and the people. And don't "you think that we see too much of "that in our own parliament?" Every schoolboy knows that it was of the people Caligula wished that it had but one neck ("Utinam populus Romanus unam cervicem haberet."—Suetonius, Calig. xxx). And yet Dr. Johnson made no remark on this—a conclusive proof of his profound ignorance of Roman history. His ignorance of English history appears to have been nearly if not quite as profound. The examples given in his "Vanity of Human Wishes" prove this. What is philosophy of any kind but the *rationale* of *accurately* observed facts? A man who presumes to set up a political philosophy upon such *data* as Johnson had, is like a man who builds a house on a quicksand. Johnson surely could never have read Tacitus. Indeed, with all his reading, such writers as Tacitus, Thucydides, and Plato would seem to have been absolutely unknown to him. And in English history he had evidently never examined any of the original sources—such as Strafford's Letters and Despatches, the Clarendon or other State Papers. Clarendon's History and Clarendon's State Papers give very different results. His history is a romance; his state papers are a history.

The proximity in our minds of the sublime to the ridiculous which acute observers have noticed in all ages, which Napoleon recorded with epigrammatic brevity, "From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step," and which had not escaped Longinus, when at a degenerate period of Greek literature he wrote his treatise Περὶ Ὕψους "About Height," (ἐκ τοῦ φοβέρου κατ᾽ ὀλίγον ὑπονόστει πρὸς τὸ εὐκαταφρόνητον) will account for the fact of so many writers when in search of the sublime, instead of it, achieving the ludicrous. We know no writer who has been so successful in this achievement as Dryden. We have already given a few examples from his plays; we will give another from his celebrated ode on "Alexander's Feast:"—

"The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine, at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sank upon her breast."

Now it will be observed that, as this is not the true sublime, neither is it the true burlesque. It belongs to the species of writing referred to in the Prologue to the "Rehearsal," which makes us laugh, though to do that was far from the intention of the writer. But the effect upon the mind of this species of false comedy is very imperfect when compared to that of true comedy. Dryden's Ode, is in this stanza, comic when it was intended to be something by no means comic, to be sublime or tragic or pathetic, or all of them mingled or combined. Now Burns's "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," was intended to be sublime, and it is sublime; his "Jolly Beggars" was intended to be comic, and it is comic. In the latter we have the image above quoted from Dryden's Ode in its right place, and performing its intended office, and the difference between a poet and a rhymer, however dexterous, could not be more strikingly exhibited:—

"The caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
And partly she was drunk."

It is a remarkable confirmation of this view of Dryden's characteristics that, though short passages may be quoted from Dryden, which are parts or fragments of descriptions, and which in their fragmentary state appear good, when the passages from which they are taken are given complete, the merit of the description will be found to disappear. One case of this kind has been made familiar to the reader by Sir Walter Scott. In "Waverley" Scott says that the voice of Fergus Mac-Ivor, especially while issuing orders to his followers during their military exercise, reminded Waverley of a favourite passage in the description of Emetrius:

"Whose voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound."

Again, in "Old Mortality," Scott describes Claverhouse as possessing a voice of that happy modulation, which could alike melt in the low tones of interesting conversation, and rise amid the din of battle "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound." Now, nothing, it will be observed, could be more appropriate as well as forcible than the sonorous simile, forming one of Dryden's most resounding lines, of the voice of a commander, when it was important that every syllable he uttered should be distinctly heard, to a trumpet with a silver sound. I once heard an admirer of Pitt say, by way of describing his wonderful powers, that "his voice was like a big drum." It may be supposed, however, that Pitt was not so provided in the matter of voice, but that he could not open his mouth but out there flew, not a trope, but, the sound of a big drum. There would hardly be need for the big drum to ask for another bottle of Speaker Addington's port, when Pitt supped with his friend after the rising of the House. And, in the case of Claverhouse, Scott tells us that the voice could vary at pleasure from the lowest to the loudest tones. But, in Dryden's description of Emetrius, it appears that Emetrius had but one tone or pitch of voice, and that, if such a heroic personage had occasion to remember and call for that "poor creature, small beer," he did so with the voice of a trumpet.

"*Whene'er he spoke*, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound."

If Dryden's Emetrius had had to call out, like Christopher Sly, for "a pot o' the smallest ale," he would, of course, have brayed in precisely the same tone with which he spoke amid the din of battle.

We do not wish to be unjust to "glorious John," though not quite so much impressed with a sense of his "glory" as his admirer Claud Halcro. There are good things in him, though we fear they do not bear a very large proportion to the bad. But on that account there is more reason that he should not be robbed of any of them. One of the very best of Dryden's good things is his description of *Shadwell* "from a treason-tavern rolling home"—

" Round as a globe, and liquored every chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his link.
With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch, that is not fool, is rogue."

Now those who trust to Mr. Mitchell's translation of the Acharnians would be led at once to conclude that this bit of Dryden, however good, was not new, but was borrowed from Aristophanes. Mr. Mitchell describes Dicæopolis in the Acharnians as saying of Miarchus, an informer, on the Bœotian objecting to his size, "He is small, I own, but there is nothing lost in him. All is knave that is not fool." Even if Aristophanes had used these very words, we should not be justified in affirming that Dryden took his description of *Og* from, or that he ever saw, the Acharnians of Aristophanes, though men who spared others so little as these wits of the Restoration did might bear it to be said that, if this was stolen, it was somewhat marred in the stealing, as being more applicable to a body of small than to one of great bulk. But it appears that Mr. Mitchell has rather borrowed from Dryden to give to Aristophanes, than that Dryden had borrowed from Aristophanes to appropriate to himself; the words of Aristophanes being these :

ΒΟΙ. μικκός γα μᾶκος οὗτος. ΔΙ. ἀλλ' ἅπαν κακόν.

in which the distribution of the whole bulk of evil into the alternatives of rogue and fool is not made.

We may here mention another of Dryden's best hits, which occurs in Sir Martin Mar-all, and the force of which will, we think, be admitted by lawyers, as well as the rest of mankind, denominated by Plowden "lay-gents."

" *Warner.*—Where are the papers concerning the jointure I have heard you speak of?
" *Rose.*—They lie within, in three great bags; some twenty reams of paper in each bundle, with six lines in a sheet. But there is a little paper where all the business lies."

Dryden's much praised satirical portraits, do not, however, give the truth, even when he was attacking those whom the court backed him in attacking. Their deeper and darker vices he either did not dare, or did not choose to assail. Butler confined his elaborate attack to those who could be then attacked with safety. Oldham, indeed, appears to have been both less timid and less venal than Dryden. But Oldham died young, and has left nothing that can be ranked in the same class as the best efforts of Dryden or Butler. Dryden, in his generous lines to the memory of Oldham, has happily pointed to the cause, where he says that, "advancing age"

——" might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue."

But none of these made any approach to an exhibition of those highest powers of the satirist which render satire an instrument of punishment to criminals whose power enables them to defy all other punishment.

At the very time when Dryden was doing his utmost to bring men down to the condition of "the bestial herds," by such writing as might be expected from the laureate of a prince of the South Sea Islanders, as described by Cook and Bligh, or of the Abyssinians as described by Bruce, a certain old man, named John Milton, who had known better days, "though fallen on evil days" now, in obscurity, in poverty, in blindness, was doing his utmost to strengthen the bonds of civilized society, and—

" Founded on reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother."

Milton, indeed, was the highest literary type of the Puritan spirit, and, therefore, was no example of the influence of the Stuarts on either morality or literature. But, if we compare such dramatic writing as that quoted from Beaumont and Fletcher, in which we see the English language in its greatest strength and beauty, with the dramatic writing of Dryden and his contemporaries, we shall obtain a tolerably accurate measure of the moral and intellectual decrepitude, the invariable consequence of political degradation, to which England had been reduced by the political and personal influence upon morals and literature of the dynasty of the Stuarts.

# RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

## CHAPTER LVII.

### WHAT CHARLES DID WITH HIS LAST EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS.

Charles's luck seemed certainly to have deserted him at last. And that is rather a serious matter, you see; for, as he had never trusted to anything but luck, it now follows that he had nothing left to trust to, except eighteen shillings and ninepence, and his little friend the cornet, who had come home invalided, and was living with his mother in Hyde Park Gardens. Let us hope, reader, that you and I may never be reduced to the patronage of a cornet of Hussars, and eighteen shillings in cash.

It was a fine frosty night, and the streets were gay and merry. It was a sad Christmas for many thousands; but the general crowd seemed determined not to think too deeply of these sad accounts which were coming from the Crimea just now. They seemed inclined to make Christmas Christmas, in spite of everything; and perhaps they were right. It is good for a busy nation like the English to have two great festivals, and two only, the object of which every man who is a Christian can understand, and on these occasions to put in practice, to the best of one's power, the lesson of goodwill towards men which our blessed Lord taught us. We English cannot stand too many saints' days. We decline to stop business for St. Blaize or St. Swithin; but we can understand Christmas and Easter. The foreign Catholics fiddle away so much time on saints' days that they are obliged to work like the Israelites in bondage on Sunday to get on at all. I have as good a right to prophesy as any other freeborn Englishman who pays rates and taxes; and I prophesy that, in this wonderful resurrection of Ireland, the attendance of the male population at church on week-days will get small by degrees and beautifully less.

One man, Charles Ravenshoe, has got to spend his Christmas with eighteen shillings and a crippled left arm. There is half a million of money or so, and a sweet little wife, waiting for him if he would only behave like a rational being; but he will not, and must take the consequences.

He went westward, through a kind of instinct, and he came to Belgrave Square, where a certain duke lived. There were lights in the windows. The duke was in office, and had been called up to town. Charles was glad of this; not that he had any business to transact with the duke, but a letter to deliver to the duke's coachman.

This simple circumstance saved him from being much nearer actual destitution than I should have liked to see him. The coachman's son had been wounded at Balaclava, and was still at Scutari, and Charles brought a letter from him. He got an English welcome, I promise you. And, next morning, going to Hyde Park Gardens, he found that his friend the cornet was out of town, and would not be back for a week. At this time the coachman became very important. He offered him money, houseroom, employment, everything he could possibly get for him; and Charles heartily and thankfully accepted houseroom and board for a week.

At the end of a week he went back to Hyde Park Gardens. The cornet was come back. He had to sit in the kitchen while his message was taken upstairs. He merely sent up his name, said he was discharged, and asked for an interview.

The servants found out that he had been at the war in their young master's regiment, and they crowded round him

full of sympathy and kindness. He was telling them how he had last seen the cornet in the thick of it on the terrible 28th, when they parted right and left, and in dashed the cornet himself, who caught him by both hands.

"By gad, I'm so glad to see you. How you are altered without your moustache! Look you here, you fellows and girls, this is the man that charged up to my assistance when I was dismounted among the guns, and kept by me while I caught another horse. What a pip I went down, didn't I? What a terrible brush it was, eh? And poor Hornby, too! It is the talk of Europe, you know. You remember old Devna, and the galloping lizard, eh?"

And so on, till they got upstairs; and then he turned on him, and said, "Now, what are you going to do?"

"I have got eighteen shillings."

"Will your family do nothing for you?"

"Did Hornby tell you anything about me, my dear sir?" said Charles, eagerly.

"Not a word. I never knew that Hornby and you were acquainted till I saw you together when he was dying."

"Did you hear what we said to one another?"

"Not a word. The reason I spoke about your family is that no one who had seen so much of you as I could doubt that you were a gentleman. That is all. I am very much afraid I shall offend you—"

"That would not be easy, sir."

"Well, then, here goes. If you are utterly hard up, take service with me. There."

"I will do so with the deepest gratitude," said Charles. "But I cannot ride, I fear. My left arm is gone."

"Pish! ride with your right. It's a bargain. Come up and see my mother. I must show you to her, you know, because you will have to live here. She is deaf. Now you know the reason why the major used to talk so loud."

Charles smiled for an instant; he did remember that circumstance about the cornet's respected and gallant father. He followed the cornet upstairs, and was shown into the drawing-room, where sat a very handsome lady, about fifty years of age, knitting.

She was not only stone deaf, but had a trick of talking aloud, under the impression that she was only thinking, which was a very disconcerting habit indeed. When Charles and the cornet entered the room, she said aloud, with amazing distinctness, looking hard at Charles, "God bless me! Who has he got now? What a fine, gentlemanly-looking fellow. I wonder why he is dressed so shabbily." After which she arranged her trumpet, and prepared to go into action.

"This, mother," bawled the cornet, "is the man who saved me in the charge at Balaclava."

"Do you mean that that is trooper Simpson?" said she.

"Yes, mother."

"Then may the blessing of God Almighty rest upon your head!" said she to Charles. "The time will come, trooper Simpson, when you will know the value of a mother's gratitude. And when that time comes think of me. But for you, trooper Simpson, I might have been tearing my grey hair this day. What are we to do for him, James? He looks ill and worn. Words are not worth much. What shall we do?"

The cornet put his mouth to his mother's trumpet, and in an apologetic bellow, such as one gets from the skipper of a fruit brig, in the Bay of Biscay, O; when he bears up to know if you will be so kind as to oblige him with the longitude, roared out:

"He wants to take service with me. Have you any objection?"

"Of course not, you foolish boy," said she. "I wish we could do more for him than that." And then she continued in a tone slightly lowered, but perfectly audible, evidently under the impression that she was thinking to herself: "He is ugly, but he has a sweet face. I feel certain he is a gentleman who has had a difference with his family. I wish I could hear his voice. God bless him! he looks like a valiant soldier. I hope

he won't get drunk, or make love to the maids."

Charles had heard every word of this before he had time to bow himself out.

And so he accepted his new position with dull carelessness. Life was getting very worthless.

He walked across the park to see his friend, the coachman. The frost had given, and there was a dull dripping thaw. He leant against the railings at the end of the Serpentine. There was still a great crowd all round the water; but up the whole expanse there were only four skaters, for the ice was very dangerous and rotten, and the people had been warned off. One of the skaters came sweeping down to within a hundred yards of where he was—a reckless, headlong skater, one who would chance drowning to have his will. The ice cracked every moment and warned him, but he would not heed, till it broke, and down he went, clutching wildly at the pitiless, uptilted slabs which clanked about his head, to save himself, and then with a wild cry he disappeared. The icemen were on the spot in a minute; and, when five were past, they had him out, and bore him off to the receiving-house. A gentleman, a doctor apparently, who stood by Charles, said to him, "Well, there is a reckless fool gone to his account, God forgive him!"

"They will bring him round, won't they?" said Charles.

"Ten to one against it," said the doctor. "What right has he to calculate on such a thing, either? Why, most likely there will be half a dozen houses in mourning for that man to-morrow. He is evidently a man of some mark. I can pity his relations in their bereavement, sir, but I have precious little pity for a reckless fool."

And so Charles began to serve his friend, the cornet, in a way—a very poor way, I fear, for he was very weak and ill, and could do but little. The deaf lady treated him like a son, God bless her; but Charles could not recover the shock of his fever and delirium in the Crimea. He grew very low-spirited and despondent by day, and, worst of all, he began to have sleepless nights—terrible nights. In the rough calculation he had made of being able to live through his degradation, and get used to it, he had calculated, unwittingly, on perfect health. He had thought that in a few years he should forget the old life, and become just like one of the grooms he had made his companions. This had now become impossible, for his health and his nerve were gone.

He began to get afraid of his horses; that was the first symptom. He tried to fight against the conviction, but it forced itself upon him. When he was on horseback, he found that he was frightened when anything went wrong; his knees gave way on emergency, and his hand was irresolute. And, what is more, be sure of this, that, before he confessed the fact to himself, the horses had found it out, and, as the Americans say, "taken action on it," or else, may I ride a donkey, with my face towards the tail, for the rest of my life.

And he began to see another thing. Now, when he was nervous, in ill health and whimsical, the company of men among whom he was thrown as fellow-servants became nearly unbearable. Little trifling acts of coarseness, unnoticed when he was in good health and strong, at the time he was with poor Hornby, now disgusted him. Most kind-hearted young fellows, brought up as he had been, are apt to be familiar with, and probably pet and spoil, the man whose duty it is to minister to their favourite pleasures, be he gamekeeper or groom, or cricketer or waterman. Nothing can be more natural, or, in proper bounds, harmless. Charles had thought that, being used to these men, he could live with them and do as they did. For a month or two, while in rude coarse health, he found it was possible; for had not Lord Welter and he done the same thing for amusement? But now, with shattered nerves, he found it intolerable. I have had great opportunities of seeing gentlemen trying to do this sort of thing. I mean, in

Australia. And, as far as my experience goes, it ends in one of two ways. Either they give it up as a bad job, and assume the position that superior education gives them; or else they take to drink, and go—not to mince matters—to the devil.

What Charles did, we shall see. Nobody could be more kind and affectionate than the cornet and his deaf mother. They guessed that he was "somebody," and that things were wrong with him; though, if he had been a chimney-sweep's son, it would have made no difference to them, for they were "good people." The cornet once or twice invited his confidence; but he was too young, and Charles had not the energy to tell him anything. His mother asked him to tell her once if anything was wrong in his affairs, and whether she could help him; and possibly he might have been more inclined to confide in her than in her son. But who could bellow such a sad tale of misery through an ear-trumpet? He held his peace.

He kept Ellen's picture, which he had taken from Hornby. He determined he would not go and seek her. She was safe somewhere, in some Catholic asylum. Why should he re-open her grief?

But life was getting very, very weary business. By day, his old favourite pleasure of riding had become a terror, and at night he got no rest. Death forty good years away, by all calculation! A weary time.

He thought himself humbled, but he was not. He said to himself that he was prevented from going back, because he had found out that Mary was in love with him, and also because he was disgraced through his sister; and both of these reasons were, truly, most powerful with him. But, in addition to this, I fear there was a great deal of obstinate pride, which thing is harder to beat out of a man than most things.

And now, after all this half-moralizing narrative, an important fact or two. The duke was very busy, and stayed in town, and, as a consequence, the duke's coachman. Moreover, the duke's coachman's son came home invalided, and stayed with his father; and Charles, with the hearty approval of the cornet, used to walk across the park every night to see him, and talk over the campaign, and then look in at the Servants' Club, of which he was still a member. And the door of the Servants' Club room had glass windows to it; and I have noticed that anybody who looks through a glass window (under favourable circumstances) can see who is on the other side. I have done it myself more than once.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### THE NORTH SIDE OF GROSVENOR SQUARE.

This chapter must be written and read, but it shall be very short—as short as I can make it.

John Marston's first disappointment in life had been his refusal by Mary. He was one of those men, brought up in a hard school, who get somehow the opinion that everything which happens to a man is his own fault. He used to say that every man who could play whist could get a second if he chose. I have an idea that he is in some sort right. But he used to carry this sort of thing to a rather absurd extent. He was apt to be hard on men who failed, and to be always the first to say, "If he had done this, or left that alone, it would not have been so;" and he himself, with a calm clear brain and perfect health, had succeeded in everything he had ever tried at, even up to a double first. At one point he was stopped. He had always given himself airs of superiority over Charles, and had given him advice, good as it was, in a way which would have ruined his influence with nine men out of ten; and suddenly he was brought up. At the most important point in life, he found Charles his superior. Charles had won a woman's love without knowing it, or caring for it; and he had tried for it, and failed.

John Marston was an eminently noble and high-minded man. His faults were only those of education, and his faults

were very few. When he found himself rejected, and found out why it was so—when he found that he was no rival of Charles, and that Charles cared naught for poor Mary—he humbly set his quick brain to work to find out in what way Charles, so greatly his inferior in intellect, was superior to him in the most important of all things; for he saw that Charles had not only won Mary's love, but the love of every one who knew him, whereas he, John Marston, had but very few friends.

And, when he once set to work at this task, he seemed to come rapidly to the conclusion that Charles was superior to him in everything except application. "And how much application should I have had," he concluded, "if I had not been a needy man?"

So you see that his disappointment cured him of what was almost his only vice—conceit. Everything works together for good, for those who are really good.

Hitherto, John Marston had led only the life that so many young Englishmen lead—a life of study, combined with violent, objectless, physical exertion, as a counterpoise. He had never known what enthusiasm was as yet. There was a vast deal of it somewhere about him; in his elbows, or his toes, or the calves of his legs, or somewhere, as events prove. If I might hazard an opinion, I should say that it was stowed away somewhere in that immensely high, but somewhat narrow forehead of his. Before he tried love-making, he might have written the calmest and most exasperating article in the *Saturday Review*. But, shortly after that, the tinder got a-fire; and the man who set it on fire was his uncle Smith, the Moravian missionary.

For this fellow, Smith, had, as we know, come home from Australia with the dying words of his beautiful wife ringing in his ears: "Go home from here, my love, into the great towns, and see what is to be done there." And he had found his nephew, John Marston. And, while Marston listened to his strange wild conversation, a light broke in upon him. And what had been to him but words before became glorious, tremendous realities.

And so those two had gone hand in hand, down into the dirt and the profligacy of Southwark, to do together a work the reward of which comes after death. There are thousands of men at such work now. We have no more to do with it than to record the fact, that these two were at it heart and hand, or, shall we say, "hammer and tongs?"

John Marston's love for Mary had never waned for one instant. When he had found that, or thought that he had found that, she loved Charles, he had, in a quiet, dignified way, retired from the contest. He had determined that he would go away and work at ragged schools, and so on, and try to forget all about her. He had begun to fancy that his love was growing cool, when Lord Saltire's letter reached him, and set it all a-blaze again.

This was unendurable—that a savage, from the southern wilds, should step in this way, without notice. He posted off to Casterton.

Mary was very glad to see him; but he had proposed to her once, and, therefore, how could she be so familiar with him as of yore? Notwithstanding this, John was not so very much disappointed at his reception; he had thought that matters were even worse than they were.

After dinner, in the drawing-room, he watched them together. George Corby was evidently in love. He went to Mary, who was sitting alone, the moment they came from the dining-room. Mary looked up, and caught his eyes as he approached; but her looks wandered from him to the door, until it settled on John himself. She seemed to wish that he would come and talk to her. He had a special reason for not doing so; he wanted to watch her and George together. So he stayed behind, and talked to Lord Hainault.

Lord Saltire moved up beside Lady Ascot. Lady Hainault had the three children—Archy in her lap, and Gus and Flora beside her. In her high and

mighty way, she was amusing them, or rather trying to do so. Lady Hainault was one of the best and noblest women in the world, as you have seen already; but she was not an amusing person. Her intentions were excellent: she wanted to leave Mary free from the children until their bed-time, so that she might talk to her old acquaintance, John Marston; for, at the children's bed-time, Mary would have to go with them. Even Lady Hainault, determined as she was, never dared to contemplate putting those children to bed without Mary's assistance. She was trying to tell them a story out of her own head, but was making a dreadful mess of it; and she was quite conscious that Gus and Flora were listening to her with contemptuous pity.

So they were disposed. Lord Saltire and Lady Ascot were comfortably out of hearing. We had better attend to them first, and come round to the others afterwards.

Lady Ascot began. "James," she said, "it is perfectly evident to me that you sent for John Marston."

"Well, and suppose I did?" said Lord Saltire.

"Well, then, why did you do so?"

"Maria," said Lord Saltire, "do you know that sometimes you are intolerably foolish? Cannot you answer that question for yourself?"

"Of course I can," said Lady Ascot.

"Then why the deuce did you ask me?"

That was a hard question to answer, but Lady Ascot said:

"I doubt if you are wise, James. I believe it would be better that she should go to Australia. It is a very good match for her."

"It is not a good match for her," said Lord Saltire, testily. "To begin with, first cousin marriages are an invention of the devil. Third and lastly, she sha'n't go to that infernal hole. Sixthly, I want her, now our Charles is dead, to marry John Marston; and, in conclusion, I mean to have my own way."

"Do you know," said Lady Ascot, "that he proposed to her before, and was rejected?"

"He told me of it the same night," said Lord Saltire. "Now, don't talk any more nonsense, but tell me this, Is she bitten with that young fellow?"

"Not deeply, as yet, I think," said Lady Ascot.

"Which of them has the best chance?" said Lord Saltire.

"James," said Lady Ascot, repeating his own words, "do you know that sometimes you are intolerably foolish? How can I tell?"

"Which would you bet on, Miss Headstall?" asked Lord Saltire.

"Well! well!" said Lady Ascot, "I suppose I should bet on John Marston."

"And how long are you going to give Sebastopol, Lord Hainault?" said John Marston.

"What do you think about the Greek Kalends, my dear Marston?" said Lord Hainault.

"Why, no. I suppose we shall get it at last. It won't do to have it said that England and France—"

"Say France and England just now," said Lord Hainault.

"No, I will not. It must not be said that England and France could not take a Black Sea fortress."

"We shall have to say it, I fear," said Lord Hainault. "I am not quite sure that we English don't want a thrashing."

"I am sure we do," said Marston. "But we shall never get one. That is the worst of it."

"My dear Marston," said Lord Hainault, "you have a clear head. Will you tell me this? Do you believe that Charles Ravenshoe is dead?"

"God bless me, Lord Hainault, have you any doubts?"

"Yes."

"So have I," said Marston, turning eagerly towards him. "I thought you had all made up your minds. If there is any doubt, ought we not to mention it to Lord Saltire."

"I think that he has doubts himself. I may tell you that he has secured to

him, in case of his return, eighty thousand pounds."

"He would have made him his heir, I suppose," said John Marston; "would he not?"

"Yes; I think I am justified in saying yes."

"And so all the estates go to Lord Ascot in any case?"

"Unless in the case of Charles's reappearance before his death; in which case, I believe he would alter his will."

"Then, if Charles be alive, he had better keep out of Lord Ascot's way on dark nights, in narrow lanes," said John Marston.

"You are mistaken there," said Lord Hainault, thoughtfully. "Welter is a bad fellow. I told him so once in public, at the risk of getting an awful thrashing. If it had not been for Mainwaring, I should have had sore bones for a twelvemonth. But—but—well, I was at Eton with Welter, and Welter was and is a great blackguard. But, do you know, he is to some a very affectionate fellow. You know he was adored at Eton.

"He was not liked at Oxford," said Marston. "I never knew any good of him. He is a great rascal."

"Yes," said Lord Hainault, "he is a great rascal. Yes; I told him so, you know. And I am not a fighting man, and that proves that I was strongly convinced of the fact, or I should have shirked my duty. A man in my position don't like to go down to the House of Lords with a black eye. But I doubt if he is capable of any deep villainy yet. If you were to say to me that Charles would be unwise to allow Ascot's wife to make his gruel for him, I should say that I agreed with you."

"There you are certainly right, my lord," said John Marston, smiling. "But I never knew Lord Ascot spare either man or woman."

"That is very true," said Lord Hainault. "Do you notice that we have been speaking as if Charles Ravenshoe were not dead?"

"I don't believe he is," said John Marston.

"Nor I, do you know," said Lord Hainault; "at least only half. What a pair of ninnies we are. Only ninety men of the 140th came out of that Balaclava charge. If he escaped the cholera, the chances are in favour of his having been killed there."

"What evidence have we that he enlisted in that regiment at all?"

"Lady Hainault and Mary's description of his uniform which they never distinctly saw for one moment," said Lord Hainault. "*Voilà tout.*"

"And you would not speak to Lord Saltire?"

"Why, no. He sees all that we see. If he comes back, he gets eighty thousand pounds. It would not do either for you or me to press him to alter his will. Do you see?

"I suppose you are right, Lord Hainault. Things cannot go very wrong either way. I hope Mary will not fall in love with that cousin of hers," he added, with a laugh.

"Are you wise in persevering, do you think?" said Lord Hainault, kindly.

"I will tell you in a couple of days," said John Marston. "Is there any chance of seeing that best of fellows, William Ravenshoe, here?"

"He may come tumbling up. He has put off his wedding in consequence of the death of his half-brother. I wonder if he was humbugged at Varna."

"Nothing more likely," said Marston. "Where is Lord Welter?"

"In Paris—plucking geese."

Just about this time all the various groups in the drawing-room seemed to come to the conclusion that a time had arrived for new combinations, to avoid remarks. So there was a regular puss-in-the-corner business. John Marston went over to Mary; George Corby came to Lord Hainault; Lord Saltire went to Lady Hainault, who had Archy asleep in her lap; and Gus and Flora went to Lady Ascot.

"At last, old friend," said Mary to Marston. "And I have been watching for you so long. I was afraid that the time would come for the children to go to bed, and that you would never come and speak to me."

"Lord Hainault and I were talking politics," said Marston. "That is why I did not come."

"Men must talk politics, I suppose," said Mary. "But I wish you had come while my cousin was here. He is so charming. You will like him."

"He seems to be a capital fellow," said Marston.

"Indeed he is," said Mary. "He is really the most loveable creature I have met for a long time. If you would take him up, and be kind to him, and show him life, from the side from which *you* see it, you would be doing a good work. And you would be obliging *me*. And I know, my dear friend, that you like to oblige me."

"Miss Corby, you know that I would die for you."

"I know it. Who better? It puzzles me to know what I have done to earn such kindness from you. But there it is. You will be kind to him."

Marston was partly pleased and partly a little disappointed by this conversation. Would you like to guess why? Yes. Then I will leave you to do so, and save myself half a page of writing.

Only saying this, for the benefit of inexperienced novel-readers, that he was glad to hear her talk in that free and easy manner of her cousin, but would have been glad if she had not talked in that free and easy manner to himself. Nevertheless, there was evidently no harm done as yet. That was a great cause of congratulation; there was time yet.

Gus and Flora went over to Lady Ascot. Lady Ascot said, "My dears, is it not near bed-time?" just by way of opening the conversation—nothing more.

"Lawks a mercy me, no," said Flora. "Go along with you, do, you foolish thing."

"My dear! my dear!" said Lady Ascot.

"She is imitating old Alwright," explained Gus. "She told me she was going to. Lord Saltire says, Maria! Maria! Maria!—you are intolerably foolish, Maria!"

"Don't be naughty, Gus," said Lady Ascot.

"Well, so he did, for I heard him. Don't mind us; we don't mean any harm. I say, Lady Ascot, has she any right to bite and scratch?"

"Who?" said Lady Ascot.

"Why, that Flora. She bit Alwright because she wouldn't lend her Mrs. Moko."

Oh! you dreadful fib," said Flora. "Oh! you wicked boy, you know where you'll go to if you tell such stories. Lady Ascot, I didn't bite her; I only said she ought to be bit. She told me that she couldn't let me have Mrs. Moko, because she was trying caps on her. And then she told nurse that I should never have her again, because I squeezed her flat. And so she told a story. And it was not I who squeezed her flat, but that boy, who is worse than Ananias and Sapphira. I made a bogy of her in the nursery door, with a broom and a counterpane, just as he was coming in. And he shut the door on her head and squeezed a piece of paint off her nose as big as half a crown.

Lady Ascot was relieved by being informed that Mrs. Moko, aforesaid, was only a pasteboard image, the size of life, used by the lady's maid for fitting caps.

There were many evenings like this; a week or so was passed without any change. At last, there was a move towards London.

The first who took flight was George Corby. He was getting dissatisfied, in his sleepy semi-tropical way, with the state of affairs. It was evident that, since John Marston's arrival, he had been playing, with regard to Mary, second fiddle (if you can possibly be induced to pardon the extreme coarseness of the expression). One day, Lord Saltire invited him to take him for a drive. They went over to dismantled Ranford, and Lord Saltire was more amusing than ever. As they drove up through the dense larch plantation, on the outskirt of the park, they saw Marston and Mary side by side. George Corby bit his lip.

"I suppose there is something there, my lord?" said he.

"Oh dear, yes; I hope so," said Lord Saltire. "Oh, yes, that is a very old affair."

So George Corby went first. He did not give up all hopes of being successful, but he did not like the way things were going. His English expedition was not quite so pleasant as he intended it to be. He, poor fellow, was desperately in love, and his suit did not seem likely to prosper. He was inclined to be angry with Lord Saltire. He should not have let things go so far, thought George, without letting him know, quite forgetting that the mischief was done before Lord Saltire's arrival.

Lord Saltire and John Marston moved next. Lord Saltire had thought it best to take his man Simpson's advice, and move into his house in Curzon Street. He had asked John to come with him.

"It is a very nice little house," he said; "deuced well aired, and that sort of thing; but I know I shall have a creeping in my back when I go back for the first week, and fancy there is a draught. This will make me peevish. I don't like to be peevish to my servants, because it is unfair; they can't answer one. I wish you would come and let me be peevish to you. You may just as well. It will do you good. You have got a fancy for disciplining yourself, and all that sort of thing; and you will find me capital practice for a week or so, in a fresh house. After that I shall get amiable, and then you may go. You may have the use of my carriage, to go and attend to your poor man's plaster business in Southwark, if you like. I am not nervous about fever or vermin. Besides, it may amuse me to hear all about it. And you can bring that cracked uncle of yours to see me sometimes; his Scriptural talk is very piquant."

Lord and Lady Hainault moved up into Grosvenor Square, too, for Parliament was going to meet rather early. They persuaded Lady Ascot to come and stay with them.

After a few days, William made his appearance. "Well, my dear Ravenshoe," said Lord Hainault, "and what brings you to town?"

"I don't know," said William. "I cannot stay down there. Lord Hainault, do you know that I think I am going cracked."

"Why, my dear fellow, what do you mean?"

"I have got such a strange fancy in my head, I cannot rest."

"What is your fancy?" said Lord Hainault. "Stay; may I make a guess at it?"

"You would never dream what it is. It is too mad."

"I will guess," said Lord Hainault. "Your fancy is this:—You believe that Charles Ravenshoe is alive, and you have come up to London to take your chance of finding him in the streets."

"But, good God!" said William, "how have you found this out? I have never told it even to my own sweetheart."

"Because," said Lord Hainault, laying his hand on his shoulder, "I and John Marston have exactly the same fancy. That is why."

And Charles so close to them all the time. Creeping every day across the park to see the coachman and his son. Every day getting more hopeless. All energy gone. Wit enough left to see that he was living on the charity of the cornet. There were some splinters in his arm which would not come away, and kept him restless. He never slept now. He hesitated when he was spoken to. Any sudden noise made him start and look wild. I will not go on with the symptoms. Things were much worse with him than we have ever seen them before. He, poor lad, began to wonder whether it would come to him to die in a hospital, or—

Those cursed bridges! Why did they build such things? Who built them? The devil. To tempt ruined desperate men, with ten thousand fiends gnawing and sawing in their deltoid muscles, night and day. Suppose he had to cross one of these by night, would he ever get to the other side; or would angels from heaven come down and hold him back?

The cornet and his mother had a con-

versation about him. Bawled the cornet into the ear-trumpet:

"My fellow Simpson is very bad, mother. He is getting low and nervous, and I don't like the looks of him."

"I remarked it myself," said the old lady. "We had better have Bright. It would be cheaper to pay five guineas, and get a good opinion at once."

"I expect he wants a surgeon more than a doctor," said the cornet.

"Well, that is the doctor's business," said the old lady. "Drop a line to Bright, and see what he says. It would be a burning shame, my dear—enough to bring down the wrath of God upon us—if we were to let him want for anything, as long as we have money. And we have plenty of money. More than we want. And if it annoys him to go near the horses, we must pension him. But I would rather let him believe that he was earning his wages, because it might be a weight on his mind if we did not. See to it the first thing in the morning. Remember Balaclava, John! Remember Balaclava! If you forget Balaclava, and what trooper Simpson did for you there, you are tempting God to forget you."

"I hope he may when I do, mother," shouted the cornet. "I remember Balaclava—ay, and Devna before."

There are such people as these in the world, reader. I know some of them. I know a great many of them. So many of them, in fact, that this conclusion has been forced upon me—that the world is *not* entirely peopled by rogues and fools; nay, more, that the rogues and fools form a contemptible minority. I may become unpopular, I may be sneered at by wiser men, for coming to such a conclusion; but I will not retract what I have said. The good people in the world outnumber the bad, ten to one, and the ticket for this sort of belief is "Optimist."

This conversation between the cornet and his mother took place at half-past two. At that time Charles had crept across the park to the Mews, near Belgrave Square, to see his friend the duke's coachman and his son. May I be allowed, without being accused of writing a novel in the "confidential style," to tell you, that this is the most important day in the whole story.

At half-past two, William Ravenshoe called at Lord Hainault's house in Grosvenor Square. He saw Lady Ascot. Lady Ascot asked him what sort of weather it was out of doors.

William said that there was a thick fog near the river, but that on the north side of the square it was pleasant. So Lady Ascot said she would like a walk, if it were only for ten minutes, if he would give her his arm; and out they went.

Mary and the children came out too, but they went into the square. Lady Ascot and William walked slowly up and down the pavement alone, for Lady Ascot liked to see the people.

Up and down the north side, in front of the house. At the second turn, when they were within twenty yards of the west end of the square, a tall man with an umbrella over his shoulder came round the corner, and leant against the lamp-post. They both knew him in an instant. It was Lord Ascot. He had not seen them. He had turned to look at a great long-legged chesnut that was coming down the street, from the right, with a human being on his back. The horse was desperately vicious, but very beautiful and valuable. The groom on his back was neither beautiful nor valuable, and was losing his temper with the horse. The horse was one of those horses vicious by nature—such a horse as Rarey (all honour to him) can terrify into submission for a short time; and the groom was a groom, not one of our country lads, every one of whose virtues and vices have been discussed over and over again at the squire's dinner-table, or about whom the rector has scratched his head, and had into his study for private exhortation or encouragement. Not one of the minority. One of the majority, I very much fear. Reared like a dog among the straw, without education, without religion, without self-respect—worse broke than the horse he rode. When I think of all that was said against grooms and stable-helpers dur-

ing the Rarey fever, I get very angry, I confess it. One man said to me, "When we have had a groom or two killed, we shall have our horses treated properly." Look to your grooms, gentlemen, and don't allow such a blot on the fair fame of England as the Newmarket stables much longer, or there will be a heavy reckoning against you when the books are balanced.

But the poor groom lost his temper with the horse, and beat it over the head. And Lord Ascot stayed to say, "Damn it all, man, you will never do any good like that;" though a greater fiend on horseback than Lord Ascot I never saw.

This gave time for Lady Ascot to say, "Come on, my dear Ravenshoe, and let us speak to him." So on they went. Lord Ascot was so busy looking at the horse and groom, that they got close behind him before he saw them. Nobody being near, Lady Ascot, with a sparkle of her old fun, poked him in the back with her walking-stick. Lord Ascot turned sharply and angrily round, with his umbrella raised for a blow.

When he saw who it was, he burst out into a pleasant laugh. "Now, you grandma," he said, "you keep that old stick of yours quiet, or you'll get into trouble. What do you mean by assaulting the head of the house in the public streets? I am ashamed of you. You, Ravenshoe, you egged her on to do it. I shall have to punch your head before I have done. How are you both?"

"And where have you been, you naughty boy?" said Lady Ascot.

"At Paris," said that ingenuous nobleman, "dicing and brawling as usual. Nobody can accuse me of hiding *my* talents in a napkin, grandma. Those two things are all I am fit for, and I certainly do them with a will. I have fought a duel, too. A Yankee Doodle got it into his head that he might be impertinent to Adelaide; so I took him out and shot him. Don't cry, now. He is not dead. He'll walk lame though, I fancy, for a time. How jolly it is to catch you out here. I dread meeting that insufferable prig, Hainault, for fear I should kick him. Give me her arm, my dear Ravenshoe."

"And where is Adelaide?" said Lady Ascot.

"Up at St. John's Wood," said he. "Do steal away, and come and see her. Grandma, I was very sorry to hear of poor Charles's death—I was indeed. You know what it has done for me; but, by gad, I was very sorry."

"Dear Welter—dear Ascot," said Lady Ascot, "I am sure you were sorry. Oh! if you would repent, my own dear. If you would think of the love that Christ bore you when He died for you. Oh, Ascot, Ascot! will nothing save you from the terrible hereafter?"

"I am afraid not, grandma," said Lord Ascot. "It is getting too cold for you to stay out. Ravenshoe, my dear fellow, take her in."

And so, after a kind good-bye, Lord Ascot walked away towards the south-west.

I am afraid that John Marston was right. I am afraid he spoke the truth when he said that Lord Ascot was a savage, untameable blackguard.

## CHAPTER LIX.

### A CHAPTER WITHOUT ANY HEADING AT ALL.

Lord Ascot, with his umbrella over his shoulder, swung on down the street, south-westward. The town was pleasant in the higher parts, and so he felt inclined to prolong his walk. He turned to the right into Park Lane.

He was a remarkable-looking man. So tall, so broad, with such a mighty chest, and such a great, red, hairless, cruel face above it, that people, when he paused to look about him, as he did at each street corner, turned to look at him. He did not notice it; he was used to it. And, besides, as he walked there were two or three words ringing yet in his ears which made him look less keenly than usual after the handsome horses and pretty faces which he met in his walk.

"Oh, Ascot, Ascot! will nothing save you from the terrible hereafter?"

"Confound those old women, more particularly when they take to religion. Always croaking. And grandma Ascot, too, as plucky and good an old soul as any in England—as good a judge of a horse as William Day—taking to that sort of thing. Hang it! it was unendurable. It was bad taste, you know, putting such ideas into a fellow's head. London was dull enough after Paris, without that."

So thought Lord Ascot, as he stood in front of Dudley House, and looked southward. The winter sun was feebly shining where he was, but to the south there was a sea of fog, out of which rose the Wellington statue, looking more exasperating than ever, and the two great houses at the Albert Gate.

"This London is a beastly hole," said he. "I have got to go down into that cursed fog. I wish Tattersalls' was anywhere else." But he shouldered his umbrella again, and on he went.

Opposite St. George's Hospital there were a number of medical students. Two of them, regardless of the order which should always be kept on her Majesty's highway, were wrestling. Lord Ascot paused for a moment to look at them. He heard one of the students who were looking on say to another, evidently about himself:

"By Gad! what preparations that fellow would cut up into."

"Ah!" said another, "and wouldn't he cuss and d—— under operation neither."

"I know who that is," said a third. "That's Lord Ascot; the most infernal, headlong, gambling savage in the three kingdoms."

So Lord Ascot, in the odour of sanctity, passed down into Tattersalls' yard. There was no one in the rooms. He went out into the yard again.

"Hullo, you sir! Have you seen Mr. Sloane?"

"Mr. Sloane was here not ten minutes ago, my lord. He thought your lordship was not coming. He is gone down to the Groom's Arms."

"Where the deuce is that?"

"In Chapel Street, at the corner of the mews, my lord. Fust turning on the right, my lord."

Lord Ascot had business with our old acquaintance Mr. Sloane, and went on. When he came to the public-house mentioned (the very same one in which the Servants' Club was held, to which Charles belonged), he went into the bar, and asked of a feeble-minded girl, left accidentally in charge of the bar—"Where was Mr. Sloane?" And she said, "Upstairs, in the club-room."

Lord Ascot walked up to the club-room, and looked in at the glass door. And there he saw Sloane. He was standing up, with his hand on a man's shoulder, who had a map before him. Right and left of these two men were two other men, an old one and a young one, and the four faces were close together; and while he watched them, the man with the map before him looked up, and Lord Ascot saw Charles Ravenshoe, pale and wan, looking like death itself, but still Charles Ravenshoe in the body.

He did not open the door. He turned away, went down into the street, and set his face northward.

So he was alive, and— There were more things to follow that "and" than he had time to think of at first. He had a cunning brain, Lord Ascot, but he could not get at his position at first. The whole business was too unexpected—he had not time to realize it.

The afternoon was darkening as he turned his steps northwards, and began to walk rapidly, with scowling face and compressed lips. One or two of the students still lingered on the steps of the hospital. The one who had mentioned him by name before said to his fellows, "Look at that Lord Ascot. What a devil he looks. He has lost some money. Gad! there'll be murder done to-night. They oughtn't to let such fellows go loose."

Charles Ravenshoe alive. And Lord Saltire's will. Half a million of money. And Charley Ravenshoe, the best old cock in the three kingdoms. Of all his villainies—and, God forgive him, they

were many—the one that weighed heaviest on his heart was his treatment of Charles. And now—

The people turned and looked after him as he hurled along. Why did his wayward feet carry him to the corner of Curzon Street? That was not his route to St. John's Wood. The people stared at the great red-faced giant, who paused against the lamp-post irresolute, biting his upper lip till the blood came. How would they have stared if they had seen what I see.[1]

There were two angels in the street that wretched winter afternoon, who had followed Lord Ascot in his headlong course, and paused here. He could see them but dimly, or only guess at their existence, but I see them plainly enough.

One was a white angel, beautiful to look at, who stood a little way off, beckoning to him, and pointing towards Lord Saltire's house; and the other was black, with his face hid in a hood, who was close beside him, and kept saying in his ear, "Half a million! half a million!"

A strange apparition in Curzon Street, at four o'clock on a January afternoon! Gibbon lays great stress on no contemporary historian having noticed the darkness at the Crucifixion. If you search the files of the papers at this period, you will find no notice of any remarkable atmospheric phenomena in Curzon Street that afternoon. But two angels were there nevertheless, and Lord Ascot had a dim suspicion of it.

A dim suspicion of it! How could it be otherwise, when he heard a voice in one ear repeating Lady Ascot's last words, "What can save you from the terrible hereafter?" and in the other the stealthy whisper of the fiend, "Half a million! half a million!"

He paused only for a moment, and then headed northward again. The black angel was at his ear, but the white one was close to him too—so close, that when his own door opened, the three passed in together. Adelaide, standing under the chandelier in the hall, saw nothing of the two spirits; only her husband, scowling fiercely.

She was going upstairs to dress, but she paused. As soon as Lord Welter's "confidential scoundrel," before mentioned, had left the hall, she came up to him, and in a whisper, for she knew the man was listening, said:

"What is the matter, Welter?"

He looked as if he would have pushed her out of the way. But he did not. He said:

"I have seen Charles Ravenshoe."

"When?"

"To-night."

"Good God! Then it is almost a matter of time with us," said Adelaide. "I had a dim suspicion of this, Ascot. It is horrible. We are ruined."

"Not yet," said Lord Ascot.

"There is time—time. He is obstinate and mad. Lord Saltire might die—"

"Well?"

"Either of them," she hissed out. "Is there no—"

"No what?"

"There is half a million of money," said Adelaide.

"Well?"

"All sorts of things happen to people."

Lord Ascot looked at her for an instant, and snarled out a curse at her.

John Marston was perfectly right. He was a savage, untameable blackguard. He went upstairs into his bed-room. The two angels were with him. They are with all of us at such times as these. There is no plagiarism here. The fact is too old for that.

Up and down, up and down. The bed-room was not long enough; so he opened the door of the dressing-room; and that was not long enough; and he opened the door of what had been the nursery in a happier household than his, and walked up and down through them all. And Adelaide sat below, before a single candle, with pale face and clenched lips, listening to his footfall on the floor above.

She knew as well as if an angel had told her what was passing in his mind

[1] Perhaps a reference to "The Wild Huntsman" will estop all criticism at this point. A further reference to "Faust" will also show that I am in good company.

as he walked up and down. She had foreseen this crisis plainly—you may laugh at me, but she had. She had seen that if, by any wild conjunction of circumstances, Charles Ravenshoe were alive, and if he were to come across him before Lord Saltire's death, events would arrange themselves exactly as they were doing on this terrible evening. There was something awful and terrible in the realization of her morbid suspicions.

Yes, she had seen thus far, and had laughed at herself for entertaining such mad fancies. But she had seen no further. What the upshot would be was hidden from her like a dark veil. Black and impenetrable as the fog which was hanging over Waterloo Bridge at that moment, which made the squalid figure of a young, desperate girl show like a pale, fluttering ghost, leading a man we know, who followed her—on the road to hell.

The rest, though, seemed to be, in some sort, in her own hands. Wealth, position in the world, the power of driving her chariot over the necks of those who had scorned her—the only things for which her worthless heart cared—were all at stake. "He will murder me," she said, "*but he shall hear me.*"

Still, up and down, over head, his heavy footfall went to and fro.

Seldom, in any man's life, comes such a trial as his this night. A good man might have been hard tried in such circumstances. What hope can we have of a desperate blackguard like Lord Welter? He knew Lord Saltire hated him; he knew that Lord Saltire had only left his property to him because he thought Charles Ravenshoe was dead; and yet he hesitated whether or no he should tell Lord Saltire that he had seen Charles, and ruin himself utterly.

Was he such an utter rascal as John Marston made him out? Would such a rascal have hesitated long? What could make a man without character, without principle, without a care about the world's opinion, hesitate at such a time like this? I cannot tell you.

He was not used to think about things logically or calmly; and so, as he paced up and down, it was some time before he actually arranged his thoughts. Then he came to this conclusion, and put it fairly before him—that, if he let Lord Saltire know that Charles Ravenshoe was alive, he was ruined, and that, if he did not, he was a villain.

Let us give the poor profligate wretch credit for getting even so far as this. There was no attempt to gloss over the facts and deceive himself. He put the whole matter honestly before him.

He would be a fool if he told Lord Saltire. He would be worse than a fool, a madman—there was no doubt about that. It was not to be thought about.

But Charley Ravenshoe!

How pale the dear old lad looked. What a kind, gentle old face it was. How well he could remember the first time he ever saw him. At Twyford, yes; and, that very same visit, how he ran across the billiard-room, and asked him who Lord Saltire was. Yes. What jolly times there were down in Devonshire, too. Those Claycomb hounds wanted pace, but they were full fast enough for the country. And what a pottering old rascal Charley was among the stone walls. Rode through. Yes. And how he'd mow over a woodcock. Fire slap through a holly bush. Ha!

And suppose they proved this previous marriage. Why, then he would be back at Ravenshoe, and all things would be as they were. But suppose they couldn't—

Lord Ascot did not know that eighty thousand pounds were secured to Charles.

By Gad! it was horrible to think of. That it should be thrown on him, of all men, to stand between old Charley and his due. If it were any other man but him—

Reader, if you do not know that a man will act from "sentiment" long, long years after he has thrown "principle" to the winds, you had better pack up your portmanteau, and go and live five years or more among Australian convicts and American rowdies, as

a friend of mine did. The one long outlives the other. The incarnate devils who beat out poor Price's brains with their shovels, when they had the gallows before them, consistently perjured themselves in favour of the youngest of the seven, the young fiend who had hounded them on.

Why there never was such a good fellow as that Charley. That Easter vacation—hey! Among the bargees, hang it, what a game it was— I won't follow out his recollections here any further. Skittle-playing and fighting are all very well; but one may have too much of them.

"I might still do this," thought Lord Welter; "I might—"

At this moment he was opposite the dressing-room door. It was opened, and Adelaide stood before him.

Beautiful and terrible, with a look which her husband had, as yet, only seen shadowed dimly—a look which he felt might come there some day, but which he had never seen yet. The light of her solitary candle shone upon her pale face, her gleaming eyes, and her clenched lip; and he saw what was written there, and for one moment quailed.

("If you were to say to me," said Lord Hainault once, "that Charles would be unwise to let Ascot's wife make his gruel for him, I should agree with you.")

Only for one moment! Then he turned on her and cursed her.

"What, in the name of Hell, do you want here at this moment?"

"You may murder me if you like, Ascot; but, before you have time to do that, you shall hear what I have got to say. I have been listening to your footsteps for a weary hour, and I heard irresolution in every one of them. Ascot, don't be a madman!"

"I shall be soon, if you come at such a time as this, and look like that. If my face were to take the same expression as yours has now, Lady Ascot, these would be dangerous quarters for you."

"I know that," she said. "I knew all that before I came up here to-night, Ascot. Ascot, half a million of money—"

"Why, all the devils in the pit have been singing that tune for an hour past. Have you only endangered your life to add your little pipe to theirs?"

"I have. Won't you hear me?"

"No. Go away."

"Are you going to do it?"

"Most likely not. You had better go away."

"You might give him a hundred thousand pounds you know, Welter. Four thousand a year. The poor dear fellow would worship you for your generosity. He is a very good fellow, Ascot."

"You had better go away," said he, quietly.

"Not without a promise, Ascot. Think—"

"Now go away. This is the last warning I give you. Madwoman!"

"But, Ascot—"

"Take care; it will be too late for both of us in another moment."

She caught his eyes for the first time, and fled for her life. She ran down into the drawing-room, and threw herself into an easy chair. "God preserve me!" she said, "I have gone too far with him. Oh, this lonely house!"

Every drop of blood in her body seemed to fly to her heart. There were footsteps outside the door. Oh, God! have mercy on her; he was following her.

Where were the two angels now, I wonder?

He opened the door, and came towards her slowly. If mortal agony can atone for sin, she atoned for all her sins in that terrible half-minute. She did not cry out; she dared not; she writhed down among the gaudy cushions, with her face buried in her hands, and waited —for what?

She heard a voice speaking to her. It was not his voice, but the voice of old Lord Ascot, his dead father. It said:

"Adelaide, my poor girl, you must not get frightened when I get in a passion. My poor child, you have borne enough for me; I would not hurt a hair of your head."

He kissed her cheek, and Adelaide burst into a passion of sobs. After a few moments those sobs had ceased, and

Lord Ascot left her. He did not know that she had fainted away. She never told him that.

Where were the angels now? Angels! —there was but one of them left. Which one was that, think you?

Hurrah! the good angel. The black fiend with the hood had sneaked away to his torment. And, as Lord Ascot closed the door behind him, and sped away down the foggy street, the good one vanished too; for the work was done. Ten thousand fiends would not turn him from his purpose now. Hurrah!

* * * * *

"Simpson," said Lord Saltire, as he got into bed that evening, "it won't last much longer."

"What will not last, my lord?" said Simpson.

"Why, me," said Lord Saltire, disregarding grammar. "Don't set up a greengrocer's shop, Simpson; nor a butter and egg shop, in Berkeley Street, if you can help it, Simpson. If you must keep a lodging-house, I should say Jermyn Street; but don't let me influence you. I am not sure that I wouldn't sooner see you in Brook Street, or Conduit Street. But don't try Pall Mall, that's a good fellow; or you'll be getting fast men, who will demoralize your establishment. A steady connexion among government clerks and that sort of person will pay best in the long run."

"My dear lord—my good old friend, why should you talk like this to-night?"

"Because I am very ill, Simpson, and it will all come at once; and it may come any time. When they open Lord Barkham's room, at Cottingdean, I should like you and Mr. Marston to go in first, for I may have left something or another about."

An hour or two after his bell rang, and Simpson, who was in the dressing-room, came hurriedly in. He was sitting up in bed, looking just the same as usual.

"My good fellow," he said, "go down and find out who rung and knocked at the door like that. Did you hear it?"

"I did not notice it, my lord."

"Butchers, and bakers, and that sort of people, don't knock and ring like that. The man at the door now brings news, Simpson. There is no mistake about the ring of a man who comes with important intelligence. Go down and see."

He was not long gone. When he came back again, he said:

"It is Lord Ascot, my lord. He insists on seeing you immediately."

"Up with him, Simpson—up with him, my good fellow. I told you so. This gets interesting."

Lord Ascot was already in the doorway. Lord Saltire's brain was as acute as ever; and, as Lord Ascot approached him, he peered eagerly and curiously at him, in the same way as one scrutinizes the seal of an unopened letter, and wonders what its contents may be. Lord Ascot sat down by the bed, and whispered to the old man; and, when Simpson saw his great, coarse, red, hairless, ruffianly face actually touching that of Lord Saltire, so delicate, so refined, so keen, Simpson began to have a dim suspicion that he was looking on rather a remarkable sight. And so he was.

"Lord Saltire," said Lord Ascot, "I have seen Charles Ravenshoe to-night."

"You are quite sure?"

"I am quite sure."

"Ha! Ring the bell, Simpson." Before any one had spoken again, a footman was in the room. "Bring the major-domo here instantly," said Lord Saltire.

"You know what you have done, Ascot," said Lord Saltire. "You see what you have done. I am going to send for my solicitor, and alter my will."

"Of course you are," said Lord Ascot. "Do you dream I did not know that before I came here?"

"And yet you came?"

"Yes; with all the devils out of hell dragging me back."

"As a matter of curiosity, why?" said Lord Saltire.

"Oh, I couldn't do it, you know. I've done a good many dirty things; but I couldn't do that, particularly to that man. There are some things a fellow can't do, you know."

"Where did you see him?"

"At the Groom's Arms, Belgrave Mews; he was there not three hours ago. Find a man called Sloane, a horsedealer; he will tell you all about him; for he was sitting with his hand on his shoulder. His address is twenty-seven, New Road."

At this time major domo appeared. "Take a cab at once, and *fetch* me—you understand when I say *fetch*—Mr. Brogden, my solicitor. Mr. Compton lives out of town, but he lives over the office in Lincoln's Inn. If you can get hold of the senior partner, he will do as well. Put either of them in a cab and pack them off here. Then go to Scotland Yard; give my compliments to Inspector Field; tell him a horrible murder has been committed, accompanied by arson, forgery, and regrating, with a strong suspicion of sorning, and he must come at once.

That venerable gentleman disappeared, and then Lord Saltire said:

"Do you repent, Ascot?"

"No," said he. "D—— it all, you know, I could not do it when I came to think of it. The money would never have stayed with me, I take it. Good night."

"Good night," said Lord Saltire; "come the first thing in the morning."

And so they parted. Simpson said, "Are you going to alter your will to-night, my lord? Won't it be a little too much for you?"

"It would be if I was going to do so, Simpson; but I am not going to touch a line of it. I am not sure that half a million of money was ever, in the history of the world, given up with better grace or with less reason. He is a noble fellow; I never guessed it; he shall have it—by Jove, he shall have it! I am going to sleep. Apologize to Brogden, and give the information to Field; tell him I expect Charles Ravenshoe here to-morrow morning. Good night."

Simpson came in to open the shutters next morning; but those shutters were not opened for ten days, for Lord Saltire was dead.

The inspector was rapid and dexterous in his work. He was on Charles Ravenshoe's trail like a bloodhound, eager to redeem the credit which his coadjutor, Yard, had lost over the same case. But his instructions came to him three hours too late.

*To be continued.*

## HOMES OF THE LONDON WORKMEN.

BY PERCY GREG.

Much envy has been expressed by Londoners of the Imperial improvements of Paris. We contrast our narrow pavements, crooked streets, and mean irregular buildings, with the magnificence of the Boulevards, and grumble that "they do things better in France." France, if she were free to speak her mind, might not be wholly of the same opinion. Even the improvements of a despot are costly; and, as usually happens, the outlay of the state only represents a small part of their actual cost. Parisians of small incomes—clerks, *employés*, men of letters, as well as artizans—know too well the effect of these vast operations upon their own condition. They find their expenses doubled, their house-rent generally trebled; and, as they walk along the magnificent new streets which have swept away their once comfortable dwellings, home to the wretched lodging which now costs all they can afford to pay, it may be doubted whether they bless the beautifying hand of their magnificent Emperor. To us, who see only what has been achieved, not what has been destroyed, these victories of artistic tyranny may naturally seem pure gain. But we have had a few similar achievements to boast during the last ten years, and we are promised some in the imme-

diate future, which may rival the triumphs of Imperialism. We have palatial hotels which are said not to pay; and streets of grand but desolate houses, which seem to be waiting for a population that is yet to come. Our chief thoroughfares have of late been frequently blocked up by the works of a company which promises to conduct a large part of the London traffic, after the manner of the London sewage—out of sight and underground. Although this be not a visible improvement, it will doubtless be as useful as many improvements above ground, and do little mischief, beyond the occasional subsidence of a few houses, rather to the inconvenience of the subterrene trains, or the disturbance of a quiet dinner party, when an accidental collision, some twenty feet below, sends a portion of an unlucky locomotive through the dining-room floor. An achievement more akin to the Parisian examples is that scheme which is to unite half-a-dozen railways in various parts of London in one grand station at Finsbury Circus. These are among actual or potential realities; we have heard of yet more marvellous and more extensive enterprises. But all the above-ground schemes for the facilitation of business, or the gratification of taste—new buildings, new streets, new railways—all require space; and, as all available space is already occupied, they can be executed only by the destruction of existing buildings. Indeed, their promoters are wont to claim it as a merit, that they make an opening through districts unwholesomely crowded, or clear away hundreds of those wretched nests of disease, misery, and vice, in which live and die hundreds of thousands of the London poor.

In all great cities squalor and wretchedness characterize the dwellings of the poor. It can hardly be otherwise, where the immense concourse of human beings raises the value of space within certain limits to a fabulous degree, while those limits are so wide, that men whose work lies in their midst cannot well live outside them. In a great commercial port, this enormous costliness of mere space is further aggravated by the close concentration which is required for the convenience of commerce. Trade-establishments, warehouses, wharves, banks, factories, naturally and necessarily grow together, crushing into smaller and smaller compass the mass of people whom they employ; pressing some of them into narrow areas within the circle of commercial buildings, and pushing the rest out of the commercial city altogether, into the closely packed townships which have grown up around it. In all capitals, the mere aggregation of men crowds the poor into misery and filth. In all great commercial cities, and especially seaports, warehouses and factories compress more closely, year by year, the quarters allotted to those who build them and work in them. In every capital in Europe, in every great centre of commerce, the dwellings of the poor are miserable, their lives unhealthy, their deaths unnaturally early. London, the greatest capital in the world, the great centre of the world's commerce, is not the worst in this respect. Her death rate is not higher than that of smaller capitals and seaports. But it is frightfully high, and the condition of her working classes, and of that order peculiar to cities which underlies the working classes, is almost indescribably miserable. This is not because their incomes are absolutely small. It is true that the wages of women generally, and those of men in one or two metropolitan trades, are frightfully low. But, as a rule, unskilled male labour is fairly paid, and skilled labour highly paid—very highly in money, highly even in regard to the London prices of the necessaries of life. A peasant in Dorsetshire lives and thrives, a peasant in Normandy thrives and saves, on about half the wages of a London artisan. The latter, it is true, is prone to wastefulness and addicted to drink. Most men are wasteful to whom thrift would bring no comfort, and the London workman is thriftless as much by the necessity of his position, as by want of sense or weakness of will. Most poor men, when they despair of domestic comfort, fly to the poor man's club—the

public house. Similar conduct is not utterly unknown among their betters. Instead of hastily concluding that the working man is ill off because he is reckless and drunken, might we not inquire whether he does not become reckless and drunken because sobriety and prudence cannot ensure him even tolerable comfort? Is it unreasonable to believe, that the vice and improvidence, which greatly aggravate the misfortunes of the "lower orders" of the London community, are, in great measure, owing to the worst of those misfortunes —the want of decent homes? Perhaps, if it were possible for their benevolent censors to dwell for a short time where they dwell, to breathe the air that they breathe, to see the sights with which they are familiar, a somewhat different view might be taken of the relation between thriftlessness and discomfort, vice and misery. It might appear that what moralists think the cause of wretchedness is sometimes its effect—that what they consider the punishment of sin or folly, has sometimes been their cause. And if the destruction of large numbers of those wretched dwellings really did what the admirers of improvements seem to imagine it does; if it really removed the evil instead of simply aggravating it; if it drove the expelled population out of town, or into healthier districts, our satisfaction in witnessing the clearance would be great and unalloyed.

The Midland Railway Extension, for example, is about to sweep away a large number of crowded and unwholesome dwellings in Agar Town. No one who has seen the places doomed to demolition, can have any wish to save them for their own sake. That suburb is indeed by no means pre-eminently objectionable. Its roads are bogs, and its open spaces are dunghills; but it has wide streets, and an abundance of waste ground. In fact, the district is half a desert, and enjoys the privilege, rare in London, of an amplitude of room, and abundant access for air in every direction. Yet, looking at them without thought for the morrow, without considering what it has cost to build them, or what is to become of their inhabitants, street after street would be pronounced by visitors only fit to be pulled down. Scores of the fated houses seem unworthy to be converted into pig-styes or cowsheds. Incapable of being made, by any process of improvement, fit habitations for cattle of any value; damp, low, dark, ruinous, and intolerably filthy; they offend the least fastidious eye, and revolt the least sensitive nostrils. In one place—unhappily, I believe, beyond the range of the intended clearance—a row of two-roomed cottages is let out to a fit tenantry by its proprietor. One tiny wash-house, with etceteras, serves some forty or fifty persons; and the population is at the rate of four to a room, about the size of a decent butler's pantry, but so low and dark, that no butler would condescend to use it. These cottages, I was told, are let at 4*s.* a week. The access to them is from the public road, along a narrow footway, and they resemble nothing so much as ill-kept cowsheds in a neglected farm.

In another place, whole streets consist of four-roomed cottages, with floors resting on the earth, from three to six feet below the level of the road, whose walls bear unmistakeable indications of damp and decay. These houses contain only one or two families, and are let at 7*s.* or 8*s.* a week, chiefly to the well-paid engineers, porters, and mechanics of the neighbouring railway. It is difficult to understand how such places can ever be free from ague, fever, and cholera; or how, if typhus once find entrance, there can be any hope for any of the inmates to escape it, or recover from it. Other streets under sentence are of a different type. Blocks of six-roomed houses, not long built, present outside a very respectable and comfortable appearance. They are, it is true, built with thin walls and inadequate foundations, but would seem tolerable dwellings for clerks, and the higher class of artisans, goldsmiths, compositors, and so forth. They are actually let out in floors of two rooms each to railway *employés;* and the rent of each house is 11*s.* a week. Being new, and not yet fallen into disrepair,

they look healthy and comfortable, till the damp close smell undeceives the visitor who is curious enough to enter. Such are the abodes of the "upper ten thousand" of labour; of families in the receipt of high wages, and so favoured by fortune, as to be able to live in a district where rents are low. It is not difficult to guess what must be the condition of those whose earnings are much smaller, and whose work lies in the most densely peopled parts of London. We hear of parishes, "whose aristocracy "consists of families occupying two "rooms;" and it is probably no exaggeration to say, that the condition of the population of those parishes is that of the labouring classes of the metropolis; that the majority of families occupy one room only; that few, save the higher sort of skilled labourers, have two; and that the occupation of three rooms would at once mark a working man as belonging to the *élite* of his order. What the condition of the labourer's one or two rooms may be, whether they be healthy or unhealthy, clean and dry, or damp and filthy, depends partly on himself and his family, and partly on the locality in which circumstances induce or oblige him to settle.

There are districts of London that have shared the fate of some Italian cities, where the beggar has taken up his abode in the ruined palaces of nobles and merchant princes. There are houses, once the mansions of peers or wealthy bankers, which are now inhabited by a score or so of labouring families. There are hundreds of streets, which twenty years ago were built for retired shopkeepers, well-paid clerks, and others in receipt of comfortable incomes, which are now exclusively colonized by the working class, and the classes below it. It would be an interesting, if not a very instructive task, to trace the history of the decline and fall of a respectable street, from homes to lodging-houses, from "furnished apartments" to "tenements," from the time when each house contained one family of six or eight persons to the present day, when the average population of each is from twenty to thirty. The progress is often rapid; but there are many stages in it, and each has a character of its own. Even when the street has ceased to contain anything that can be called a home; when almost every room belongs to a different family, and an unmistakeable air of squalid poverty apprises even the inexperienced passer-by that he is in what is called a "low neighbourhood," the history of its degradation is by no means closed. As yet you see only a few children on the door-steps or in the mid-street mud; as yet you hear the English tongue and the London accent. The labouring man who finds room there is tolerably fortunate. The houses are not yet insufferably filthy or absolutely dilapidated; a moderate amount of quiet may be expected in-doors, and the neighbourhood is not likely to be often roused by midnight brawls. Visit the same place two years hence, and you will see that, bad as it is now, a change for the worse has yet been possible. The pavement swarms with children of various ages, in various degrees of dirt and raggedness. Inside, the houses are indescribably squalid, close and filthy. Enter a room, and you find it crowded as it never was before. The best of the old inhabitants are gone, and those who have taken their place address you in a dialect which at once bewrayeth them. Your old acquaintance have been expelled by two invaders: the Children, and the Irish. Large families congregate from necessity; the natives of the sister island from choice; and whatever street is once delivered over to either or to both, is for the future eschewed by all who have any choice in the matter. Neither strange children nor Irish labourers are pleasant fellow-lodgers. Both make much dirt and noise; and the latter are said to make it pretty well understood that they prefer having the place to themselves. As then the best tenants disappear on their arrival, it is obvious that they are not favoured by landlords and agents, and must content themselves with the places from which either their approach, or the neglect of drainage and repairs

or some other disagreeable condition, has expelled a more desirable class of occupants. And it is in the worst places that we always find them. In the nastiest courts, in the neighbourhood of mews, or other nuisances, in the most dilapidated houses, the smallest rooms, the darkest and dampest situations, the most children are to be seen and the Irish accent most often to be heard.

Probably the worst specimen of the dwelling-places of the London poor is an Irish court. All the evils incident to the domestic condition of the metropolitan workman are here to be found in unmitigated completeness. Over-crowding, dilapidation, dirt, damp, closeness, bad smells, small rooms, broken windows patched with rags and paper till light is almost and air entirely excluded, neglect on the landlord's part, and stupid recklessness on the tenant's—everything that can make the dwelling of a poor man wretched, his state degraded, and his life unhealthy, is here collected. Here idle boys run riot all day long, idle and dirty girls are gossiping at the doors with opposite neighbours whose language betrays their character, and quarrels, brawls, and fights, are so frequent that the police hardly think them worth notice. The floor of the lower rooms rests on the damp earth, which oozes up between the broken boards. Of the yard, common to five or six families, the less said the better—what is there to be seen cannot be described in these pages. Into that yard opens the window of the back room, admitting a smell even more nauseous than the unendurable closeness of an inhabited space of six feet by eight with door and window shut. In such a room you may find two or more persons dwelling—a man, wife, and child, or a couple of old women—with no furniture but a broken stool and rotten bedstead, and without clothing enough to protect them from the cold either by night or day. For the right to live in such a room—for the four bare walls and broken window—the tenants pay a shilling or eighteen-pence a week. One poor old woman, "a bootbinder when she can get any work," pays fifteen-pence a week for such a place, in which the water from a leaky pipe splashes her face as she lies in bed. Next room, a little wider, is occupied by a man and wife, with four children, sleeping all together in a bed that fills much more than half the space, for which they pay 2*s.* 3*d.* per week. And these cases fairly represent the condition of dozens of families in that court, and thousands elsewhere.

In a populous country, and especially in a crowded city, it can scarcely be but that a large family prove a heavy burden to the working father. It it especially so in London, where there are very few factories employing children, and where work for young boys and girls is not very easy to find. The father must generally provide entirely for his children up to the age of thirteen or fourteen, and partially for a still longer period. The more bodies to be clothed, the more mouths to be fed, out of a given income, the smaller the share of comfort which each can enjoy. This is an evil natural and inevitable. But it is aggravated in London by circumstances to which we have already referred. House-owners object to let their rooms to families with many children, if they can obtain other tenants on equally satisfactory terms; and with very good reason. First, the presence of children spoils the chance of letting the rest of the house; and again, the fathers of large families are poorer, and their rents therefore more likely to fall into arrears, than those of men with like wages and few or no children. The former, therefore, are driven into the lower, less wholesome, and more crowded localities, where they pay scarcely less rent for much worse accommodation. There is another view of their case, to which it is painful, though necessary, to direct attention; because it is really that view which reveals to us the worst features of the workman's present kind of home life, if I may be pardoned for applying such a word as "home" to such dwellings as have been described. Rent is at all times a very large portion of the working-man's expenditure, and one which he naturally tries to keep as low

as possible. As his family increases, and the cost of absolute animal necessaries absorbs a larger part of his income, he can ill afford to pay twice as much as before for mere shelter. And yet health and decency require that he should have two rooms, and sometimes three. Unhappily, health and decency can be neglected, while food and clothing are imperative necessities, and drink is too often an irresistible temptation. And hence it is that too often the one room, which was found enough for the newly-married couple, is made to suffice when they have three or four children, and when these children are no longer infants. Too often the same room and even the same bed—very possibly there is not space for two—contains father and mother, growing boys and girls. Not frequently is it thought necessary to have three rooms, even when children of both sexes have reached an age at which, to instinctive as to educated propriety, such accommodation would seem indispensable. It is unnecessary to dilate on the consequences. But it is right to call attention to two facts which are apt to be overlooked. First, that when landlords and agents, from a sense of duty or of decency, expel from their houses families who are too numerous for one room and refuse to pay for two, they are only aggravating the evil, by over-crowding and degrading still lower districts or houses more over-crowded and degraded than their own—that, though such expulsion may be and often is a duty towards other tenants, it has no tendency whatever to check the habit against which it is directed. Second, that so large a proportion of the rising generation of the working class are being brought up under these circumstances as to influence for evil the whole character of their order, and not improbably the whole future of their country. The mischief is more extensive, and less easily remedied, than is generally known. Neither landlords nor law can effectually compel men to pay for decent accommodation for their families; neither social nor educational influences can effectually counteract the degradation which the want of such accommodation inevitably engenders. And the demoralization of the artisans and labourers of London cannot but exercise a pernicious power over other destinies than their own. The capital is not to the working-classes what it is to the political or professional, or even what it is to the commercial classes. It is not in the same sense the centre of industry as of commerce, law, literature, and politics. But it is nevertheless invested, even as regards the manual industry of the country, with vast powers for good or evil. It is the centre of great working-class organizations whose ramifications become yearly more extensive, and whose relations with local trades seem to become closer and more intimate with the increase of education and the facilitation of travelling and correspondence which have been among the greatest achievements of late years. Depravity among the working classes of London cannot but have a depraving influence, greater than even in proportion to their numbers and intelligence, over their fellows in the country. Again, the political strength of the metropolitan workmen, however little used, is far from contemptible. The progress of political events, and the diffusion of information and interest therein by the cheap press, cannot fail to render the strength daily greater and its use more probable. And it will go ill with English society if it should be used in blindness or passion; without regard to established rights or veneration for time-honoured institutions. And can we expect such regard from men who have nothing to call their own; such veneration from men to whose hearts no meaning is conveyed by the name of the first and oldest of English institutions—the name of home?

This homelessness of our working neighbours is to us all a danger, moral, social, and political. Of its last aspect, I shall for obvious reasons forbear to speak. But those personal and social virtues which we proudly associate with the British name; those sterling qualities which give us confidence in the

essential rightmindedness of the average Englishman, whatever his individual feelings or class prejudices—are they not all born of, and bound up in the sentiments, associations, and recollections that centre in his home? Are they not the fruit of home life and home education, and can we confidently expect to find them in those whose childhood has been passed in a "tenement," whose early manhood found shelter in a lodging-house, and who are content or compelled to bring their brides "home" to a bedstead and four walls, in such places as those above described, or, at the best, to lodgings in which privacy and comfort are almost equally impossible? Home affections, home virtues, the feelings early acquired, the lessons learnt in infancy by those who dwell under a roof, however humble, of their own, are lost to the homeless million who find shelter where they can in the courts and alleys, the back streets and the stables, of this first city of the earth. You may build schools for their children, and provide them with able and most zealous teachers; but the most valuable part of education you cannot give them. You may send them missionaries and scripture-readers, tracts and sermons; but the strongest of religious influences is absent. You may inquire into their condition, and relieve their pressing bodily needs in adverse times; but their worst want remains unredressed. You may make every possible effort to reclaim from vice; but the most prolific cause of vice continues to poison their lives while their abodes remain what they are—human burrows, and not homes.

Great exertions have been used to meet this monster evil; but, beside its gigantic dimensions, the results are insignificant, and almost invisible. The "model lodging-houses," built by societies and individuals, are excellent in themselves; but as regards their intention, they are, I fear, total failures. They do not reach the class who really need them. Their inhabitants are of a different sort from those for whom they were built; of a class generally not entitled to assistance of this kind from others, but sufficiently well able to take care of themselves. Still, so far as they go, they do some good; they afford comfortable dwellings at a moderate rent to somebody, if not exactly to the right people. But as "models" they cannot be thought successful, inasmuch as they do not pay. Had they been able to show a tolerable return for their capital, their example would have been most encouraging, would have held out, in fact, a fair prospect of great and speedy improvement in the dwellings of the London poor; and of such improvement they would have been the beginning and the real "models." But as they only pay from one to four per cent. on the original outlay, and as there seems no reason to hope that they will ever pay more, it is not easy to find in their history a hopeful augury for the future. They are, in fact, simply charitable institutions, not only in the motives of their projectors, but in their actual position; and to house the labourers of London by charity would be a hopeless scheme. What the benevolent originators of these lodging-houses have done is to show that, by no plan yet discovered, is it possible to provide decent dwellings *in London* for the working classes, so as to combine the two essential conditions—a rent which working men can afford to pay, and a profit which will fairly remunerate the builder, say seven or eight per cent. And out of London the London workman as yet refuses to go.

The dilemma seems, for the present, to defy all efforts at escape. The working classes, as a rule, are very insufficiently sensible to the evils amid which they have been brought up. They will not make a great effort, or a great sacrifice, to escape from them. They will rather huddle together in one room in a back street in town, than incur the trifling expense and loss of time involved in living out of London, and coming in to their work by railway. They are very often reluctant to submit to any rule or shadow of control, in order to enjoy the great advantages held out by the model lodging-houses. While this

is the case, the improvement of their condition must go on gradually and at a very slow rate. It is very hard to help those who do not greatly care to help themselves. Education is doing something to elevate the standard of comfort, morals, and decency, among the rising generation, and will, no doubt, in time, create a demand for a better class of dwellings, under conditions which will make it possible to satisfy the want. In the meantime, compulsory measures, whether legal or otherwise, can do little good, and may do not a little harm. Even the modest demands of the sanitary inspectors tend to raise rents already enormous, and, by enforcing the demolition of houses that can no longer be tolerated, to crowd still more densely those that remain. The railway clearances have done, and will do, a great deal of mischief in this way. The displaced population is driven not outwards but inwards; not into more distant suburbs, but into the already overcrowded "rookeries" as yet undisturbed. It will not be to be regretted, should Parliament think it necessary to take up the cause of the expelled inhabitants, and oblige the railway companies to provide houses in suitable neighbourhoods, to replace those they are permitted to destroy.

The enormous disproportion between London wages and London rents is sufficient of itself to render the case of the labouring man an exceedingly hard one. A fairly-paid artisan must give for one tolerable room about an eighth, for two about a fifth or a fourth, of his income. To do this, it is plain that he must stint himself and his family in everything else, in order to secure decent house-room. It is hard that he should have to do this, and it is a strong proof of the reluctance to change of place or habits which characterizes the working man, that in spite of this he is averse to quit London. A working family in Lancashire have generally as large a nominal income as in London, if not larger; and the chief necessaries of life are cheaper in the North. But in populous country districts, in Lancashire and Yorkshire, cottages with parlour and three bedrooms are to be had for the same rent that a London artisan pays for a single room. Under these circumstances, it may be hoped that in time a reaction may set in, which will either raise the wages or diminish the numbers, and thereby lower the rents, of the London labourers. There is another hint they might take from Lancashire. There, co-operation, after making the operatives their own purveyors and their own employers, is beginning to make them owners of their own houses. Men who will not be persuaded to settle by themselves in a new neighbourhood, or to submit to rules imposed upon them by benevolent associations, might be willing to take up their abode in a co-operative lodging-house, or to cast in their lot with a co-operative colony in some accessible suburb. Is it possible that the principle which has solved other social perplexities may solve this also; that the organization, which, in twenty years, has enabled a society of forty men, with a capital of 28*l.* to expand into three societies numbering thousands of members, and worth more than a hundred thousand pounds, may prove itself within the lifetime of this generation, capable of dealing successfully with the great problem of London homelessness? I dare not be sanguine as to the possibility of such an achievement; but this I do believe, that by no other direct agency can so much be done to raise the condition of the working man as by one which begins by calling on him to use his own will and his own strength for his own redemption.

## WHEN GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN.

SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

When green leaves come again, my love,
When green leaves come again,—
Why put on such a cloudy face,
When green leaves come again?

"Ah, this spring will be like the last,
Of promise false and vain;
And summer die in winter's arms
Ere green leaves come again.

"So slip the seasons—and our lives:
'Tis idle to complain:
But yet I sigh, I scarce know why,
When green leaves come again."

Nay, lift up thankful eyes, my sweet!
Count equal, loss and gain:
Because, as long as the world lasts,
Green leaves *will* come again.

For, sure as earth lives under snows,
And Love lives under pain,
'Tis good to sing with everything,
"When green leaves come again."

## EDWARD IRVING.

In these days of building the sepulchres of the prophets, it is strange we should have had to wait so long for a biography of Edward Irving. Divers sketches of his life and work there have been—among which Mr. Wilks's deserves special praise; but a full, detailed biography we have not seen till now. In Mrs. Oliphant's two volumes[1] we trace the history, and mark the aspect, the joy and grief and conflict of his life, as we have never before been able to do. He moves before us along his grand and stormy track, an antique, heroic presence—at last disentangled, and that by the touch of a tender hand, from the mean accidents, the stupidities, and deformities that had gathered round him.

We confess to having felt a certain misgiving when we learnt that this biography was to be written by the distinguished novelist who has now achieved her difficult task so successfully. We doubted whether feminine genius, however versatile and keen, could rightly apprehend and set forth all the involved theologies and ecclesiastical contentions which Irving's biographer must needs chronicle and review. That any woman should have done so in a thoroughly methodical and exhaustive way would have been little short of a miracle. That

[1] "The Life of Edward Irving; Illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence." By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862.

Mrs. Oliphant has done it in a way clear, reverent, and unaffected, is one of her highest distinctions—perhaps her very highest literary distinction. Her work is admirable: here and there a little too detailed and lovingly minute, as was natural in a female biographer; but, on the whole, presenting a most living, consistent, vivid picture of Irving. The history of the whole theological conflict of the period in Scottish Church Annals which embraces Irving's career, detached from its mere personal and biographic accidents, has yet to be written. Those who know anything of that period will know to whom we refer when we say that there is but one man now living who could do it full justice—whose personal engagement in the struggle and knowledge of its heroes, whose breadth of culture, and wealth of historic and theologic lore, would enable him to describe it in all its manifold relations to antecedent and subsequent forms of speculation and belief. We trust such a full and philosophic history may yet be written. For that period in Scotch Church History—in the rather obscure history of a small and poor Church — was one whose echoes are rolling still over Protestant Christendom.

As it is, we accept, very thankfully, Mrs. Oliphant's two volumes, and we shall proceed to indicate the leading points and aspects of the remarkable history they chronicle.

Born in August, 1792, at Annan, hard by the swift-flowing Solway, Edward Irving grew up amid the shadows of those green and grey Dumfriesshire hills, where the martyrs of the Covenant fought and fell, and where the lonely cairn still marks their resting-place here and there along the braes. The society around was *douce* and orderly, with a tinge of the old Covenanting gravity about it, and still with the traditions of the persecutions supplying the place of grander epics or older story by the homely *ingles*. Mrs. Oliphant draws a pretty sketch, like one of Creswick's, of the boy Irving wending, of a Sunday afternoon, "amid the little band of "patriarchs, through hedgerows fragrant "with every succession of blossom, to "where the low, grey hills closed in "around that little hamlet of Ecclefechan, "forgotten shrine of some immemorial "Celtic saint—a scene not grandly pic-"turesque, but full of a sweet pastoral "freedom and solitude; the hills rising "grey against the sky, with slopes of "springy turf where the sheep pastured, "and shepherds of an antique type "pondered the ways of God with men; "the road crossed at many a point, and "sometimes accompanied, by tiny brook-"lets, too small to claim a separate "name, tinkling unseen among the grass "and underwood. . . . This country "gleams with a perpetual youth. The "hills rise clear and wistful through the "sharp air—this, with its Roman camp "indented on its side, that with its "melancholy Repentance Tower stand-"ing out upon the height; the moor "brightens forth, as one approaches, into "sweet breaks of heather, and golden "clumps of gorse; the burns sing "in a never-failing liquid cheerfulness "through all their invisible courses; "the quiet hamlets and cottages breath-"ing forth that aromatic betrayal of all "their warm turf fires. Place in this "landscape that grave group upon the "way, bending their steps to the rude "meeting-house in which their austere "worship was to be celebrated, holding "discourse as they approached upon "subjects not so much of religious "feeling as of high metaphysical "theology, with the boy among them, "curiously attracted by their talk, timing "his elastic footsteps to their heavy "tread, and always specially impressed "by the grey fathers of that world "which dawns all fresh and dewy upon "his own vision."

From these placid landscapes and from this patriarchal society, whence he carried with him the germ of that Old-World stateliness of speech and manner which afterwards distinguished him, Irving went to Edinburgh College, whence Carlyle describes him returning, after having travelled through a "whole "wonder-land of knowledge, with col-

"lege prizes, high character and pro-
"mise; nothing but joy, health, hope-
"fulness without end, looking out from
"the blooming young man." We then see him teaching mathematics in the burgh school of Haddington, arguing high theological problems with the orthodox minister, and provoking the prophecy from the prescient medical man of the town, "That youth will scrape a hole in everything he is called to believe." Then he goes to Kirkaldy, where he opens a school, and, in the exercise of a somewhat Spartan discipline, "skelps" his pupils so atrociously that the shrieks of their torment made day hideous in the surrounding lanes. On one occasion, indeed, a carpenter from over the way is reported to have appeared at the door of the school-room, with his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and an axe upon his shoulder, asking, with dreadful irony, "Do ye want a hand the day, Mr. Irving?" Notwithstanding these inflictions, however, the school prospered, and the teacher was loved and honoured. Presently he enters the Church, and begins to preach, but without much "acceptance," as it is called in Scotland—the hard-headed Presbyterian critics deciding that the "young laud had ower muckle gran'eur." And, though he gave up the school, and devoted himself to his new work, it was not till after a long time that he found a sphere of regular duty. He had, indeed, too much grandeur to suit the common necessities of common life, and after-years were only to make too painfully plain the truth of the unconscious Kirkaldy prophecy. At last, in autumn, 1819, he became "assistant" to Dr. Chalmers, in Glasgow, and began his duties in that mart of iron and cotton, with an apostolic enthusiasm and air of stately authority that disconcerted the sober Glasgow idea of the minister's "helper." The steady-going Glasgow folk accorded him a certain measure of respect and regard as the great Doctor's assistant; but it is evident they neither liked his ways nor understood his preaching. "I took him for a cavalry officer," said one, scandalized that the assistant should be the grandest-looking man in the town. "It was very peculiar," observed another, "that, every house Mr. "Irving went into, he should pause on "the threshold, and say, 'Peace be to "this house;'" while a kind of charity, which made him melt down a legacy he received into one-pound notes, one of which he distributed in his perambulations daily till the bequest was exhausted, was far too practical to find any better "acceptance" than the grandeur of his preachings.

After two or three years' labour in Glasgow he was removed to the wider sphere of London, and became minister of the little Caledonian Chapel in Hatton Garden. Here it was that, in an independent position—ordained priest and pastor of his own Church and flock—with a loftier and purer enthusiasm for his Master's cause, and grander estimate of the dignity of his own office than had often stimulated the energies of Presbyterian minister before, he began to utter his messages. He flashed forth from the obscurity of his small chapel and humble office—"the messenger," to use Carlyle's words, "of truth in an age of shams;" one standing up amid the "crooked and perverse generation," to speak to it of the Eternal and Divine, "as the spirit and power of Elias." Not only did he speedily rally around himself a compact body of Scottish hearers; but the whole of London was stirred to its depths by his burning words. All that was greatest, fairest, best in London, was soon surging, in one eager weekly wave, round Hatton Garden. "Sir James "Mackintosh had been, by some unex-
"pected circumstance, led to hear the
"new preacher, and heard Irving in his
"prayer describe an unknown family
"of orphans belonging to the obscure
"congregation as now 'thrown upon
"the fatherhood of God.' The words
"seized upon the mind of the philoso-
"pher, and he repeated them to Canning,
"who 'started,' as Mackintosh relates,
"and made an instant engagement to
"accompany his friend to the Scotch
"church on the following Sunday.
"Shortly after, a discussion took place

"in the House of Commons, in which "the revenues of the Church were re- "ferred to, and the necessary mercantile "relation between high talent and good "pay insisted upon. Canning told the "House that so far from universal was "this rule that he himself had lately "heard a Scotch minister, trained in one "of the most poorly endowed of Churches, "and established in one of her outlying "dependencies, possessed of no endow- "ment at all, preach the most eloquent ser- "mon that he had ever listened to. The "curiosity awakened by this speech is "said to have been the first beginning of "that invasion of society which startled "Hatton Garden out of itself."

The spectacle is so strange of this intellectual, critical, fashionable London crowd pressing, Sunday after Sunday, into the narrow pews of the little Scotch kirk, listening to the plain Scotch psalmody and the long Scotch prayers, and with a rapt attention, for two hours or so at a time, to the protracted preaching (for Irving never had any notion of measuring his message by *time*), that it will be well to mark what was the actual cause of this extraordinary attraction. Without doubt, it was, primarily, Irving himself—the man just as he stood and spoke in his pulpit, tall in stature, grand in presence, raven-locked, with a voice of wonderful music, and eyes, the one of which, as some one said to his great delight, had the gleam of the eye of one of Salvator Rosa's Bandits, the other of that of a Salvator Mundi. There he stood, whole-hearted, apostolic-authoritative; intensely human and earnest, before *earnest* became the hackneyed word it is now; look and voice, tone and gesture, all giving the world "assurance of a *man*."

But the attraction was owing to something more than this. In a time when truth was but feebly spoken, when Christian faith was not too strong and vital, he stood up, and spoke to his generation, and (recognising his fit mission) to the heads and leaders of his generation—to the sages and peers and senators who thronged round him—out of the fulness of an intense conviction. And this conviction was the conviction of that truth which, in his preface to the "Doctrine of Sacrifice," Mr. Maurice says he learnt from Edward Irving—a truth once held strongly by his old Covenanting forefathers, but now feebly overlaid with the formalities of a Calvinistic creed—that there was a "Living "Being, the Ruler of the Earth, the "Standard of Righteousness, the Orderer "of men's acts in all the common rela- "tions of life; the want of which belief "is the cause of all feebleness and immo- "rality in our age." And, as he stood forth to proclaim this, his was not the dull doctrinal discoursing which went by the name of "Evangelical" preaching in the pulpits of those days, but the outpouring of the soul of one who, "spurred at heart with fieriest energy," shot his "arrows of lightning" at whatever social, or intellectual, or religious falsehood and disorder offended his lofty sense of right and wrong. The vices of the rich rather than the vices of the poor, the time-serving of the political world, the errors of the intellectual, the shams of the religious—all were passed in stern review in those high arguments and orations of righteousness and of judgment to come, which roused London from its propriety and indifferentism, and broke, with a specially startling crash, upon the decorous slumber of the "religious world."

But it was not only this consciousness of a prophetic burden that chained his hearers to Irving. They saw in him too a man who, with a faith above that of bishop or patriarch, believed in his own apostleship, his own divine commission. There was always in him, curiously enough, even to the last, a more than Presbyterian doggedness of devotion to the Kirk of Scotland, combined with a higher than most High Churchmen's belief in the divine origin, character, and significance of the Church, its priesthood, and its sacraments. As regards the sacraments indeed, his teaching was identical with, and no doubt gave a great stimulus to, that which was afterwards developed among the "Tractarians" of Oxford.

And, in his own opinion, no bishop inherited a more undoubted episcopate than he. He, the minister of the Scotch Kirk in Hatton Garden, was the bishop of that "ecclesia;" his kirk-session the presbyters; his deacons as truly deacons as Stephen and Philip of old. The whole "threefold ministry" was fully represented, and worked in perfect harmony, and, as he believed, in unbroken Apostolic Order, within the circle of his own congregation. With the consciousness of all this apostolic and episcopal dignity and authority, he preached loftily on the Sundays from the ungainly pulpit, which his kingly imagination sublimed into a throne as grand as that of Athanasius; and he moved in the week-days through the streets and lanes of London, on his ceaseless errand of charity, not the poor minister of a struggling Presbyterian chapel, but a brother of bishops, and heir of the Apostles.

A man like this could not but speedily make his impress felt, and win from his generation "the scorn of scorn, the love of love." He was a new power, a new influence in London; and, when people had a cause to gain, they tried to enlist this mighty voice on their side, thinking that its utterances could no doubt be trained to the common uses and expediencies of the world, and to take its part in defending the popular compact which even Religious Societies do not disdain to make between God and Mammon. But it would not do. They take him to their Missionary Meetings, where he hears an Evangelical orator proclaiming that "the first requisite of the modern Missionary is *prudence*, and the second *prudence*, and the third *prudence*;" and then they hear him, from the pulpit where he is asked to plead their cause, idealizing, in those stately periods which he seemed to have learnt to frame at the feet of Milton and Hooker, the picture of no modern prudent Missionary, but of the burning Evangelist, the hero of the Cross, going forth without staff and scrip, thinking nothing of subscriptions, with no vision of edified crowds in Exeter Hall, but caring only "to spend and to be spent" in the Master's cause. The man who could thus discourse (and that for *three hours and a half*), and who could then publish his oration, inscribing it to "his dear and honoured friend, Samuel Taylor Coleridge," could clearly find little sympathy in the fold of the orthodox. He was cast in another mould than that of the age he lived in. To its prudent vision he seemed out of joint. And yet, perhaps, imprudent and visionary as he seemed, he was in harmony with a higher truth, and sounder wisdom than those of the world around him! That world certainly in eighteen centuries had made wonderful improvements on the simple model to which his soul was true.

That such a ministry as Irving's should have continued, season after season, to enjoy its first absolute and uninterrupted influence and popularity, would have been impossible. The enormous length of his sermons was enough to exhaust both. That it did not do so earlier is a striking proof of his unrivalled power in oratory. By-and-by, however, we hear of mild remonstrances from his elders—silenced with the absolute wilful authoritativeness which was characteristic of him. "They came to speak of *time*," he writes after a meeting of his kirk-session, "and then I "told them they must talk no more to me "concerning the ministry of the word, "for I would submit to no authority in "that matter but the authority of the "Church, from which also I would take "liberty to appeal if it gainsaid my "conscience. I am resolved that two "hours and a half I will have the "privilege of."

But another fault than that of the lengthiness came to be laid to the charge of Irving's sermons; which, by the time he opened his new church in Regent Square, early in 1827, no longer drew the fashionable crowds that used to besiege Hatton Garden. The whisper of heterodoxy arose. It was said he was heterodox on a cardinal point of doctrine —the human nature of our Lord.

It would be interesting, were it possible, to trace a nexus of logical deve-

lopment in Irving's theological belief. But it is impossible. He was not led by logical sequences. "Oh," he said once to his friend Campbell, "you see all the angles of a subject; but I have a great *instinct of truth.*" There was, indeed, about much of Irving's action and belief a lofty unreasonableness—a vein, one might almost say, of sublime madness—in which he vindicated to himself his own consistency, but which was to common minds unintelligible. At all events we do not see any natural development in his views, or why one succeeded another in the order they assumed. At first, as we have said, an earnest preacher of righteousness, he became, at the hint of Mr. Hatley Frere, an enthusiastic student of prophecy—a member of the Albury School of the Prophets, and a foreteller of the speedy return of the Lord. Then again, and with equal fervour, he became the expounder of the human nature of the Lord.

At this juncture the cry of heresy was raised. Strange jealousy of orthodoxy! He might indulge unchallenged in any vagaries he chose in the field of Prophecy unchallenged; but he is pounced upon as soon as he touches what was, to all his accusers, a point of abstract scholastic theology, but to him the very core and life of all his creed. What *he did hold* was the perfect union of Christ with man—His assumption of our very nature, and that He preserved that nature sinless through the power of the Holy Spirit, and not in virtue of any exceptional sinlessness of its own. What he *was accused of holding* was what was called, with a wilful perverseness, "the Sinfulness and Corruption of our Lord's Human Nature." This was a misrepresentation. What Irving in effect maintained was that, if our Lord's humanity was not the same as ours, His sympathy with man must have been a fiction. He may for us, and in our nature, have overcome the world and the devil, but not *the flesh.* "This," says Mrs. Oliphant, "was the very essence of Irving's belief." And when, from unexpected quarters everywhere round him, he discovered that other men, that his fathers and brethren in his own Church, disavowed this central view which gave life and reality to the Gospel, it went to his heart like a personal affliction. It was not that they differed from him on a controverted subject. To him it appeared that they denied the Lord the deepest heart of Divine grace and pity. The real, unspeakable redemption seemed to Irving overlooked and despised when this wonderful identity of nature was disputed.

He was entering now into the thick of the weary battle, from which, during this life, he was to have no discharge. The heresy cry assumed a more decided tone. He is first brought to the bar of the presbytery of London, and charged, by the three or four nameless ministers who constituted that court, with false doctrine. He takes "the somewhat lofty and wilful step" of denying their jurisdiction, since he had been ordained, not by them, but by a presbytery within the bounds of Scotland. This was in the end of 1830. But the matter was not to rest here. In May, 1831, his treatises on Christ's Human Nature were formally condemned by the General Assembly—the same court that had deposed Campbell of Row for preaching a free pardon and a universal atonement. No heavier blow could have fallen on one so loyally devoted to his mother Church than this.

Here, perhaps, when we come in direct contact with the great questions which in those days the popular councils of the Scottish Church so rudely and rashly decided, we feel that our guide is somewhat perplexed by the intricacies of her way. Besides the lack of exact method—inevitable, probably, in a feminine biographer, who must needs digress from the most abstract heights to chronicle the birth of a baby, or the minutiæ of a summer excursion—we can see that Mrs. Oliphant has been mildly discomforted by the unwonted theological problems that she has had to deal with. We, for our part, have not space here to enter into them; and, looking at Irving's history as we wish to do from a broadly human rather than from a simply theological point of view, it is not necessary

that we should investigate these gravest matters.

Severed from his presbytery, condemned by the General Assembly, Irving still was supported by his faithful congregation and kirk-session, and preached enthusiastically as ever the Brotherhood of Christ. But even these links were soon to be broken. The stranger speculations and developments out of which sprang that particular "Church," which is now usually, but quite wrongly, called by his name, began to enthral him. He heard of the so-called "gifts" of "healing," and of "tongues," in the west of Scotland; and he believed in them with enthusiastic faith. Perhaps his worn and harassed spirit clung, with a sense of rest and satisfaction into which others cannot enter, to the belief that the Lord, in whose oneness with Himself he so fervently believed, was about again to reveal Himself to his Church, "as He did not unto the world;" but it seems strange that one who so lived by faith and not by sight should have believed that such visible and audible manifestations of the Spirit could indicate a loftier revelation, or a nearer union, than His daily silent influences. No "revelation" ever came through Irving's own lips—no "gift" was ever vouchsafed to him; and yet, with a heroic self-forgetful humility and faith, he believed in the inspiration of the obscure men and women whose prophesyings and speakings in tongues filled his Church with outcry and disorder. Their shoutings are to him the veritable voice of the Eternal Spirit; and, when at last he foresees that his kirk-session and his congregation are resolved to forbid these utterances within the Regent Square Church, it is on account of their blindness and hardness of heart that he grieves, and not because their resolution will result in his being a beggared and excommunicated man. "If I perish," he writes, "I perish. Let me die the death of the "righteous, and let my last end be like "his."

He was driven from the church in Regent Square at the instance of the trustees, and retired, with those who stood by him, to an empty hall, where he conducted a service of which the "utterances in power" were now a recognised part. Still he was not cut off from the communion of the Church of Scotland. But that last blow was about to fall. In March, 1833, he was summoned before the presbytery of Annan, by which he had been ordained, to answer to the old charge of heresy concerning Christ's Human Nature. Virtually the charge was not this, but the fact of his having permitted, in his congregation, the "utterances in power." But on this charge he was arraigned, and on this deposed, by the unknown junta of country ministers to whom the singular constitution of the Scottish Church committed the trial of her great son, and the decision of an all-important doctrine. And he was deposed, be it observed, in spite of his solemn declaration that he did not hold, and had never held, the doctrine obstinately imputed to him.

This was the beginning of the end. Heart and flesh began to faint and fail after this. He came back to London, weary, worn out, exclaiming, like his Lord, "Reproach hath broken my heart:" came back, not, as is popularly supposed, to become the Angel of the new "Church" —the inspired head of a new apostolate —but to stand humbly and reverently aside at the bidding of the "gifted," who forbade him even to exercise the office of an evangelist in their new society, and, with a sublime and forlorn faith and patience, to wait on the Lord if haply He might endue him, too, "His faithful servant and soldier," with some portion of the Spirit. "There he did stand," says Mrs. Oliphant, and the words paint his position, "absolute in a primitive heroic faith." "Other men "have founded sects to rule them; "Irving, no founder of a sect, came "forth through repeated anguish and "conflict, at the head of his community, "only to serve and to obey."

By-and-by, the "utterance in power" comes forth, and he, the *born* priest and prophet, is re-ordained by the self-

constituted apostle to be "angel" of the Church in London. He may open his closed lips once more—but only to be rebuked and silenced whenever the apostle shall deem fit. "It is plain to "see that this great, natural, real soul "was sadly in the way of those rapidly-"growing new conventionalities to which "only the conviction that they were "ordained by God could make him bow "his head, and was an embarrassing "presence to the lesser men around, "who knew not how to adapt their vest-"ments to the limbs of a giant." At last, in the autumn of 1834, he is dismissed from London, being ordered by "the Power" to go as a prophet to Scotland, and to do a good work there. He goes, and goes gladly. It must be an unconscious relief to him to escape from the entanglements of the London "Church." The free air of his fatherland will surely quicken his languid pulse; and, besides, is he not going to help to lay there the foundations of the city of God—that sublime unworldly Latter-Day ideal in which he still believes? But he is to learn that his ideal is not here, that the City of God is in Heaven. Unknowing, he is coming home to die. He reaches Glasgow, the scene of his first earnest Christian labours, and lies down on the bed of death. The "prophets" prophesy that he is not to die. Yet life is such a wasting burden to him now that he murmurs some sad words about "departing and being with Christ, which is far better." He is chidden for his lack of faith, and answers, "I have expressed to you my desire, not my expectation." Still, even in the twilight of the endless day, he clings with a desperate tenacity to what he believes is the voice and will of God. As the "wheels of being" grow slow, he is heard murmuring to himself the Hebrew measures of the twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." "As the current of life grew feebler and feebler," writes Mrs. Oliphant, with the direct simplicity of narrative and feeling which is always most pathetic, "a last "debate seemed to rise in that soul "which was now hidden with God. "They heard him murmuring to himself "in inarticulate argument, confusedly "struggling in his weakness to account "for this visible death which, at last, "his human faculties could no longer "refuse to believe in—perhaps touched "with ineffable trouble that his Master "had seemed to fail of His word and "promise. At last, that self-argument "came to a sublime conclusion in a "trust more strong than life or death. "As the gloomy December Sunday sank "into the night-shadows, his last audible "words on earth fell from his pale "lips. The last thing like a sentence "we could make out was, 'If I die, I die "unto the Lord. Amen!' And so, at "the wintry midnight hour which "ended that last Sabbath on earth, the "last bonds of mortal trouble dropped "asunder, and the saint and martyr "entered into the rest of his Lord."

"Amen!" He who had lived to God for so many hard and bitter years, enduring all the pangs of mortal trouble, in his Lord at last, with a sigh of unspeakable disappointment and consolation, contented himself to die. I know not how to add anything more to that last utterance, which rounds into a perfection beyond the reach of art this sorrowful and splendid life. So far as sight or sound could be had of him, to use his own touching words, he had "a good voyage," though in the night and dark. And again let us say, "Amen!"

Thus his life-battle ended—right bravely and faithfully fought through all those toilsome years in which he had seen his sublime ideas of right and truth gradually scorned and rejected by the Church and the world. He had preached righteousness in the great congregation; and Belial and Mammon were as dominant as before! He had unrolled the dark and splendid web of the Apocalypse; and men had laughed the revelation to scorn! He had proclaimed his Lord's oneness with our humanity; as the root and hope of all humanity, and the Church of his love had branded him as heretic and traitor! He had seen the dawning glory of "the

latter day," and had heard with the outward ear the very voice of God; and the dawn had faded, and the voice had spoken only to silence and wound and trouble him! It seemed all a failure; and so he died.

We have been led to speak so directly of Irving that we have almost forgotten his biographer; and we believe she will consider this her highest praise. Her book sets him forth so clearly, in his lofty individuality, that we think of *him* only while we read. She has cleared away many entanglements from around him; and, should the world forget, as it may, the authoress of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland," and "Zaidee," it will not forget the name of one who has performed so good an office for the great son of the modern Scottish Church. We wish we could enter more fully into the results of his life and teaching. Could we do so, we should see how wide these results have been—how his teaching regarding Sacraments and Church Orders is reproduced in the High Churchism of England at the present day; how his teaching regarding the restored "gifts" created the possibility of that new "Catholic and Apostolic" Church, of whose development we believe he was the victim, and to which his life was sacrificed; how his teaching regarding the Brotherhood of Christ, along with that of Mr. Campbell regarding the Fatherhood of God, was the germ of all the deepest teaching of the Broad Church now; above all, how the spectacle of his life, his words and works, was a sign to his generation, a witness that quickened the religious life of Britain throughout all its borders.

He sleeps now within the crypt of the magnificent Cathedral of Glasgow. In the narrow window that lights his resting place a relative has placed a figure of the Baptist, portrayed with more of Christian feeling and reality of life than are common in Protestant religious art. It is a fit mask for the grave of one who spoke and lived "in the spirit and power of Elias." Had he been laid there a thousand years ago, his tomb would have been a famous shrine. In the nineteenth century, it is seldom gazed at but with self-satisfied pity. We stood by it six days ago. The Glasgow sightseers were stumbling about through the sacred immemorial gloom of that majestic crypt, their hats on their heads, careless, unimpressed. Without the walls, the rush and whirl of the toiling city echoed in the distance.

R. S.

## ENGLISH POETS IN ITALY: MRS. BROWNING'S LAST POEMS.

BY A. WILSON.

It is no wonder that so many great poets have fled from the busy life and dull skies of England to Italy, with its brighter stars and deeper blue, its darker sea and whiter waves, its wilder mountains and more perfect valleys, its exquisite paintings, its grand ruins, its dread memories, its mingled loveliness and desolation. Ever the imagination of the poet seeks after

> "More pellucid streams,
> An ampler ether, a diviner air,
> And fields invested with purpureal gleams:"

ever it seeks to escape from ordinary environment to the scenes of an intenser life, where there are darker shades and more dazzling light, where instead of the grotesque there appears romance, and mean cares are displaced by grave tragedies.

The relationship between Italy and English poetry has sometimes been very powerful and strikingly characteristic of the times in which it existed. In the earlier part of the middle ages, the experts who went from this country to the

Italian schools could scarcely be called bards, though they often expounded their theses with a vehement, impassioned logic. We soon find, however, a first great link in the person of the father of English poetry himself—

"Chaucer, of all admired"—

Than whom, said Francis Beaumont,

"A poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent."

Little is known about his visits to Genoa, Lombardy, and Florence, except that they were made specially for diplomatico-commercial purposes; but it was on these states of Northern Italy that the dawn of letters first broke; and Chaucer could not fail to be moved by the poems of Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, which were then in all Italian mouths. The rhythm, as well as the subject-matter, of many of the Canterbury Tales was taken from Italy, and much also of their bantering hostility to the clergy.

When Milton, in his prime of youthful manhood, visited Italy, he had already written the noble lines—

"Yet some there be that with due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
Which opes the palace of eternity."

It was in the spirit of that aspiration, with the full consciousness of genius, with his highly trained powers under complete control, and with all the resources of a ripe scholarship, that he sought its august ruins, and mingled with its living celebrities. No passionate poetic fervour drew him thither, as was the case with Byron and Shelley, but the deliberate resolve of a calm majestic mind, desirous of completing the culture which was necessary to the just possession of the golden key. It was in Italy that Milton perfected himself for his great twofold work. That "stranger from the shores of the farthest ocean," with his calm English eyes and great white brow, required to mingle with Italian nobles, and learn something of the subtlety of Machiavelli, in order to carry out the designs of the English ruler who made every court of Europe tremble. It was well that he whose own days were to close in poverty and darkness had the opportunity of meeting blind Galileo, and so anticipating the woes which form part of a starry fate. He could never have given such distinct visible form to the beings who dwell in the "regions of sorrow," and those who knew the "sanctities of heaven," had he not seen and loved the creations of Italy's poet-painters.

The English poets who visited Italy in the last century were scarcely able to bring back anything from that country. Addison was lucky, having obtained "a yearly "pension of three hundred pounds from "the Crown to assist him in his travels;" but his letters on Italy are simply those of a scholar and graceful writer. It is a wonder that no modern traveller has availed himself of them in order to make a classical reputation for himself. Goldsmith was supposed to have taken his medical degree at Padua, and seems to have thoroughly understood the political state of Italy in his day; but, in all likelihood, his extreme poverty prevented him from enjoying its more poetical aspects. How admirably he hits off the Italian character of that time in the lines:—

"Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew!"

He saw Italy in its very worst state, suffering from all the evils

"That opulence departed leaves behind;"

and the miserable spectacle appears to have made a profound impression on his mind; for the most powerful passages of his verse are employed in denouncing the "plethoric ill" which commerce brings, and pointing out

"How wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land."

The author of "Roderick Random" also visited Italy, and was buried at Leghorn, where the inscription on his monument declares that he was an example of the virtue of former times. It was not likely that such an example

could see much to admire in Italy; and, besides, poor Smollett was wretchedly ill when there, and his "Travels" provoked the satire of Sterne, who said that "the learned Smelfungus" did not so much describe the objects he saw as give an account of his own miserable feelings.

Coleridge, though, as Mr. Mill says, one of the great seminal minds of his age, appears to be in a fair way of enjoying the blessed privilege of "no biography," and it is difficult to discover how far his Italian travels extended. Once in Malta, where he was secretary to Sir Alexander Ball in 1804 and 1805, I tried to hunt up recollections of him, and found an elderly gentleman in a Government office who had known him, and described him as of a dead-white complexion, with flowing hair, large brow and dreamy eyes. This Maltese mentioned that on one occasion, when a frigate called for despatches and Coleridge was instructed to write them, Sir Alexander Ball sent several messages for them, without getting any satisfactory reply. At last my informant went, and he found the dreamer with his coat off, and a huge peacock's feather in his hand, writing in a great heat—but poetry and not despatches. Hardly could the message be delivered; for the bard, excited by the presence of an auditor, started up, waved the paper and cleared his throat. "But the despatches, sir?" faltered out the horrified Maltese. "Oh! never mind the despatches," said Coleridge; "just listen to this poetry I have been writing;" so he waved the paper again, advanced a step, and had just commenced with a rotund voice, when the door opened, and Sir Alexander himself entered. Scenes such as these soon led to the resignation of Coleridge's secretaryship, and it was then that he visited Italy. It is extremely unlikely, however, that he got any farther than Naples. I should like to have seen "the rapt one of the godlike forehead" in the hands of the Neapolitan doganieri, guides, beggars and thieves of that corrupt time. Fancy Coleridge, with his dreamy eyes and classical recollections, sauntering through the narrow streets of the city disinterred, with the crowd that would follow him as surely as sharks gather round a dilapidated ship! We know that in a short time he found himself friendless and moneyless in Naples, and was taken to England by an American captain, who gave him a free passage for the sake of his marvellous conversation.

When Wordsworth was afloat on the Italian lakes, his deeper thoughts still remained by the side of Grasmere, and his "Memorials" of Italy are scarcely worthy of himself or of the subjects on which he touched. For a moment his fancy was awakened by Milan's lofty spire, and he stood with earnest reverence by the Sasso di Dante; but the poetry which he produced in Italy might, with the exception of a few local colours, have been suggested by almost any other land. It is not among the ruins of Rome or the galleries of art that we can best conceive his presence; but reclining in Vallombrosa's shadiest wood, remembering Milton's lonely vigils, or wandering with elastic steps among the higher Apennines, himself as sunburnt and healthy as the athletic contadini whom he met, trotting down the steepest paths on their sure-footed steeds.

Passing over Sir Walter Scott's visit to Italy in his dying months; the graceful, fastidious, but rather pale sketches of Rogers; Leigh Hunt's exquisite tale of Rimini; and Landor's masculine but classic productions; we come to the three great poets by whom Italy and England have been indissolubly connected. Of Keats in Rome, it can only be said that he there became subject to the dread king, who

"Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay;"

but his grave would always have been dear to the many travellers from this country, even had it not been for the other and more precious tomb beside it, where the ashes of Shelley repose. All his poems breathe the spirit of "the warm South;" and his "languishment for skies Italian" indicated a necessity of his nature, which was gratified too late to save him. In

Byron and Shelley we have two English poets, of the very highest order, intimately connected with Italy by their residence there, their sympathy with its political movement, their love of its scenery, their descriptions of its works of art, the melancholy which consumed their souls, and the sudden fate by which they were early overtaken. In both there was that intensity of thought, feeling, and passion, which finds in Italy a congenial environment, and which exhausts the vital powers before the term of middle life. Shelley, it is said, could not have lived for two years more, had he not been lost in the Gulf of Spezzia; and some time before Byron expired, at Missolonghi, the rising mists of death had "veiled the lightnings of his song." "Che non arde, non incende," says an Italian proverb. If the one poet stood in closer relation to absolute truth and was robed in purer and more dazzling light, the other realized better the fierce passions of humanity, and lit up the facts of past history with the wild flame of his imagination. Shelley, who was incapable of an envious thought, expressed his extreme admiration for Byron, and associated him with Venice, in the wonderful burst of music:—

"Perish! let there only be
Floating o'er thy breathless sea,
As the garment of thy sky
Clothes the world immortally,
One remembrance more sublime
Than the tattered pall of time
Which scarce hides thy visage wan;
That a tempest-cleaving swan,
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee, and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprung
From his lips like music flung
In a mighty thunder-fit,
Chastening terror. What though yet
Poesy's unfailing river,
Which through Albion winds for ever,
Lashing with melodious wave
Many a sacred poet's grave,
Mourn its latest nursling fled;
What though those, with all thy dead,
Scarce can for this fame repay
Ought thine own—oh, rather say,
Though thy sins and sorceries foul
Overcloud a sunlike soul,
As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander's wasting springs;
As divinest Shakspeare's might
Fills Avon and the world with light,
Like omniscient power, which he
Imaged 'mid mortality;
As the love from Petrarch's urn
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
A quenchless lamp by which the heart
Sees things unearthly; so thou art,
Mighty spirit! so shall be
The city that did refuge thee."

It is questionable whether Byron ever understood the celestial younger brother who flitted round him like a being from some more spiritual world; and no fit requiem can be sung for Alastor till another messenger like himself comes to earth from afar; for—

"Silence, too, enamoured of that voice,
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell."

As Shelley and Byron fitly found a home, and one a grave, in Italy in its darkest hour, so was it also well that the poetical connexion between that country and England was continued in recent years by a poetess who had much of their earnestness and grief without their despair, who believed in God, who trusted the people, and who was allowed to see Italia in great part delivered and ennobled. Italy has had not a few celebrated women of its own, who united the attainments of the scholar with the heart of the poet; and the burning pages of Corinne and Consuelo have shown how it has inspired the imagination of the most richly endowed of the daughters of France; but the English poetess who has now found there "a grave among the eternal," brought to it a purer and a loftier fame.

It would be easy to take exception to the poems of Mrs. Barrett Browning; but no work is more unprofitable than that kind of criticism, and no poet is raised above it. It may be safely left to those writers—always themselves barren—who have taken upon themselves to improve the race by finding fault with the children of their neighbours. After all reasonable, and not a few unreasonable exceptions are taken, there indubitably remain, in witness of Mrs. Browning's powers, a few compositions almost perfect

in themselves, and much high poetry in which tender feeling and profound thought are expressed in glowing, impassioned imagery. Nor is any great effort of criticism required to see that the defects of her poetry are almost necessarily associated with its most striking beauties. Her readers will not forget the touching references which occur throughout her works to the suffering and languor of her life, great part of which was passed on beds of almost fatal sickness. She literally had to live "shouldering weights of pain," and described herself as—

> "A poor tired wandering singer, singing through
> The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree."

In her dedication to her father many years ago, she desires him to bear witness that, if the art of poetry had been a less earnest object to her, it must have fallen from her exhausted hands. Again, she exclaims—

> "I count the dismal time by months and years
> Since last I felt the green sward under foot."

With truthful pathos she addresses a child—

> "And God knows, who sees us twain,
> Child at childish leisure,
> I am near as tired of pain
> As you seem of pleasure."

And she recorded some of the deepest longings of her heart, when she penned the exquisite lines commencing—

> "Of all the thoughts of God that are
> Borne inward unto souls afar,
> Along the Psalmist's music deep,
> Now tell me if that any is
> For gift or grace surpassing this—
> 'He giveth His beloved sleep?'"

Forbid that I should recall these passages in apology for Mrs. Browning's poetry. She herself would never have done so; but they may serve to indicate wherein the peculiar charm of that poetry lies, and how far that was necessarily associated with what may be considered its defects. Shakspeare understood that those speak truth "who breathe their thoughts in pain;" and it was because Mrs. Browning suffered so much, and was cut off from so many of the enjoyments of life, that she penetrated so deeply into the inner, essential meaning of the subjects on which she touched, and expressed her thoughts regarding them with so much compression, force, and fervour. On her bed of pain and languor she turned with intenser longing and stronger faith towards the great ideas which underlie and support the efforts of humanity. The soul, love, faith, nationality, man, the sacrifice of Christ, the mystic power of the Holy Spirit, and the benign but awful presence of the unseen Father, became revealed to her as great living realities, redeeming the troubled life of earth, vindicating the ways of Providence, and giving assurance of a more perfect future. I do not mean to say that Mrs. Browning was at all perfect as an artist, or, as a poetic thinker, occupied the highest points of view. Her works are wanting in that deep calm which floats like the blue of eternity over the masterpieces of Homer, Shakspeare, and Goethe. Her mind was ever on the strain, to use a familiar term; there may have been in it even a strong tinge of false romance; and the effort to express her conceptions may have been at times spasmodic and unequal. But these are characteristics of all earnest poets of her class; for, in the dim and perilous region of ideas, thought can light up the darkness only by flashes of intense light.

It is not my design, however, to undertake any general criticism of Mrs. Browning's powers and poetical position, much less to attempt to discriminate between what is true and false in her views of earth and heaven. Like the "Little Mattie" of one of these Last Poems—

> "She has seen the mystery hid
> Under Egypt's pyramid:
> By those eyelids pale and close
> Now she knows what Rhamses knows."

Here the last products of her genius lie before us, and I desire to speak of them neither as a critic nor as a worshipper, but yet, I trust, with something of that love which it is always well to feel for the last touch of a vanished hand, and the last sound of a voice that is still. If Mrs. Browning's Last Poems had

been like the broken words and faltering accents that usually come from those who stand in the shadow of the greater night, they would still have been dear; but the truth is, that shadow hung so over her whole life, that it does not seem to have specially affected her powers at the last. There is one poem in this volume, called "My Heart and I," which may, perhaps, though not uttered in her own person, be understood as confessing to a feeling of exhaustion, and may have been called forth by the reception which was accorded to her Poems before Congress. One stanza runs—

"How tired we feel, my heart and I!
We seem of no use in the world;
Our fancies hang grey and uncurled
About men's eyes indifferently;
Our voice, which thrilled you so, will let
You sleep; our tears are only wet:
What do we here, my heart and I?"

A poet, however, is always liable to be occasionally misunderstood or disregarded; and these last verses by Mrs. Browning are not likely to meet with such a fate, they contain so much true poetry, and yet are often so clear and simple. Who has not known a girl like "My Kate," who is thus tenderly portrayed?—

"She was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best made of sunshine and snow
Drop to shade, melt to nought in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days—
My Kate.

"Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace;
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face:
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—
My Kate.

"Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke:
When she did, so peculiar, yet soft, was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—
My Kate.

"She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right, and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown—
My Kate.

"None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall:
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all:
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt as she went—
My Kate."

The poem entitled "De Profundis" is in Mrs. Browning's highest devotional strain, and may compare favourably with any passages in her "Drama of Exile," and also with Tennyson's "Two Voices," of which it sometimes recalls the cadence, and to which it bears a very distant resemblance. The speaker has suffered one of those great losses which make earth no longer our home; for—

"The face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With hourly love, is dimmed away—
And yet my days go on, go on."

Thus deprived of what alone made life dear, she exclaims, in her great agony—

"The world goes whispering to its own,
'This anguish pierces to the bone;'
And tender friends go sighing round,
'What love can ever cure this wound?'
My days go on, my days go on.

"The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended! Ended bliss,
And life that will not end in this!
My days go on, my days go on.

"Breath freezes on my lips to moan:
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

"I knock and cry, Undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort, none?
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on."

Only the thought of Divine suffering and love can relieve such woe—

"— A Voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

"God's voice, not Nature's! Night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne,
And listens for the creatures' praise.
What babble we of days and days?
The Day-spring He, whose days go on.

"He reigns above, He reigns alone,
Systems burn out, and leave His throne:
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amidst all—
Ancient of Days, whose days go on."

By that anguish which made pale the sun, His creatures are charged never to blaspheme against Him with despair; and before His supreme love and chief misery, the widowed sufferer is enabled to cry—

"I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on."

"Bianca among the Nightingales," the most perfectly artistic poem in the volume, is in a very different strain from the two just referred to. It treats of impassioned love, driven to madness by the unfaithfulness of its object, and casting the dreadful light of that grief and passion on all the surrounding objects of nature. This subject has had a singular fascination for many great poets, and is naturally treated in a lyric form, as in the mad rhymes of Ophelia, Margaret's pathetic songs in Faust, and Tennyson's "Mariana in the Moated Grange." In her expression of it Mrs. Browning may compare, not disadvantageously, even with these masters; and the following opening stanzas could scarcely be surpassed—

"The cypress stood up like a church
That night we felt our love would hold,
And saintly moonlight seemed to search
And wash the whole world clean as gold;
The olives crystallized the vales'
Broad slopes until the hills grew strong;
The fire-flies and the nightingales
Throbbed each to either, flame and song,
The nightingales, the nightingales.

"Upon the angle of its shade
The cypress stood, self-balanced high;
Half up, half down, as double-made,
Along the ground, against the sky.
And *we*, too! from such soul height, went
Such leaps of blood, so blindly driven,
We scarce knew if our nature meant
Most passionate earth or intense heaven.
The nightingales, the nightingales.

"We paled with love, we shook with love,
We kissed so close, we could not vow;
Till Giulio whispered, 'Sweet, above
God's ever guaranties this now.'
And through His words the nightingales
Drove straight and full their long clear call,
Like arrows through heroic mails,
And love was awful in it all.
The nightingales, the nightingales.

"O cold white moonlight of the North,
Refresh these pulses, quench this hell!
O coverture of death drawn forth
Across this garden-chamber . . . well!
But what have nightingales to do
In gloomy England, called the free . . .
(Yes, free to die in!) when we two
Are sundered, singing still to me?
The nightingales, the nightingales."

Bianca fondly believed that, as man has only one soul, so it is intended he should only have one love; but then "souls are damned and love's profaned" occasionally; and an English lady, with white and pink, gold ringlets and grace of limb, enters into her sorrowful dream—

"My native Florence! dear, foregone!
I see across the Alpine ridge
How the last feast-day of Saint John
Shot rockets from Carraia bridge.
The luminous city, tall with fire,
Trod deep down in that river of ours,
While many a boat with lamp and choir
Skimmed bird-like over glittering towers.
I will not hear these nightingales.

"I seem to float, *we* seem to float
Down Arno's stream in festive guise;
A boat strikes flame into our boat,
And up that lady seems to rise
As then she rose. The shock had flashed
A vision on us! What a head,
What leaping eyeballs! beauty dashed
To splendour by a sudden dread.
And still they sing, the nightingales."

As the song goes on Bianca becomes wilder, but in the end her voice rises faint and sick, while the nightingales still follow her into the tomb—

"Giulio, my Giulio! sing they so,
And you be silent? Do I speak,
And you not hear? An arm you throw
Round some one, and I feel so weak?
—Oh owl-like birds! They sing for spite,
They sing for hate, they sing for doom!

They'll sing through death who sing through night,
They'll sing and stun me in the tomb—
The nightingales, the nightingales."

It is so long since the bark of St. Peter has been heaving in troubled seas, that one gets hopeless of seeing either any end to it, or any improvement in its condition. Mrs. Browning in 1861, like Vittoria Colonna early in the sixteenth century, saw that bark on a "*mare turbato*," but how grand was this vision which loomed in *her* imagination over the Roman Campagna!—

"Over the dumb Campagna-sea,
Out in the offing through mist and rain,
Saint Peter's Church heaves silently,
Like a mighty ship in pain,
Facing the tempest with struggle and strain.

"Motionless waifs of ruined towers,
Soundless breakers of desolate land;
The sullen surf of the mist devours
That mountain range upon either hand,
Eaten away from its outline grand.

"And over the dumb Campagna-sea
Where the ship of the Church heaves on to wreck,
Alone and silent as God must be,
The Christ walks. Ay, but Peter's neck
Is stiff to turn on the foundering wreck.

"Peter, Peter! if such be thy name,
Now leave the ship for another to steer,
And, proving thy faith evermore the same,
Come forth, tread out through the dark and drear,
Since He who walks on the sea is here."

To the last the political state of Italy engaged Mrs. Browning's warmest sympathies; and some of these poems refer to it in stirring language. We have Garibaldi hesitating after the cession of Nice, Victor Emmanuel entering Florence, an Italian girl parting with her lover who goes to the national war, and Laurio Savio, an Italian poetess, mourning over her two sons—.

"One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea."

Victor Emmanuel is excused from keeping the graves of his fathers because he quailed not from his own; and the argument against him is well thrown back upon his more common-place detractors in the apostrophe—

"For *thee*—through the dim Hades-portal
The dream of a voice—'Blessed thou
Who hast made all thy race twice immortal!
No need of the sepulchres now!
Left to Bourbons and Hapsburgs, who fester
Above ground with worm-eaten souls,
While the ghost of some pale feudal jester
Before them strews treaties in holes.'"

Mrs. Browning's "Poems before Congress" may be considered as among her last efforts, and contain some exquisite passages. It has ever been the aspiration of the world that those who think high thoughts, and are actuated by lofty feelings, should be in unison with those who direct material power; and an approach to this consummation has always been made in those periods of the world's history which have been most beneficial to the human race. Mrs. Browning believed that she saw some indication of a desire for this union in Louis Napoleon's Italian movement, and that it was only checked by the suspicion and outcry with which it was met throughout Europe. With the trust of a woman, the imagination of a poet, and sharing the enthusiasm which filled the Italian mind, she hastened to meet the Emperor upon the level of the Mount of Song. If she erred in this matter, she erred along with Cavour, who had the best opportunities of knowing Napoleon's sentiments towards Italy, who did not like him, and who admitted, even after the peace of Villafranca, that he sincerely and warmly desired to benefit that country. There may be difficulties in the way of this view; but, whether Mrs. Browning's cautious estimate of Napoleon III. be accepted or not, it was and is entitled to respect; and those who have any sense of poetry must admire her picture of him entering Milan:—

"Ay, it is He,
Who rides at the king's right hand!
Leave room to his horse and draw to the side,
Nor press too near in the ecstasy
Of a newly delivered impassioned land;
He is moved, you see,
He who has done it all.
They call it a cold stern face;
But this is Italy,
Who rises up to her place!
For this he fought in his youth,
Of this he dreamed in the past;

The lines of the resolute mouth
Tremble a little at last.
Cry, he has done it all.
Emperor
Evermore!"

The strength of Napoleon does not lie in those who praise him, but in those who fear him. If all his admirers were as noble as Mrs. Browning, he could do no evil, but only good.

In these "Poems before Congress" there is one, entitled "A Court Lady," which is equal to almost any of Mrs. Browning's earlier productions, and it is distinguished by much more realism than she usually displays. The following extracts will give some idea of this, the greatest of her Last Poems :—

"Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark,
Her cheeks pale opal burned with a red and restless spark.

"Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

"Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.

* * * * *

"Gorgeous she entered the sunlight, which gathered her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

"In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end,
'Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend.'

"Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed:
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

"'Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou,' she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face and died.

"Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second:
*He* was a grave hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

"Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer.
'Art thou a Romagnole?' Her eyes drove lightnings before her.

* * * * *

"Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's,
Young and pathetic with dying—a deep black hole in the curls.

"'Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?'

"Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her hands;
'Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should weep as she stands.'

"On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball:
Kneeling—'O more than my brother! how shall I thank thee for all!

"'Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line,
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.

"'Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed,
But blessed are those among nations, who dare to be strong for the rest.'"

The connexion between English poetry and Italy began with Chaucer of the serene, self-possessed mind, and it ends for the present with Mrs. Browning, and with the great English poet whose name is associated with hers, and who so strikingly resembles Chaucer in masculine strength, and the dramatic power in which his own individuality is lost, though Chaucer would doubtless have stood aghast at the psychological subtleties with which he loves to bewilder most of his readers. Mrs. Browning lived to see Italia all but *unita* and regenerate. We are so close to that event, that we can scarcely as yet appreciate its magnitude, or fully enjoy its poetical aspects. Perhaps it may be that Italy independent, prosperous, and happy, will lose somewhat of its poetic charm; but the realization of its hopes, and its fulfilment of the aspiration of so many great minds should only encourage the poet to wander still farther east, and find other lands, whose ideas are still unfulfilled, that will afford him an external life typifying that of his own soul. He may penetrate to the sublime spectacles of the East, and find repose in the conflict of man with the wild-beast world—in the great tragedies which, even in this age, there assert the existence of unmeasured powers—and in the beneficent sway of social organization over teeming myriads of people.

## THE CHANCE BLESSING.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

'Twas the first of cold Spring mornings
That had kindness in its look:
And my way, in London sunshine,
To the garden straight I took:

For the hope of harmless pleasures
Fit for lives with dreary hours,
Soothing to tormented spirits—
Children, birds, and early flowers.

Lone the garden; few the blossoms;
Scant the foliage on the trees;
Stinted in their fresher growing
By the soot-encumbered breeze:

But I marked a rosy infant,
And I watched it for a while,
Looking out at earthly sunshine
With a glad celestial smile;

With a look as though no sorrow
Gloomed within this world of strife,
But all summers *must* come brightly,
Like this dawning one of life.

"Sure," I said, that smile beholding,
"So the blessed angels gaze,
With clear joy that knows no shadow
In their world of cloudless rays."

And I blest the happy creature,
And I prayed—"Oh, God of heaven!
May this world ne'er blight and darken
Looks serene which Thou hast given:

"May Thy holy angels guard it
Through all hours of joy's eclipse,
And in age that smile still tremble
Softly round the dying lips!"

So—thus musing—still I lingered,
Slackening yet my onward pace;
For I thought no babe had ever
Such a sweet attractive face;

Till I turned—and asked what mother
Bore that earthly angel-child?
And the nurse looked up and answered—
(While again the baby smiled:)

Said it was the youngest darling
Of a house I knew full well:—[1]
And I found that my chance blessing
On my Blanche's baby fell!

[1] "The bonny house of Airlie."

## PASSING EVENTS: THE PEACE MINISTERS OF EUROPE.

The great Peace ministers of Europe this year are its several ministers of finance. The best hope of peace lies in the feeling, which is everywhere gaining ground, that financial retrenchment is necessary. The world is not at war, and yet the world is paying war prices to its various governments. In France, Austria, and Prussia, gigantic armies are devouring the substance of the country, at an inordinate and incredible rate; and England, at the cost of millions upon millions, is casing herself in invulnerable armour. The liberal party all over the Continent is beginning to rebel against the monstrous waste of the wealth of nations which this state of things entails. Three years ago all Europe started to its feet, and nation after nation was compelled to prepare for collisions and tumults, the alarm of which is happily dying away. This year opens with a decided reaction. The generous idea of a common treaty of disarmament has not, indeed, been, and, perhaps, never will be realized. But if there has been no common consent on the part of Governments to relax suspicion and preparations, at least there has been a common inclination on the part of the people to do so. Let us do the French Executive—whose restless policy is the cause of much anxiety to the Continent—the justice of confessing that they have shown signs of returning to a better temper, by submitting their budgets fairly to the criticism of a national assembly. We wish they had done more. Though the effective strength of the army is to be diminished, the war estimates, and the naval estimates this year are higher than usual, and the French artillery and navy have yet to be organized at an enormous expense. On the other hand, the current of public opinion in France is setting strongly, as we believe, in the direction of peace and of economy. Nor must the activity in the French dock-yards and arsenals be taken for more than it is worth. It is not a proof of *arrière pensée* on the part of the French Empire. All maritime powers are involved just at present in extraordinary expenditure, for the simple reason that our old weapons of maritime warfare appear to be of little use either for offence, or for defence, and we are groping in the dark for new ones. Forts, guns, ships, have all to be rebuilt on the latest method known, and every week some new fact is discovered or published, some new and expensive experience acquired, which falsifies our previous calculations. For a long time it seemed as if there was a practical limit to the power of artillery. Scientific men now seem to think that there may be none. With the introduction of the coil system in our manufacture of guns a new and wonderful era has commenced, and it is probable that Armstrong cannon could be constructed of any size, to burn any quantity of powder, the only limit being when the coiled wrought-iron itself begins to melt in the intense white-heat which the ignition of the charge generates. The experiments of the last month at Shoeburyness, show that no vessel hitherto launched or conceived can resist the impact of the shot which could be hurled against her, and forts reassume their ancient superiority over ships. Unfortunately, costly problems still remain to be solved. How to construct an iron navy which, if not impregnable to monster guns, may yet be serviceable for the use of the high seas, and how best to mount the heaviest ordnance on that iron navy, are questions of whose solution engineers need not despair, but at the cost of solving which the country may well shudder. It may not be necessary for self-preservation that we should turn out a flotilla of *Warriors* or *Gloires;* but at the very best we shall have to cut down and case our old wooden ships, and to manufacture floating batteries, which may be capable of engaging a *Monitor* or a *Merrimac* with hopes of success. What we do France

must do, and *vice versa*. The great maritime powers of the world seem condemned to a spendthrift race against one another. The prospect is not a cheerful one, and it seems bounded by no visible horizon.

The consolation, as we have hinted, consists in this: that the Liberals of Europe are showing signs of a disposition to remonstrate against their financial burdens. The Liberal party in Prussia are not insensible to national honour, or to national dangers, yet they have compelled their reactionary Government to retrench. Retrenchment is the order of the day with France as well as Prussia; and for the first occasion, during many years, the budget of an English Chancellor of the Exchequer has called forth a silent, but almost universal, feeling that our expenditure must not be allowed to remain on its present footing. Mr. Gladstone, for a long time, has been of that opinion. Annually he makes, with impunity, to the House of Commons, the somewhat ungracious insinuation, that it is they, not he, who are responsible to the country for the extravagance of national administration. The reason that he makes it with impunity is, that it is tolerably true. When he last came into office, he proclaimed his views upon the subject of retrenchment too loudly to please either his own constituents, or the public. It was a time of panic and of unrest. Everywhere we were fortifying, arming, volunteering. The moment was ill-chosen for an homily on the blessings of economy. Mr. Gladstone was driven into his shell, and ever since has acquiesced, with reluctance, in a financial outlay, which the enthusiasm and anxiety of Englishmen demanded, but which, in common with the Manchester school, he considers a financial waste. Indirectly he is teaching the public to be—what it never yet has been—startled at the sums it yearly spends. It has been of late the misfortune of the Manchester school to injure the cause of several noble principles which they would be glad to serve. Mr. Gladstone does not belong to the Manchester school, but he has a firm grasp on several political truths, which are older than any school of the kind. The most important for our purpose is, that nations cannot be frightened into peace by the mere clang of arms. We hope that the day will never come when England will measure a nation's strength by the magnitude of her military establishments. Mr. Gladstone's love of peace is the true key to his finance. Strange to say, the fact does not make him the more popular. Political opponents have made it a reproach and a burden to him, and, thanks to the unfair clamour of a certain portion of the educated classes, who enjoy the excitement, without suffering from the miseries of war, even the chivalrous Mr. Gladstone has been popularly represented as a worshipper at the shrine of Cotton.

The great Budget of 1860 has left behind it a luminous trail that irradiates all its author's later financial feats. It may be considered as the inauguration of a new financial policy; the financial policy of Peace. The Budgets of 1860 and 1861 are parts and parcels of it; and the ninepenny income-tax that we are now paying is in reality the interest of the investments made by us in 1860, which are to be returned to us before long in other ways. The full effects of the French treaty cannot be realized for many years. Enough, however, has been shown to satisfy us that the speculation was safe and lucrative beyond our hopes. In the first place, a general stimulus has been given to commerce by the removal of injurious restraints from several branches of trade. In the second place, the consumption of articles on which the duty was only lightened, has increased so far as to reimburse the revenue for the temporary sacrifice which Parliament wisely made. These benefits have made themselves sensibly felt in spite of many causes which have tended, during the last twelve months, to decrease the consuming powers of the country. Since the first of September in the last year we have received no cotton from America; and, as we are dependent on the Southern States for more than two-thirds of our entire

supply, the blow which our cotton-trade has received can better be imagined than described. At Liverpool, in the spring of 1861, the price of Uplands and Mobile cotton ranged from about 5½*d.* to 7¼*d.* per pound. The present price at Liverpool is nearly double. Besides the crisis in the cotton-trade, our American market has suffered considerably in other, though less important, particulars. To crown all, the harvest of last autumn, though not deficient in quantity, was small, and bread in consequence was not much cheaper than it was in 1860. In spite of all this, both our national trade and our national revenue have felt the assistance of the beneficent reforms carried out by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cobden. In the year just ended, as compared with its predecessor, we parted with three important items of revenue. We gave up a penny of the income-tax for three-quarters of a year. We abolished the paper duty when six months of the year had run out. We did not enjoy, thirdly, in 1861–62, the advantage we derived in 1860–61 from shortening the time of the malt credits. The revenue of 1861–62, might, therefore, reasonably be expected to fall short of the revenue of 1860-61 by the amount of these three losses which are estimated together at 2,637,000*l.* Instead of this, it only fell short by 809,000*l.* The difference was made up by increased returns from those branches of trade which had been relieved by the measures of 1860. The revenue, therefore, has benefited this year to the extent of no less than 1,828,000*l.* by Mr. Gladstone's great budget of two years ago. It would be no slight thing even if all that had been done was merely to lighten the taxation of the country without reducing the income of the Government. But the increase of revenue implies also a magnificent improvement of international trade. In the six months preceding the treaty, the exports of British produce from the United Kingdom to France amounted in value to 2,196,000*l.* In the corresponding six months, from September to February last, the period given by the newest returns, they had risen to 6,091,000*l.* From September to February in the year 1859-60, our exports of woollens and worsteds to the same country were 134,000*l.* From September to February last, they had mounted to 1,181,000*l.* Thus, the effect of the great budget has been to create almost a new branch of commerce. Communication and intercourse between the two countries have developed in proportion. The post-office authorities report that, instead of an average increase of four per cent. in the letters carried across the channel, there has been an increase of twenty per cent. in the last year. If these things have been done in the green wood, what shall be done in the dry? If a year of commercial distress and panic has borne such fruit, to what may we not look forward in future years of prosperity and sunshine! "The history of the French treaty"—said its author, on a recent occasion, with justifiable pride—"I may now venture to "say, is written in the history of the "world. The commerce between these "two great countries is at last about to "approach a scale something like what "nature intended it to be." Such are the earliest consequences of Mr. Gladstone's policy. Instead of a mailed glove, he holds out to the rest of the world a richly laden hand. England, strong as she seems when she is bristling with cannon, is stronger still as the emporium of the world. The French treaty is then a noble contribution to the defences of the country—a financial measure worthy of a great Peace-minister.

This year's Budget is not much more than part of the tail of the financial comet of 1860. There was very little to be made of our estimated and doubtful surplus of 150,000*l.*; but, like a skilful conjuror, Mr. Gladstone has managed to perform an incredible number of little feats out of this diminutive balance. The alcoholic tests, which gave so much trouble to ourselves, and so much vexation to the French, are simplified by being reduced to two in number. The practical result will be, that all Burgundies and Clarets will come in at a

uniform duty of one shilling the gallon, while the brandied wines of Spanish, Portuguese, and Madeira growth will pay the higher tariff of half-a-crown. The hop duty is also abolished—a fitful and fickle tax, which never could be estimated with accuracy beforehand, and which had the additional disadvantage of being an unpopular agricultural burden. Contrary to the delusive expectations which are at present making glad the hearts of the hop-growers, the amount of the tax will go into the pocket of the large brewers, and ultimately return to the Revenue in the shape of a new impost which is to be levied on brewers' licences. Threepence per barrel will be allowed to the brewing interest as a drawback on exported beer—a premium which may serve as an encouragement to exportation, and a consolation to the brewer. Henceforward, moreover, beer will be "preserved" as well as game, and private individuals be prevented from poaching on the privileges of Messrs. Barclay. Around these minute details the Chancellor of the Exchequer arrayed a multitude of shining figures, and a silvery list of sonorous words. However barren and slight the theme, Mr. Gladstone never falls upon it except in a spray of light and sound, illuminated by all the colours of the rhetorical rainbow. Still the method he has chosen, after a show of luminous discussion with himself, for spending his questionable surplus, involves no political principle. The hop-growers of Kent and Sussex, and the Burgundy wine-merchants, may be left in peace to enjoy, the former an imaginary, the latter a diminutive gain. But there are one or two points of more general importance about the estimates of this year, that cannot be left without comment by those who watch Mr. Gladstone's career, as a liberal financier and peace-minister, with interest and admiration.

For the second time in the last three years, Mr. Gladstone meets the House of Commons with the confession of a deficit. In 1860-61 his income was below both his estimated and his actual expenditure: that is to say, he provided neither for what he did spend nor for what he meant to spend. The same mishap has befallen him in the last year. Yet the last two years have been remarkable for unparalleled remissions of taxation. Some taxes he has flung away, such as the paper duty. With respect to some, he has been content to cast his bread upon the waters, knowing that he cannot find it again for many days. More than four millions have been sacrificed in the shape of repeals. Yet a third time he appears with a set of estimates which allow only one hundred and fifty thousand pounds to meet the extraordinary casualties of the coming twelve months. Fifty accidents may intervene to rob us of this balance. There may be a famine, a war, a financial crisis in Liverpool, a cotton crisis in Lancashire. Mexico may require to be invaded, New Zealand to be pacified, Turkey to be assisted. Besides this, there is the interminable and inexhaustible question of national defences, which is likely to revive with new vigour, in consequence of the progress of mechanical invention. Never was there a time at which it was less safe to build one's hopes upon an uneventful future. The American war alone may be a cause of serious commercial and industrial suffering, and make a difference to the revenue of a vast sum. Mr. Gladstone is quite correct in saying that we are passing through an exceptional period. What —we should like to ask—is bearing the additional strain or stress of the times, and liquidating also the annual interest of these returns for Mr. Gladstone's investment in 1860, which are delayed by reason of the bad financial season? Simply the Income-tax. Anybody who remembers the Chancellor of the Exchequer's old denunciations of the principle of this impost will see at a glance that his views on the subject have been considerably modified. It is not certainly by accident that he has of late thrown the whole weight of taxation on this source of revenue. He no longer regards it as a fountain of all injustice. He cruelly destroys in committee Mr. Hubbard's proposal to readjust it on

a more equitable basis. The real truth and explanation is, that he has found a use for it. He means to employ it as an instrument for lowering the national expenditure. We can hardly doubt but that he has abandoned in despair his project of preaching down financial extravagance. He sees that, as long as Englishmen do not feel that they are taxed, they will not care about administrative economy. An able writer in the *Spectator* charges him with an inclination to cover over and conceal the extravagance of Government. No charge —we say it with submission—was ever so unfounded. Mr. Gladstone's purpose is precisely the reverse. Instead of wishing to diminish the legitimate pain of taxation, it is almost his mission to make the most of it. We are not inclined to defend the income-tax itself. Its working is as unjust as the theory on which it is based is unintelligible. It is neither a property-tax, nor is it a tax on the profits of property framed on the sound principle that income can only be measured by its supposed market value, but an anomalous *tertium quid* springing out of a logical cross-division between the two. But there is something to be said in favour of it from the point of view of a Peace minister. The poorer classes, who are not represented in Parliament, are not directly and immediately touched by it. As a rule, it does not fall on the heads of a multitude who have no voice in voting it. In virtue of this characteristic, the income-tax is suited to the genius of the Constitution. But, above all, it is entirely laid upon those classes who have in their hands the arbitrament of peace and war. The expense of enormous military and naval establishments Mr. Gladstone has actually contrived to throw on those who clamour most for them. No wonder that he is a finance minister unpopular with the upper classes and professional men. For all that, it is difficult to say that he is not the minister of Peace.

In his anxiety to liberate the trade of the country from the incubus of war charges, Mr. Gladstone probably finds a justification for the unusual and dangerous plan he has adopted, of relying on extraordinary incomings to help him through ordinary expenses. For the last three years we have borrowed largely from the floating balances in the Exchequer. Two millions alone, or nearly two millions, have been obtained from malt credits, and Spain has paid 500,000*l.* of a long-standing debt. In all we have had six millions and a half of unusual resources. We can only explain the perfect tranquillity with which Mr. Gladstone applies these windfalls to the payment of the expenditure of the year, upon the theory we have suggested above. In reality, if he takes advantage of a loan from the Exchequer to remit or repeal taxes, he is remitting or repealing taxes on a speculation, trusting to the income-tax to keep him above water, until the proceeds of increased consumption begin to drop in. It is natural that he should be proud of his achievements, as he sees tax after tax fall from the poor man like scales. His version of the celebrated passage in Sydney Smith is accurate and just. "There "were taxes," says Mr. Gladstone, "on "the raw material; now there are no "taxes on raw material. There were "taxes on every fresh value added to it "by the industry of man; now there are "no taxes on the fresh value added to it "by the industry of man. There were "taxes on the sauce which pampers "man's appetite; now there is no tax "on sauce, and man may pamper his "appetite as he pleases. There were "taxes on the drug that restored him "to health; now there is no tax "on drugs, and he may get well as "quickly as he can. There were taxes "on the poor man's salt; now that salt "is free. There were taxes on the rich "man's spice; now that spice is free. There "were taxes on the brass nails of the "coffin; now these brass nails are free. "There were taxes on the ribands of the "bride—she winds up the procession— "and her ribands also are free." Every relaxation of indirect taxation; every laudable effort to abstain from increasing the funded debt, is accompanied by

a corresponding haul upon the rope of the income-tax, which plays the part that it did in 1842. Mr. Gladstone holds on in hopes that we shall have been induced to economize in the matter of expenses before any casualty occurs. If nothing happens to cause unnatural depression on the revenue, the strain on that unpopular burden will in a year or so be lightened by incomings from our growing trade with France. Perhaps when that time comes—as come it must—Mr. Gladstone will again endeavour to spend what he receives in repealing and remitting indirect duties. In all probability he will not be allowed to do so, for there is a kind of tacit understanding between the Government and the public, that ninepence in the pound is not to be a permanent infliction. A year or two more of it, and the cry for retrenchment will come from the upper classes themselves; though the growing consumptive power of the country will tend year by year to make indirect taxation less onerous and more productive.

While Mr. Gladstone is endeavouring to beguile us into sparing our own pockets, M. Fould is employed in pruning the extravagant outlay of the Imperial Government of France. Simultaneously with the appearance of the English and French budgets, a financial battle between the Executive and the people has been waging in Prussia. The Prussian army is an overgrown and unwieldy force, destined to be a melancholy instance of the truth, that disproportionate military establishments are a source of weakness, not of strength, to a nation. A system of shifting "credits" similar to that so long in use in France, has enabled the King and his ministers to hand over to the Ministry of War sums of money which belonged to other departments; and, in spite of a deficit, William I. was mad enough to dream of adding fifty thousand men to the army, and seven million thalers to the annual debt. The late cabinet proposed to find the ways and means for this notable scheme by increasing the income-tax a fourth, and taxing still more highly certain necessary articles. But at the last elections the *Fortschritt* party raised a violent opposition throughout Prussia to the project. Twenty-five per cent. additional income-tax, and twenty-five per cent. additional on the meal and butcher taxes, is an extraordinary and oppressive burden, to which the people under no circumstances would submit without murmur. At this juncture it seems monstrous to inflict it for the mere purpose of making an addition to the army which is not wanted, and against which the feeling of all classes except the military court clique has been decisively pronounced. A natural reluctance on the part of the Prussian Ministry and their Corporal King to surrender military estimates to the amount of 3,700,000 thalers accounts for the tenacity with which they adhered to their proposal in the teeth of an adverse vote of the Chamber of Deputies. The prospect of an ominous general election has conquered their resolution, and given the battle to the hands of the Reformers. Von der Heydt, who holds the finance portfolio in the ultra-Conservative Cabinet, has at last been driven on the European stage in an uncongenial character of an unwilling Peace minister. In a letter surreptitiously taken from his office, and published in the newspapers, he is found one morning proclaiming the virtues of retrenchment in the ears of his colleague for war, M. Von Roon. As yet all additional taxes that have been levied in Prussia have invariably been levied for the War department, which has swallowed up its own share of ordinary taxes, to say nothing of the shares of other departments, which have been obliged to starve in consequence. No more can be extracted from these latter; and, if the additional taxes are cut off, there is no help for it, and the bureau of war must economise. Not merely is there no surplus, but there is an actual deficit to be met. The reorganization of the land-tax will, in time, be a fruitful source of increased receipts under that head, which may serve to lighten the pressure on the exchequer. But time must first

elapse; and the floating debt of the public treasury will inevitably be increased in order to cover the current expenses in which it finds itself, this spring and summer, involved.

The Ministry have swallowed the leek, and are ready to grant the concession, which, according to M. Von der Heydt, "the force of circumstances imperiously demands." We wish we could believe that Von der Heydt had become a Peace minister upon anything but compulsion. It is true that we frequently do injustice to Prussian statesmen, from a want of ability to understand the extraordinary court atmosphere with which they are surrounded, and to which the bulk of the Prussian people, till the last few years, have been accustomed to defer. Von der Heydt, however, has gone through more political variations than is permitted even to financiers, that most flexible class of politicians. When the rest of the Manteuffel Ministry, in the autumn of 1858, dropped like rotten pears from office, M. Von der Heydt, with arithmetical *sang froid*, managed to retain his place upon the tree. The ministerial crisis of this year did not shake him down, and, as he has held every shade of opinion by turns, it is difficult to say what will end his tenure of power. Still, he is a free-trader, and a liberal by birth and training; and there can be little question but that he mismanages the national finances with considerable talent. His published letter is a token that the moderate Reformers have won a distinct victory, and driven the reactionary party from their ground. The King, overcoming the native prejudices of a martinet, has endorsed the programme of retrenchment with a feeble protest in favour of maintaining the military strength of Prussia intact. It remains to be seen whether the Liberals will be contented. Certainly they ought not to be so, until the budgets are regularly and properly submitted to them in detail. A nation can hardly be said to tax itself which is obliged to vote its budgets in a lump; and a people's right of self-taxation is based on their instincts of self-preservation. Prussia is entitled to ask that a Prussian king will not lag behind a French Emperor in useful and necessary reforms. Von der Heydt's manifesto is silent on this important subject of the budgets. Moderate and orderly as are the liberals of Prussia, ministerial silence on this point will vitiate in their eyes the ministerial concessions made upon the rest. The history of 1852 shows, indeed, what a bureaucratic Government can do which is determined to tamper with the national elections. But 1862 is a happier year for the friends of order and of progress; and we may safely predict for the constitutional party, first, electoral success, and afterwards political triumph. For it is, and always will be, on the battle-field of finance that despotism is finally defeated.

There is only one country in Europe whose financial embarrassments are not rather a relief to the friends of Peace. Fortunately the finances of that country are looking better than they did. We have had an insight, during the last month, into the financial health of the sick man of Turkey. Fuad Pasha has undertaken to restore the equilibrium of the Turkish budgets, and to be the Peace minister of Constantinople. The financial debility of Turkey—if it exists—has not been caused so much by heavy loans, or inordinate taxation, as by the miserable system on which the taxes are collected, and by the patriarchal tendencies of an amorous Sultan, who is fortunately dead. It is now scarcely eight years since the balance between the expenses and the revenues of the empire were first disturbed. The Crimean War rendered it necessary, for the first time, to appeal to public credit in Europe. Even now, the total floating debt of the treasury is not more than 18,285,000*l.*, of which half is represented by the paper-money in circulation at Constantinople; the other half consists of loans, obtained at heavy loss and on the most unjust terms. Curiously enough, the date of the introduction of paper coincides with that of administrative reform. Certain delays took place in the collection of the revenue, which were due solely to the admini-

strative changes introduced at the time throughout the empire. The Cabinet was compelled to meet their liabilities with treasury bills and notes—a step which Turkey has continually repented, but which she has never been able to repair. The Government paper does not circulate in the provinces, nor is it taken by foreign merchants, so that the Constantinople money market has no chance of recovering itself. On the other hand, the money loans contracted at the same period were unfortunately guaranteed to the Government's creditors by making over to them in advance the current revenues—a system which increased the embarrassments of the empire from day to day. Fuad Pasha is able, vigorous, and honest. He has determined prudently upon a foreign loan, which will enable him to pay off some of the State creditors and to recall the Constantinople paper. The Turkish loan which has just been negotiated in London gives him money, though on hard conditions; for he has been obliged to borrow in six per cent. stock at 68. This and increased taxation — for Turkey is capable of sustaining increased taxation to a considerable extent—will restore public credit and financial order; and the most exorbitant claims of State pensioners and creditors will be paid off at once. Tobacco is to be subjected to an agricultural impost, which will not be large enough to affect its cultivation. Salt also is made a Government monopoly; and, as in Turkey, the salt-pits belong to the Government, the sale of salt will be tolerably productive. The custom-house duties are to be reorganized on a better and more fertile basis. Among other things, the odious and wasteful system of farming the public revenues has been abolished. The power of making separate credits and issuing paper-money will henceforward be confined to a single minister, who thus becomes the real finance minister of Turkey, and one of the Peace ministers of the world.

If any members of the old English Liberal party of thirty years ago still care to remember the battle-cry which led them to victory, they may turn their eyes upon the financial movement that is setting, like a wave, through Europe—for a proof of the universal truth of the noble maxim—that Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, go hand-in-hand. Profaned as the three names have been by charlatans, or over-zealous partisans, they still are principles which, in these days of comparative liberty and prosperity, are as valid as thirty years ago. At a time when the din of the Cyclopes is sounding through the world, and we are all forging, at a vast outlay, the harness and the thunderbolts of war, we shall do well to remember them. We do not say, for we do not know, that we can avoid entering on the terrible rivalry in expenditure and armaments to which we seem condemned by circumstances. What would almost inspire a doubt as to its wisdom would appear to be the difficulty of discovering where it is to end. The fear of war seems likely to eat up peace before war comes. Whatever be the solution of the problem how to combine economy and safety, we cannot help thinking that it is the problem of the day. We believe that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer is as likely as any man to solve it. With his gorgeous subtleties, his splendid rhetorical fallacies, and his hyper-classical refinements, he unites the consummate genius of a financier who is capable of seeing his way to great ends. It is said that he never will be the leader of the Liberal party. His education and taste may render him crotchety on many questions of Reform, for he represents both the virtues and the foibles of an ecclesiastical university. What he will be it is accordingly difficult to foretell; but we know this, that he is already, in one sense, the leader of the Liberal party—

> "Hesperus,
> That led the starry van, rode brightest."

A financial policy so enlightened and so brave as his, is paving the way for substantial progress. Give us Peace—give us Retrenchment,—the Liberals may fairly say—and, when it is wanted, if ever it is wanted, we shall know how to take Reform.

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# THE BREWING OF THE AMERICAN STORM.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia is the greatest event in the history of the American Republic. It suits the policy of certain parties in this country to conceal the importance of the fact, if they cannot conceal the fact itself; but not the less will wise men now, and all men hereafter, recognise in the event of April 16th, 1862, the closing of a period of guilt and danger, and the entrance upon one of genuine republicanism. In the fewest words, the case is this:—The District of Columbia, a space of ten miles square, is the only portion of territory subject to the Federal Government. All the people of the republic are, to a specified extent, the subjects of the Federal Government; but the inhabited lands are under State rule, with the one exception of this standpoint for the National Legislature and Executive. While slavery existed there, it was a national institution; now that it is abolished there, slavery becomes a State institution, and the national government is as free to denounce and condemn it as the government of any other country. One more, and the greatest, of the few powers of Christendom which have been reckoned as slaveholding nations, has come over from the wrong side to the right. The same sort of people who would have called Luther's Theses a piece of paper with writing on it, and the Ship-money Controversy a question of a few shillings, may now point out that the District of Columbia is only ten miles square, and that there were not nearly so many slaves in it as formerly; but not the less will one of the great chapters of history close, now and for ever, at the date of April 16th, 1862, because on that day the American republic ceased to be a slaveholding power.

For the same reasons that the magnitude of the event is concealed in England, the tokens of its approach have been denied. We still see it assumed that the civil war in America was something sudden, unexpected, and even absurd and revolting in its needlessness. So far from this being true, it would be difficult to point to any great event in history more distinctly and confidently anticipated by all public men in the country, and by all well-informed observers abroad. From George Washington to Abraham Lincoln, every statesman has seen what must happen, and has done his part in bringing on the catastrophe; and, as the time drew near, persons of any political insight knew and said, that the range of uncertainty lay within five years. If the disruption did not take place in 1856, it must in 1860. As it would be a serious falsification of history to say that the civil war was unnecessary, sudden, unexpected, and the like, it may be worth while to record what one person can testify to the contrary.

Of the first generation of the public men of the republic, four (and I believe no more) were living when I was in the United States, and I knew

them all, more or less. They were Madison, Gallatin, Chief Justice Marshall, and the venerable Bishop White. Of these four, three were unquestionably aware that the existence of the republic depended on the extinction of negro slavery, in one way or another; and no one of them saw any probability of the thing being done in time. Bishop White—"the Bishop of all the Churches," as he was called—was as sensible as every good clergyman must be of the ravage which the institution of slavery was making in the religion of the country; but I do not know what he supposed would be the result of the fearful and growing hypocrisy. Mr. Gallatin described to me, with the vividness of an eye-witness, the growth of the three great sections of the republic; and, as the introduction of slavery into the north-west was then supposed to be precluded for ever, he had the strongest confidence that, whenever the Southern section might be disposed to try again to dominate the Union by a threat of secession, the accordance of the North and West on the slavery question would overawe the disturbers. At that date—a year after the Nullification struggle—every statesman's mind was impressed with the importunate character of the danger, and aware that it was disguised in every political question of the day.

With the other two venerable survivors of the band of founders of the republic, I had much conversation on the subject which was always uppermost in their minds. They had been, not only friends, but coadjutors, in framing the constitution; though differing on some points, they had carried it through a host of dangers, and had seen it apparently established and prosperous beyond all controversy and all peril. Both had received due honour from their countrymen, and were passing their old age in honour and ease; yet they told me—the one, that he was "in despair," and the other, that he was "almost in despair," about the future of the country; and both on account of slavery.

Chief Justice Marshall was a Virginian, the son of a planter, who found it difficult to make his small estate support his fifteen children. Father and son fought in the Revolutionary War; and in contending almost hand to hand with Lord Dunmore, they felt their pride in their own State grow into a passion. When I knew the Chief Justice he was eighty-three—as bright-eyed and warm-hearted as ever, while as dignified a judge as ever filled the highest seat in the highest court of any country. But his love for his own Virginia was not the proud adoration it had been half a century before: it was a mournful love, tenderest in adversity. He said he had seen Virginia the leading State for half his life; he had seen her become the second, and sink to be (I think) the fifth. Worse than this, there was no arresting her decline, if her citizens did not put an end to slavery; and he saw no sign of any intention to do so, east of the mountains at least. He had seen whole groups of estates, populous in his time, lapse into waste. He had seen agriculture exchanged for human stock-breeding; and he keenly felt the degradation. The forest was returning over the fine old estates, and the wild creatures which had not been seen for generations were reappearing; numbers and wealth were declining, and education and manners were degenerating. It would not have surprised him to be told that on that soil would the main battles be fought when the critical day should come which he foresaw. "Where else could the battle be fought," he would have asked, "if the Slave States persist in claiming the control of the republic, by means of, and for the sake of, their negro slavery?"

To Mr. Madison despair was not easy. He had a cheerful and sanguine temper; and if there was one thing rather than another which he had learned to consider secure, it was the constitution which he had so large a share in making. Yet he told me that he was nearly in despair; and that he had been quite so till the Colonization Society arose. Rather than admit to himself that the South must

be laid waste by a servile war, or the whole country by a civil war, he strove to believe that millions of negroes could be carried to Africa, and so got rid of. I need not speak of the weakness of such a hope. What concerns us now is, that he saw and described to me, when I was his guest, the dangers and horrors of the state of society in which he was living. He talked more of slavery than of all other subjects together, returning to it morning, noon, and night. He said that the clergy perverted the Bible, because it was altogether against slavery; that the coloured population was increasing faster than the white; and that the state of morals was such as barely permitted society to exist. He did not see any way back to decency, but by removing the lower race; and yet complained (as President of the Colonization Society) of the difficulty of getting an African colony to receive batches of immigrants, at the rate of two or three cargoes a year. He described the unwillingness of the negroes to go; so that he had just sold some of his slaves, instead of compelling them to emigrate. He could not keep them, because he had already sold as much land as he could spare, to obtain the means of feeding them. It was as painful as it was strange to listen to the cheerful old man, as he proved that there was no chance for his country, except from a scheme which he, as its President, found unmanageable. Of the issue of the conflict, whenever it should occur, there could, he said, be no doubt. A society burdened with a slave system could make no permanent resistance to an unincumbered enemy; and he was astonished at the fanaticism which blinded some Southern men to so clear a certainty.

Such were Mr. MADISON'S opinions in 1835; and the share he had in bringing on the conflict which he foresaw was, first, permitting a compromise about slavery to be introduced into the constitution; next, inviting confidence to a delusive scheme for getting rid of danger, by getting rid of negroes; and, again, keeping up the traffic in slaves, by sending his own to market. If we desire to find an excuse for such conduct in a man so honoured and beloved, we can only remember that he was "almost in despair" of the fate of a polity which he had mainly created, and had administered during two Presidential terms. Not only is a statesman attached to his own work, but American statesmen of his generation had that attachment exalted to passion, by the emotions of fear, hope, and pride, which they had passed through. Mr. MADISON knew what was then not so widely known as now—that a friend of Washington's found him one day thoughtfully pacing the bank of the Schuylkill, meditating, as he himself explained, whether it would not be better to give up the project of the Union than to attempt it with so little chance of any durable accord between the Northern and Southern sections. Mr. MADISON had seen how the Union was made, and had been so far preserved; viz. by the Southern policy of proposing together an encroachment and a bribe. This method, of introducing measures in pairs, had at first succeeded; and it has succeeded again, since Mr. MADISON'S death, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was coupled with the removal of the Washington slave-market to a spot outside of the District of Columbia: but such a method must be exhausted in time; and the final quarrel could only be exasperated by the preceding insolence of the South, and abjectness of the North. His mind being full of such remembrances and such forecast, it is no wonder that Mr. MADISON could talk to me of little but slavery and its political retribution.

Of the next generation of statesmen there were many more living; and they were, for the most part, active. I must begin, of course, with GENERAL JACKSON, then President.

Of PRESIDENT JACKSON I need not say much; for nobody ever supposed him a great statesman, or a man of distinguished forecast. He need not come into the account at all, but for two reasons: that the secession movement

of his day was put down by him; and that he had practically countenanced the citizenship of negroes, in the war of 1812.

It was a ludicrous idea to those who conversed with General Jackson, that the preservation of the Union could depend on his opinion in a matter perplexing to senators and judges. His was, indeed, a mind not qualified to form opinions at all. He expressed his will, and the people about him supplied him with reasons. With a grave, even melancholy, countenance, and in few and passionate words, the grey-headed and haggard old man declared what could, and what could not, be allowed; and it did not occur to him to reconcile opposite decisions. He had encouraged the State of Georgia to break through Federal decisions in a dispute with the Cherokees about their lands; but, when South Carolina followed suit in the matter of the tariff, he intimated to the leaders at Charleston, that, if they dared to nullify the decisions of the Washington authorities, he should know how to punish them. He ordered the Federal troops to march upon Charleston, sent a sloop of war there to protect the port officers, and issued a proclamation warning South Carolina against rebellion. The Governor of the State issued a counter proclamation; and the crisis of the Union was understood to have arrived. Mr. Clay's Compromise Bill averted the strife for the time: but South Carolina justly claimed the victory of principle in regard to free trade, and remained convinced that she could have seceded if she had thought proper. Almost every leading statesman told me, a year later, that the prospects of the republic were entirely changed. The use and value of the Union had become a question. It was a question which would be stirred again on any occasion of rival pretensions between the General and State Governments; and it would assuredly be decisively contested whenever the settlement of the slavery question could be deferred no longer. From that hour the virtue and independence of the North succumbed. The South would not allow any question of its "peculiar institution;" and the North was, at least, as eager for silence. On that silence depended, as every public man with whom I conversed told me, the continuance of the Union. General Jackson believed it; and for this reason he was supported by the South. Yet he had once so treated the Southern negroes as to prepare great difficulties for the slaveholders.

Before the battle of New Orleans, in 1814, he issued an address to the negroes, in which he called upon them to fight by the side of their "white fellow-citizens," and told them that he expected of them, "as Americans, a valorous support" to his defence of the country. After the battle, he thanked them, still as "citizens," for their soldierly conduct. As might be expected, those manifestoes were kept in vivid remembrance by all parties; and to this day General Jackson is cited by the black race as their patron, by the abolitionists as a witness to the rights of the negro, and by the slaveholders as an ignorant functionary, who did a world of mischief without at all intending it—for he was a sound slaveholder from Tennessee. He himself had a high sanction to plead, at the time of the Carolina quarrel. Lafayette had expressed at Washington, and elsewhere during his journey through the States, his grief in witnessing the deterioration of the negroes. In the revolutionary war he had seen whites and blacks fighting side by side, bivouacking round the same fire, and eating out of the same dish. In 1830 he found them so depressed, and treated with such intolerable insult, that a servile war, or a political convulsion on their account seemed inevitable.

At the close of General Jackson's double term of presidentship, the common sentence on his administration was that it had unsettled every great question, and settled none. Throughout the Southern section, the predominant impression was that secession had become a question of policy. It had been averted that once; but it could be brought on again when occasion should arise.

This brings us to Mr. CALHOUN—then, and still, the greatest representative of his section of the republic.

It was the pleasure of the chief Nullifiers to wear an appearance of mystery, both at Washington and in their own cities. I was told that it moved all hearts to see them at Washington, before the crisis, stalking about, silent and stern—gallant and intelligent men, with the halter about their necks. The vision of the scaffold was before other men's eyes, and must have been before their own; and Mr. CLAY told me that it was the spectacle of their bearing, and the vision of their fate, which inspired him with the idea of saving them as he presently did. A year after that crisis, when they came about me at Washington, and invited me to their cities and plantations, they were as stern as ever on their special question, but capable of a grim mirth about their recent preparations for secession. They were haughty beyond description to Northerners; but to a stranger they would open out at a word; and I profited largely by that willingness. Mr. CALHOUN himself, who had the air of a possessed man, became almost like other men when telling me of his earliest recollections, and describing the impressions of his childhood. Courage and military capacity were his objects of worship. His father had been born among the Cherokees, and had seen the savages rise upon the Calhoun settlement. That father had seen *his* father and eldest brother head the defence; and in vain. The father fell: the mother and several of her children were butchered by the Indians; and the boy of six, who escaped, was likely to bring up his own sons with strong feelings about the virtues of physical force. JOHN C. CALHOUN showed the effect in his aspiration after "a Lacedemonian Government" for the Southern States—a construction of society in which every free man should be a soldier. At five years old he stood between his father's knees, listening to stories of the resistance to England, and of all the heroes and all the heroism of the revolutionary war. He was full of ambition to be a soldier, and to fight for a political question; and then his father died. Being then thirteen, he lived with a relative, in whose library he ran riot. He read all the historical works it contained; and in a few months he was half-dead and half-mad with the excitement. He recovered his health by means of country sports; but he returned to study, and in time sorely puzzled his tutors. Wherever he went, all his life through, he commanded everybody's belief in his being an irrefragable logician: yet, somehow, he was always ultimately wrong. His mind seemed to be altogether inaccessible, from the time he left college and books. He spent the rest of his life in thinking and announcing what he thought. It was a memorable thing to sit and hear him. A Northern friend of mine asked me, years after, whether the portraits which were in the shop windows after Mr. CALHOUN's death could be like him, or like anybody. "I should say it is the face of a fiend," was the remark. The remark was natural; the portraits were like; and yet CALHOUN was a gentle and generous man. He was, in fact, ridden by some half-dozen or more theories—very striking, very strange, and wonderfully supported and illustrated by him, in the absence of all opposition. Nobody wanted to oppose him; for it was impossible to decide where to begin in so strange a field, so crowded with arbitrary objects. And he did not expect or desire to be opposed. Argument was not in his line. By a visible effort, he could at times listen; but not to a political discussion, except in the Senate, where there was no help for it. There his square forehead gathered more and deeper wrinkles, his stiff armour of hair stood up more stiffly, his eyebrows grew into one, his eyes sank deeper in his head, his shoulders were squarer, his hand was more firmly clenched, and his yellow silk handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth, as if he was suffering spasm. Thus we may see how his portrait might give strangers the impression of his face being "that of a fiend." Such an expression of

tension I never saw on any other face, outside of a hospital or an asylum. Such was his silence. His speech poured out of him as if it came from some incarnate intelligence or passion, of which he was the mere vehicle. By the fireside it was so rapid, and the matter required so much concession at every step, that it was difficult to follow till one had heard it two or three times; and the only pause he allowed was the tenth or twelfth second which he sacrificed for spitting into the fire. In Congress his style was different. He did not attempt in that place to go back to the origin of human society, or to classify all the governments of the world, or to prove that dark races of men are unfit for social purposes in somewhat the same way as baboons. He spoke more or less to the point, but rarely to any practical purpose. Passion always gleamed in his eyes when he spoke in public; and his utterance became, I am obliged to say, a sort of bark. This great representative of his section was further removed from the traditional character of the gay, careless, social, winning Southern Cavalier than any Puritan New Englander I ever saw. I did not understand that he was more concentrated and serious after he had brought himself into the position of a rebel leader than before. He was not a man whom we could have imagined dying of heart-break. Yet, he so died. We should have supposed he had intellectual idols enough to have served him under any single baffling of his ideas, or disappointment of his hopes; but the inevitable extinction of slavery became clear to him; he had always insisted that the existence of the republic was bound up with slavery; and when he saw that "all was over," he said so, and died.

It was his fanaticism on this subject which showed me how inaccessible his mind was to evidence. While a vast mulatto population of all shades was growing up before his eyes, he insisted that the two races could not mix. This was the basis of his whole argument. Nature had decreed that the two races must be eternally separate; and all the rest followed. At the same time, it was a matter which must never be called in question, or chaos would ensue. He told me that the subject of slavery would never be mentioned in Congress. I believed otherwise; but he was peremptory. The republic would last for ages; and it would be by slavery being never mentioned in Congress. Southern members would take care that it was not. He did his best to stifle speech. He was responsible for the Gag Bill, by which postmasters were empowered and required to stop all publications and letters about which there was ground of suspicion that they treated unfavourably of slavery, and to burn the documents thus abstracted from the mail-bags. I saw him arrive, with his family, at Charleston; I saw how he strode through the streets, receiving homage as if he were the ruling prince; I saw him in the arsenal, handling the little groups of weapons, and in a barrack-yard, reviewing, and then addressing, ten or eleven recruits (the rest were wanted as sentinels or patrols all over the city); and I wondered what would be the effect on him if he should ever learn what the Free States had to say to his pet institutions and defences. He began with that sort of experience the next year. The whole South could not silence a voice in Congress which claimed free discussion for the subject of slavery. CALHOUN began then to suffer and to sink. As the controversy proceeded, despair took possession of him; and, at last, he declared that "all was over." Slavery depended on not being discussed; and the republic depended on slavery. So, when every debate in Congress ended in a discussion of slavery, everything was lost. He told his family, from his dying pillow, that he had done his best to preserve his country, but in vain. Slavery was doomed: and with it must go the only liberties and privileges which made the republic worth having.

Thus, the representative man of the Southern section foresaw the present revolution. His share in bringing it on was larger, perhaps, than that of any

other man. He taught the doctrine and introduced the practice of secession, and he led the profession of the South (new at that time in those States), that slavery was the indispensable basis of republican liberty.

The voice which so appalled him, as a voice of doom in Congress, was that of the venerable ex-President, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the father of the American minister now in London. Mr. ADAMS did not propose to discuss slavery in Congress: he was not an abolitionist: he applied himself simply to preserve the right of petition guaranteed by the Constitution. Petitions were always arriving desiring the object now at last attained—the removal of the national reproach by the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The country was still trembling with the alarm of Southern secession; the Southern members made the most of their position to terrify the Northern members; and it is but too well known what their success was. The right of petition was actually lost for a time, and there was certainly no doubt, at that juncture, of the continuance of the Union depending on the fate of slavery. The Union must not be questioned: therefore slavery must not be questioned; and petitions must be thrust under the table if people could not be prevented from sending them. I remember a remarkable disclosure—remarkable to me—of the peril of the republic, from the unsoundness of the popular mind about it in that crisis of its political condition. I was walking arm-in-arm with Miss Sedgwick, in the valley of the Housatonic, when, conversing about times to come, I spoke of the inevitable rupture of the Union. She snatched her arm from mine, and started back, saying that I could not be aware of the sacredness of the Union, which precluded its dissolution from being even imagined. I asked her if there was not something more sacred still which she herself admitted to be irreconcilable with the existing constitution? "If "the will of God is against slavery, and "your constitution involves it, which "must give way?" A dissolution of the Union did not necessarily suppose civil war; but there must be civil war if the North allowed the South to encroach too far. Some of the commonest and most indispensable rights were already lost, and every man who had eyes to see must be aware that the nation was even then far advanced on the road to revolution. One sign of this was the indecent violence shown to Mr. ADAMS in Congress. "The most moral of American Presidents," as he was declared to be, was now standing up as a representative from Massachusetts; his head white with age, his countenance worn with grief for the death of his eldest son, his business being simply to present petitions from large bodies of intelligent citizens; and, because Congress was afraid to approach a certain set of topics, this old statesman was overwhelmed with insult. I will not record those insults. The old statesman uttered his warning of what must come of such incursions of Southern despotism; the right of petition was at length regained, and now the object of the petitions themselves is secured. Our concern with the matter is, that Mr. ADAMS foresaw what must happen: and that he did his part by vindicating a right which the preceding generation could not have conceived to be, in any circumstances, even threatened.

While speaking of one Northern statesman, I may as well say what I have to say of the rest. It is painful to look back to that time; but it is unavoidable, if I am to show that the present convulsion has not been sudden, unexpected, and unnecessary.

Mr. WEBSTER occurs first to all minds. He won, and deserved, great distinction as the ablest antagonist of the Nullifiers in the crisis of 1832. On constitutional questions he was, I believe, the best authority in the country after the Supreme Court; and his speeches were as beautiful as they were, on those subjects, sound. Here his merits ended. He was the most abject of the whole band of Northern vassals, holding the stirrup to the Southern "chivalry." His ambition

for the Presidentship was a chain round his neck; and he taught the Southern leaders how to handle it, and lead him wherever they would. He wished people would not be troublesome, and stir up a disagreeable subject, compelling a man to say something, when all he wanted was to say nothing: but, when compelled to speak, he declared that he should certainly deliver up fugitive slaves, if appealed to; and should readily fight, side by side with the South, for the benefits of the compromise the constitution gave them. Thus far an ambitious politician might be excused for going; but he would do nothing on the other side. He was of no avail when Northern citizens were deprived of their plainest and most essential rights, and satirical and discouraging in his treatment of patriotic efforts. Further, he sustained every new demand of the South, and actually carried the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the Fugitive Slave Law.

If the civil war is to be laid to the charge of any one man, that man is assuredly DANIEL WEBSTER. No man knew better than he the weakness of the citizens of the republic—and especially of the Northern section of it—the idolatry of ability which puts unlimited power into the hands of a man of genius. He availed himself of that weakness, and of the vanity which the citizens indulge about their public men, for his personal purposes, when he might have turned his influence to the account of lifting his country out of its great perplexity. He tried to the utmost the power of admiration which he knew to reside in the New England temperament, by immoralities which would not have obtained a word of excuse in the case of an ordinary man; yet, while capable of any degree of this kind of audacity, he was a mere poltroon in his relations with the South; and this made him a hypocrite in his public addresses at the North. There can never be any question of the power he might have wielded if he had directed his genius to the preservation of the liberties of the citizens. Worshipped as he was, he might have led the whole North to withstand the encroachments of the South, and have guided at will the genuine republican force, which could have easily controlled the oligarchical pretensions and operations of the slave-holding minority. There should have been no Gag Law, and no suspension of the right of petition in DANIEL WEBSTER'S time. An honest and intrepid course would have led him to the highest honours. When it was by far too late, he dishonoured himself for the sake of the Presidentship. He might have had it by early sustaining and guiding the best public opinion in the North. Instead of this, he discouraged and betrayed it, in order to avert collision, till his own purposes were served; he lost his independence by a personal extravagance which kept him always seething in debt; and when there was nothing to rely on in the North, but the popular vanity about him as a Northern man, he paid homage to the South. After the insignificant tools who had filled the highest seat for several terms, he hoped that the two sections might unite to elect the most eminent public man in the country. The Northern pride in him, and the Southern trust in his gratitude and obedience, might, he believed, join in electing him. So he courted the South, which he should have long before taught its place and its duty. He enabled the Missouri Compromise to be repealed, and the Fugitive Slave Law to be passed; and the immediate retribution broke his heart. First, there was an outburst of honest execration from his own section which scared him; and then came the humiliation of his hopeless minority in the convention which he had supposed would have carried him into the Presidential chair. All was over: the revolution which he might probably have averted, but which he had tampered with, was still to be dealt with; and he had precipitated it. It was well for him that he died at once.

The wonder was, that anybody put any trust in him at all. It was a great treat to hear such speeches as his constitutional expositions in the Senate;

but his public speaking generally, and his public manners, gave the strongest impression of insincerity. While his whole career was a hand-to-mouth course, in regard both to money and reputation, he had a set of professions which he put on, like as many fancy dresses, according to the supposed tastes of the persons he was conversing with. If anything about him was universally agreed upon, it was his devouring ambition; yet he expected to make me bring home an account of his taste for retirement and obscurity. "My dear woman," he said, laying a strong finger on my arm, to emphasize his words, "don't you go and believe me to be ambitious." And he went on to extol the charms of privacy and disregard of the opinions of men. His constituents believed in him as long as they could; they followed his lead much too far: and now, everybody sees how it was. Webster foresaw the revolution which was preparing: he hoped to get his Presidentship over first; and he might possibly imagine that, by a great Northern man ruling so as to please the South, some accommodation might be expected. If he thought so, he was not a great statesman. The only doubt is, whether he was most unworthy in head or heart. It is so far from being fair to instance Daniel Webster as an illustration of the ingratitude of republican society to its noblest members, that his disappointment and humiliation are a positive credit to the nation. The sin was in trusting him too long, and in admiring him after it became impossible to trust him; and not in refusing him as a leader at last.

Mr. Everett's career has been a weak imitation of Webster's, as far as the course of a literary man, who has lost his way in public life, can be like that of a lawyer to whom public life is the natural path. As a scholar, Mr. Everett might have been eminent, even to the satisfaction of his own restless ambition. As a politician, he long ago sank below contempt. The only part of his story which concerns us is his view of the future, and his share of preparation for it. That he did foresee, from his first appearance in Congress, the issue of the public trouble in war, servile or civil, was plain to all considerate eyes. His speech about the alacrity with which he would buckle on his knapsack to fight side by side with the slaveholders against negroes or negroes' friends was understood at first, and has been always remembered, as a disclosure of his devotion to the Union, at all costs; and that devotion has ever since cost him everything. In Congress he has shuffled, to avoid committing himself in any respect against the South. As Governor of Massachusetts, he rebuked and discountenanced the abolitionists on the declared ground of the danger of offending the South. As a member of the Government at Washington, he bullied England, in order to gratify the South about the slave-trade and the Monroe doctrine. It is true, he had passed for a sort of abolitionist in London, when minister here: but it always was Mr. Everett's way to let bygones be bygones in regard to the phases of his own opinion and conduct. To the last moment he would not recognise the character of the existing struggle: when it could be ignored no longer, he still ranted for the Union at any cost; and nobody doubts that he would recover the appearance of it at any sacrifice. Happily the case is not in his hands, more or less. His public appearances have long become a mere wooing of the applause of the well-dressed mob, whose applause is no honour. Mr. Everett did, to my knowledge, foresee the existing struggle at least a quarter of a century ago. Instead of defending the liberties of the republic, he applied himself to propitiate the aggressors on those liberties; and now, though he assumes the semblance of patriotism, he can do nothing; for everybody understands that he would sacrifice liberty to purchase any semblance of union. He would have done more mischief than he has if his political immorality had not ruined his many graces. Those who remember what his countenance, his voice, his manners, and his conversation once were, may

trace the havoc of disappointment and an artificial course of life in his worn face, his uncertain tones, his anxious demeanour, and elaborate discourse. All that can be said for him is, that he might have done more mischief if he had been a more audacious and gay deceiver. He has been flattered; but he has not practically been followed.

Judge Story so carefully avoided all implication in politics that I will say no more than that he certainly was fully aware of what must happen. For hours together we have discussed the inevitable issue of accumulating compromises: and he lost all hope—as far as so sanguine a man can lose hope—when he was passed over on the death of Chief Justice Marshall, and Judge Taney was appointed, in contempt of all considerations but the pleasure of the South. Some such act of the Supreme Court as the Dred Scott decision was sure to follow on such a packing of the Supreme Court as began with the slight to Judge Story.

There remains Henry Clay. Of the whole company I knew him best. It was impossible, as he was fully aware, that I could avoid seeing the insincerity to which his position committed him; but he hoped that much might be forgiven to a man so placed. He was interesting from the contrariety between his nature and the requirements of his career. He was a man of impulse, even of passion; and he was the great Professor of Prudence in the State. He was the great mediator; and he learned to grow as proud of his compromises as other men are of being above compromise. It was as a means of postponing revolution that he valued his compromises; and it was as the saviour of his country from revolution that he was idolized in the North and West. He was thoroughly aware that it would not do for ever; and his hope for the republic, such as it was, had two sources. If he could be President, he might make one grand, final compromise which would last for as long as men need look forward. This was one chance. The other was—(so he said, but I never could believe that he had faith in it himself)—that the Colonization Society might, in time, carry off the negroes out of sight and out of mind. I pressed him with the question, whether the whole American marine could ever carry away the mere annual increase of the blacks: and he admitted that it could not, and that he was only working on in a blind and vague hope of the final convulsion being somehow averted. He was never President; and he felt deeply the decline of the republic, as shown in the postponement of the claims of such a man as himself to the convenience of electing tools of the Southern faction. The latter years of his life were dreary; and so, he perceived, were those of the republic. He was under a doom; and so was his country. He was applauded; but he had no power. He was set up as a candidate, often and often; but others gained the prize. He lost all his six daughters, between the ages of fifteen and thirty; and he had deep and various griefs on account of his sons. When the death of the last of his daughters—an excellent and devoted woman—was announced to him, he fainted; and, when he was once more thrust aside from the Presidentship, his spirit fainted within him. If he could not rule the country for a time, all was over; for no one else could avert the collision; and either a servile war or a disruption of the Union, or both, must arrive within a few years. He naturally did not desire to impress a foreigner with this view: and I had occasion, more than once, to show him that he went too far in his attempts to lead me away from it: but his anticipations of the catastrophe were too clear and precise to be concealed. He knew that I understood what the Colonization Society could and could not do; and there we left it.

As for what he did in regard to the catastrophe, he aggravated its guilt and bitterness by buying it off for a time by sacrifices of liberty and honour. He considered it patriotic to defer the crisis by the use of his great powers of persuasion, coming in aid of the national pride in the Union. When the South

began to lose its pride in the Union, the game was evidently nearly up; and then Mr. CLAY rejoiced that he was so old as he was. He was not an aged man; but he was much worn. His trembling hand, nervously playing with his spectacles as he spoke in public; his voice, less sweet and steady than of old; his fading eye and relaxed frame, told of the wear and tear of anxiety as much as Webster's sunk eye, gaunt brow, and rigid mouth. He let himself be led about to make speeches, in which he had to give stones to the hearers hungry for bread. The time was past for sound doctrine befitting normal days; and it had not come for the appeals to radical principles, and the invitations to valorous conflict which animate a revolutionary season. With HENRY CLAY, compromise faded and died out; and the South, in the seats of power at Washington, began to fleece, out of the national stores, for the coming revolution.

"All this is very dreary," some will say. "Is this the life of statesmanship in America?" Yes; for the last quarter of a century. It is not the natural life of republican statesmanship; but it is the experience of a generation of political leaders who are one and all burdened with the consciousness of a radical sin and an impending retribution. Throughout the whole period, every man of two generations has known that the turning-point of the national fortunes was the fate of slavery in the District of Columbia. While it lasted, the nation was isolated in Christendom as a slaveholding people—a people holding slaves in the very metropolis of the republic. Whenever the offence was done away, the nation would at once join company with other Christian peoples, free to reprobate and extinguish a barbarism and a curse. That day has arrived, and the American people and we are on the same side.

It is needless, after what I have related, to dwell upon the absurdity of saying and assuming that the American conflict is unexpected, or, as I have repeatedly read, "undreamed of." It was discussed with me, a quarter of a century ago, by every man and woman I met in the United States who had any political knowledge or sense; and, as we have seen, the forecast of it has clouded the lives of statesmen of all sections and degrees, from the founders of the republic down to their grandsons. If we English have been thoughtless about providing a supply of cotton from other territory, let us say so; but let us not incur the charge of either ignorance or hypocrisy by saying that the Second American Revolution was not foreseen long ago, and in the very time and manner of its happening.

# RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

## CHAPTER LX.

### THE BRIDGE AT LAST.

THE group which Lord Ascot had seen through the glass doors consisted of Charles, the coachman's son, the coachman and Mr. Sloane. Charles and the coachman's son had got hold of a plan of the battle of Balaclava, from the *Illustrated London News*, and were explaining the whole thing to the two older men, to their great delight. The four got enthusiastic and prolonged the talk for some time; and, when it began to flag, Sloane said he must go home, and so they came down into the bar.

Here a discussion arose about the feeding of cavalry horses, in which all four were perfectly competent to take part. The two young men were opposed in argument to the two elder ones, and they were having a right pleasant chatter about the corn or hay question

in the bar, when the swing doors were pushed open, and a girl entered and looked round with that bold, insolent expression one only sees among a certain class.

A tawdry draggled-looking girl, finely enough dressed, but with everything awry and dirty. Her face was still almost beautiful; but the cheekbones were terribly prominent, and the hectic patch of red on her cheeks, and the parched cracked lips, told of pneumonia developing into consumption.

Such a figure had probably never appeared in that decent aristocratic public-house, called the Groom's Arms, since it had got its licence. The four men ceased their argument and turned to look at her; and the coachman, a family man with daughters, said, "Poor thing!"

With a brazen, defiant look she advanced to the bar. The barmaid, a very beautiful, quiet-looking, London girl, advanced towards her, frightened at such a wild tawdry apparition, and asked her mechanically what she would please to take.

"I don't want nothing to drink, miss," said the girl; "leastways, I've got no money; but I want to ask a question. I say, miss, you couldn't give a poor girl one of them sandwiches, could you? You'll never miss it, you know."

The barmaid's father, the jolly landlord, eighteen stone of good humour, was behind his daughter now. "Give her a pork pie, Jane, and a glass of ale, my girl."

"God Almighty bless you, sir, and keep her from the dark places where the devil lies awaiting. I didn't come here to beg—it was only when I see them sandwiches that it come over me—I come here to ask a question. I know it ain't no use. But you can't see him—can't see him—can't see him," she continued, sobbing wildly, "rattling his poor soul away and not to do as he asked you. I didn't come to get out for a walk. I sat there patient three days, and would have sat there till the end, but he would have me come. And so I came; and I must get back—get back."

The landlord's daughter brought her some food; and, as her eyes gleamed with wolfish hunger, she stopped speaking. It was a strange group. She in the centre, tearing at her food in a way terrible to see. Behind, the calm face of the landlord, looking on her with pity and wonder; and his pretty daughter, with her arm round his waist, and her head on his bosom, with tears in her eyes. Our four friends stood to the right, silent and curious—a remarkable group enough; for neither the duke's coachman, nor Mr. Sloane, who formed the background, were exactly ordinary-looking men; and in front of them were Charles and the coachman's son, who had put his hand on Charles's right shoulder, and was peering over his left at the poor girl, so that the two faces were close together—the one handsome and pale, with the mouth hidden by a moustache; the other, Charles's, wan and wild, with the lips parted in eager curiosity, and the chin thrust slightly forward.

In a few minutes the girl looked round on them. "I said I'd come here to ask a question; and I must ask it and get back. There was a gentleman's groom used to use this house, and I want him. His name was Charles Horton. If you, sir, or if any of these gentlemen, know where I can find him, in God Almighty's name, tell me this miserable night."

Charles was pale before, but he grew more deadly pale now; his heart told him something was coming. His comrade, the coachman's son, held his hand tighter still on his shoulder, and looked in his face. Sloane and the coachman made an exclamation.

Charles said quietly, "My poor girl, I am the man you are looking for. What, in God's name, do you want with me?" and, while he waited for her to answer, he felt all the blood in his body going towards his heart.

"Little enough," she said. "Do you mind a little shoeblack boy as used to stand by St. Peter's Church?"

"Do I?" said Charles, coming towards her. "Yes, I do. My poor little lad. You don't mean to say that you know anything about him?"

"I am his sister, sir; and he is dying;

and he says he won't die not till you come. And I come off to see if I could find you. Will you come with me and see him?"

"Will I come!" said Charles. "Let us go at once. My poor little monkey. Dying, too!"

"Poor little man," said the coachman. "A many times I've heard you speak of him. Let's all go."

Mr. Sloane and his son seconded this motion.

"You mustn't come," said the girl. "There's a awful row in the court to-night; that's the truth. He's safe enough with me; but if you come, they'll think a mob's being raised. Now, don't talk of coming."

"You had better let me go alone," said Charles. "I feel sure that it would not be right for more of us to follow this poor girl than she chooses. I am ready."

And so he followed the girl out into the darkness; and, as soon as they were outside, she turned and said to him:

"You'd best follow me from a distance. I'll tell you why: I expect the police wants me, and you might get into trouble from being with me. Remember, if I am took, it's Marquis Court, Little Marjoram Street, and it's the end house, exactly opposite you as you go in. If you stands at the archway, and sings out for Miss Ophelia Flanigan, she'll come to you. But if the row ain't over, you wait till they're quiet. Whatever you do, don't venture in by yourself, however quiet it may look: sing out for her."

And so she fluttered away through the fog, and he followed, walking fast to keep her in sight.

It was a dreadful night. The fog had lifted, and a moaning wind had arisen, with rain from the south-west. A wild, dripping, melancholy night, without rain enough to make one think of physical discomfort, and without wind enough to excite one.

The shoeblacks and the crossing-sweepers were shouldering their brooms and their boxes, and were plodding homewards. The costermongers were letting their barrows stand in front of the public-houses, while they went in to get something to drink, and were discussing the price of vegetables there, and being fetched out by dripping policemen, for obstructing her Majesty's highway. The beggars were gathering their rags together, and posting homewards; let us charitably suppose, to their bit of fish, with guinea-fowl and sea kale afterwards, or possibly, for it was not late in February, to their boiled pheasant, and celery sauce. Every one was bound for shelter but the policemen. And Charles—poor, silly, obstinate Charles, with an earl's fortune waiting for him, dressed as a groom, pale, wan, and desperate—was following a ruined girl, more desperate even than he, towards the bridge.

Yes; this is the darkest part of my whole story. Since his misfortunes he had let his mind dwell a little too much on these bridges. There are very few men without a cobweb of some sort in their heads, more or less innocent. Charles had a cobweb in his head now. The best of men might have a cobweb in his head after such a terrible breakdown in his affairs as he had suffered; more especially if he had three or four splinters of bone in his deltoid muscle, which had prevented his sleeping for three nights. But I would sooner that any friend of mine should at such times take to any form of folly (such even as having fifty French clocks in the room, and discharging the butler if they did not all strike at once, as one good officer and brave fellow did) rather than get to thinking about bridges after dark, with the foul water lapping and swirling about the piers. I have hinted to you about this crotchet of poor Charles for a long time; I was forced to do so. I think the less we say about it the better. I call you to witness that I have not said more about it than was necessary.

At the end of Arabella Row, the girl stopped, and looked back for him. The Mews' clock was overhead, a broad orb of light in the dark sky. Ten minutes past ten. Lord Ascot was sitting beside Lord Saltire's bed, and Lord

Saltire had rung the bell to send for Inspector Field.

She went on, and he followed her along the Mall. She walked fast, and he had hard work to keep her in sight. He saw her plainly enough whenever she passed a lamp. Her shadow was suddenly thrown at his feet, and then swept in a circle to the right, till it overtook her, and then passed her, and grew dim till she came to another lamp, and then came back to his feet, and passed on to her again, beckoning him on to follow her, and leading her—whither?

How many lamps were there? One, two, three, four; and then a man lying asleep on a bench in the rain, who said, with a wild, wan face, when the policeman roused him, and told him to go home, "My home is in the Thames, friend; but I shall not go there to-night, or perhaps to-morrow."

"His home was in the Thames." The Thames, the dear old happy river. The wonder and delight of his boyhood. That was the river that slept in crystal green depths, under the tumbled boulders fallen from the chalk cliff, where the ivy, the oak, and the holly grew; and then went spouting, and raging, and roaring through the weirs at Casterton, where he and Welter used to bathe, and where he lay and watched kind Lord Ascot spinning patiently through one summer afternoon, till he killed the eight-pound trout at sun-down.

That was the dear old Thames. But that was fifty miles up the river, and ages ago. Now, and here, the river had got foul, and lapped about hungrily among piles, and barges, and the buttresses of bridges. And lower down it ran among mud banks. And there was a picture of one of them, by dear old H. K. Browne, and you didn't see at first what it was that lay among the sedges, because the face was reversed, and the limbs were—

They passed in the same order through Spring Gardens into the Strand. And then Charles found it more troublesome than ever to follow the poor girl in her rapid walk. There were so many like her there: but she walked faster than any of them. Before he came to the street which leads to Waterloo Bridge, he thought he had lost her; but when he turned the corner, and as the dank wind smote upon his face, he came upon her, waiting for him.

And so they went on across the bridge. They walked together now. Was she frightened, too?

When they reached the other end of the bridge, she went on again to show the way. A long way on past the Waterloo Station, she turned to the left. They passed out of a broad, low, noisy street, into other streets, some quiet, some turbulent, some blazing with the gas of miserable shops, some dark and stealthy, with only one or two figures in them, which disappeared round corners, or got into dark archways as they passed. Charles saw that they were getting into "Queer Street."

How that poor gaudy figure fluttered on! How it paused at each turning to look back for him, and then fluttered on once more! What innumerable turnings there were! How should he ever find his way back—back to the bridge?

At last she turned into a street of greengrocers, and marine store-keepers, in which the people were all at their house doors looking out: all looking in one direction, and talking so earnestly to one another, that even his top-boots escaped notice: which struck him as being remarkable, as nearly all the way from Waterloo Bridge a majority of the populace had criticised them, either ironically; or openly, in an unfavourable manner. He thought they were looking at a fire, and turned his head in the same direction; he only saw the poor girl, standing at the mouth of a narrow entry, watching for him.

He came up to her. A little way down a dark alley was an archway, and beyond there were lights, and a noise of a great many people shouting, and talking, and screaming. The girl stole on, followed by Charles a few steps, and then drew suddenly back. The whole of the alley, and the dark archway beyond, was lined with policemen.

A brisk-looking, middle-sized man,

with intensely black scanty whiskers, stepped out, and stood before them. Charles saw at once that it was the inspector of police.

"Now then, young woman," he said, sharply, "what are you bringing that young man here for, eh?"

She was obliged to come forward. She began wringing her hands.

"Mr. Inspector," she said, "sir, I wish I may be struck dead, sir, if I don't tell the truth. It's my poor little brother, sir. He's a dying in number eight, sir, and he sent for this young man for to see him, sir. Oh! don't stop us, sir. Se'lp me—"

"Pish!" said the inspector; "what the devil is the use of talking this nonsense to me? As for you, young man, you march back home double quick. You've no business here. It's seldom we see a gentleman's servant in such company in this part of the town."

"Pooh! pooh! my good sir," said Charles; "stuff and nonsense. Don't assume that tone with me, if you will have the goodness. What the young woman says is perfectly correct. If you can assist me to get to that house at the further end of the court, where the poor boy lies dying, I shall be obliged to you. If you can't, don't express an opinion without being in possession of circumstances. You may detain the girl, but I am going on. You don't know who you are talking to."

How the old Oxford insolence flashed out even at the last.

The inspector drew back and bowed. "I must do my duty, sir. Dickson!"

Dickson, in whose beat the court was, as he knew by many a sore bone in his body, came forward. He said, "Well, sir, I won't deny that the young woman is Bess, and perhaps she may be on the cross, and I don't go to say that what with flimping, and with cly-faking, and such like, she mayn't be wanted some day like her brother the Nipper was; but she is a good young woman, and a honest young woman in her way, and what she says this night about her brother is gospel truth."

"Flimping" is a style of theft which I have never practised, and, consequently, of which I know nothing. "Cly-faking" is stealing pocket-handkerchiefs. I never practised this either, never having had sufficient courage or dexterity. But, at all events, Police-constable Dickson's notion of "an honest young woman in her way" seems to me to be confused and unsatisfactory in the last degree.

The inspector said to Charles, "Sir, if gentlemen disguise themselves they must expect the police to be somewhat at fault till they open their mouths. Allow me to say, sir, that in putting on your servant's clothes you have done the most foolish thing you possibly could. You are on an errand of mercy, it appears, and I will do what I can for you. There's a doctor and a Scripture reader somewhere in the court now, so our people say. *They* can't get out. I don't think you have much chance of getting in."

"By Jove!" said Charles, "do you know that you are a deuced good fellow? I am sorry that I was rude to you, but I am in trouble, and irritated. I hope you'll forgive me."

"Not another word, sir," said the inspector. "Come and look here, sir. You may never see such a sight again. *Our* people daren't go in. This, sir, is, I believe, about the worst court in London."

"I thought," said Charles, quite forgetting his top-boots, and speaking "*de haut en bas*," as in old times—"I thought that your Rosemary Lane carried off the palm as being a lively neighbourhood?"

"Lord bless you," said the inspector, "nothing to this; look here."

They advanced to the end of the arch, and looked in. It was as still as death, but it was as light as day, for there were candles burning in every window.

"Why," said Charles, "the court is empty. I can run across. Let me go; I am certain I can get across."

"Don't be a lunatic, sir," said the inspector, holding him tight; "wait till I

give you the word, unless you want six months in Guy's Hospital."

Charles soon saw the inspector was right. There were three houses on each side of the court. The centre one on the right was a very large one, which was approached on each side by a flight of three steps, guarded by iron railings, which, in meeting, formed a kind of platform or rostrum. This was Mr. Malone's house, whose wife chose, for family reasons, to call herself Miss Ophelia Flanigan.

The court was silent and hushed, when, from the door exactly opposite to this one, there appeared a tall, and rather handsome young man, with a great frieze coat under one arm, and a fire-shovel over his shoulder.

This was Mr. Dennis Moriarty, junior. He advanced to the arch, so close to Charles and the inspector that they could have touched him, and then walked down the centre of the court, dragging the coat behind him, lifting his heels defiantly high at every step, and dexterously beating a "chune on the bare head of um wid the fire-shovel. Hurroo!"

He had advanced half-way down the court without a soul appearing, when suddenly the enemy poured out on him in two columns, from behind two doorways, and he was borne back, fighting like a hero with his fire-shovel, into one of the doors on his own side of the court. The two columns of the enemy, headed by Mr. Phelim O'Neill, uniting, poured into the doorway after him, and from the interior of the house arose a hubbub, exactly as though people were fighting on the stairs.

At this point there happened one of those mistakes which so often occur in warfare, which are disastrous at the time, and inexplicable afterwards. Can anyone explain why Lord Lucan gave that order at Balaclava? No. Can anyone explain to me, why, on this occasion, Mr. Phelim O'Neill headed the attack on the staircase in person, leaving his rear struggling in confusion in the court, by reason of their hearing the fun going on inside, and not being able to get at it? I think not. Such was the case, however; and, in the midst of it, Mr. Malone, howling like a demon, and horribly drunk, followed by thirty or forty worse than himself, dashed out of a doorway close by, and, before they had time to form line of battle, fell upon them hammer and tongs.

I need not say that, after this surprise in the rear, Mr. Phelim O'Neill's party had very much the worst of it. In about ten minutes, however, the two parties were standing opposite one another once more, inactive from sheer fatigue.

At this moment Miss Ophelia Flanigan appeared from the door of No. 8—the very house that poor Charles was so anxious to get to—and slowly and majestically advanced towards the rostrum in front of her own door, and, ascending the steps, folded her arms and looked about her.

She was an uncommonly powerful, red-faced Irish woman; her arms were bare, and she had them akimbo, and was scratching her elbows.

Every schoolboy knows that the lion has a claw at the end of his tail with which he lashes himself into fury. When the experienced hunter sees him doing that, he, so to speak, "hooks it." When Miss Flanigan's enemies saw her scratching her elbows, they generally did the same. She was scratching her elbows now. There was a dead silence.

One woman in that court, and one only, ever offered battle to the terrible Miss Ophelia: that was young Mrs. Phaylim O'Nale. On the present occasion she began slowly walking up and down in front of the expectant hosts. While Miss Flanigan looked on in contemptuous pity, scratching her elbows, Mrs. O'Neill opened her fire.

"Pussey, pussey!" she began, "kitty, kitty, kitty! Miaow, miaow!" (Mr. Malone had accumulated property in the cats' meat business.) Morraow, ye little tabby divvle, don't come anighst her, my Kitleen Avourneen, or yill be convarted into sassidge mate, and sowld to keep a drunken one-eyed ould rapparee,

from the county Cark, as had two months for bowling his barrer sharp round the corner of Park Lane over a ould gineral officer, in a white hat and a green silk umbereller; and as married a red-haired woman from the county Waterford, as calls herself by her maiden name, and never feels up to fighting but when the licker's in her, which it most in general is, pussey; and let me see the one of Malone's lot or Moriarty's lot ather, for that matter, as will deny it. Miaow!"

Miss Ophelia Flanigan blew her nose contemptuously. Some of the low characters in the court had picked her pocket.

Mrs. O'Neill quickened her pace and raised her voice. She was beginning again, when the poor girl who was with Charles ran into the court and cried out, "Miss Flanigan! I have brought him; Miss Flanigan!"

In a moment the contemptuous expression faded from Miss Flanigan's face. She came down off the steps and advanced rapidly towards where Charles stood. As she passed Mrs. O'Neill she said, "Whist now, Biddy O'Nale, me darlin. I ain't up to a shindy to-night. Ye know the rayson."

And Mrs. O'Neill said, "Ye're a good woman, Ophelia. Sorra a one of me would have loosed tongue on ye this night, only I thought it might cheer ye up a bit after yer watching. Don't take notice of me, that's a dear."

Miss Flanigan went up to Charles, and, taking him by the arm, walked with him across the court. It was whispered rapidly that this was the young man who had been sent for to see little Billy Wilkins, who was dying in No. 8. Charles was as safe as if he had been in the centre of a square of the Guards. As he went into the door they gave him a cheer; and, when the door closed behind him, they went on with their fighting again.

Charles found himself in a squalid room, about which there was nothing remarkable but its meanness and dirt. There were four people there when he came in—a woman asleep by the bed, two gentlemen who stood aloof in the shadow, and the poor little wan and wasted boy in the bed.

Charles went up and sat by the bed; when the boy saw him he made an effort, rose half up, and threw his arms round his neck. Charles put his arm round him and supported him—as strange a pair, I fancy, as you will meet in many long days' marches.

"If you would not mind, Miss Flanigan," said the doctor, "stepping across the court with me, I shall be deeply obliged to you. You, sir, are going to stay a little longer."

"Yes, sir," said the other gentleman, in a harsh, unpleasant voice; "I shall stay till the end."

"You won't have to stay very long, my dear sir," said the doctor. "Now, Miss Flanigan, I am ready. Please to call out that the doctor is coming through the court, and that, if any man lays a finger on him, he will exhibit Croton and other drastics to him till he wishes he was dead, and, after that, throw in quinine till the top of his head comes off. *Allons*, my dear madam."

With this dreadful threat the doctor departed. The other gentleman, the Scripture reader, stayed behind, and sat in a chair in the further corner. The poor mother was sleeping heavily. The poor girl, who had brought Charles, sat down in a chair and fell asleep with her head on a table.

The dying child was gone too far for speech. He tried two or three times, but he only made a rattle in his throat. After a few minutes he took his arms from round Charles's neck, and, with a look of anxiety, felt for something by his side. When he found it he smiled, and held it towards Charles. Well, well; it was only the ball that Charles had given him—

Charles sat on the bed, and put his left arm round the child, so that the little death's head might lie upon his breast. He took the little hand in his. So they remained. How long?

I know not. He only sat there with the hot head against his heart, and thought that a little life, so strangely

dear to him, now that all friends were gone, was fast ebbing away and that he must get home again that night across the bridge.

The little hand that he held in his relaxed its grasp, and the boy was dead. He knew it, but he did not move. He sat there still with the dead child in his arms, with a dull terror on him, when he thought of his homeward journey across the bridge.

Some one moved and came towards him. The mother and the girl were still asleep—it was the Scripture reader. He came towards Charles, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. And Charles turned from the dead child, and looked up into his face—into the face of John Marston.

## CHAPTER LXI.

### SAVED.

With the wailing mother's voice in their ears, those two left the house. The court was quiet enough now. The poor savages who would not stop their riot lest they should disturb the dying, now talked in whispers lest they should awaken the dead.

They passed on quickly together. Not one word had been uttered between them—not one—but they pushed rapidly through the worst streets to a better part of the town, Charles clinging tight to John Marston's arm, but silent. When they got to Marston's lodgings, Charles sat down by the fire, and spoke for the first time. He did not burst out crying, or anything of that sort. He only said quietly,

"John, you have saved me. I should never have got home this night."

But John Marston, who, by finding Charles, had dashed his dearest hopes to the ground, did not take things quite so quietly. Did he think of Mary now? Did he see in a moment that his chance of her was gone? And did he not see that he loved her more deeply than ever?

"Yes," I answer to all these three questions. How did he behave now?

Why, he put his hand on Charles's shoulder, and he said, "Charles, Charles, my dear old boy, look up and speak to me in your dear old voice. Don't look wild like that. Think of Mary, my boy. She has been wooed by more than one, Charles; but I think that her heart is yours yet."

"John," said Charles, "that is what has made me hide from you all like this. I know that she loves me above all men. I dreamt of it the night I left Ravenshoe. I knew it the night I saw her at Lord Hainault's. And partly that she should forget a penniless and disgraced man like myself, and partly (for I have been near the gates of hell to-night, John, and can see many things) from a silly pride, I have spent all my cunning on losing myself—hoping that you would believe me dead, thinking that you would love my memory, and dreading lest you should cease to love me."

"We loved your memory well enough, Charles. You will never know how well, till you see how well we love yourself. We have hunted you hard, Charles. How you have contrived to avoid us, I cannot guess. You do not know, I suppose, that you are a rich man?"

"A rich man?"

"Yes. Even if Lord Saltire does not alter his will, you come into three thousand a-year. And, besides, you are undoubtedly heir to Ravenshoe, though one link is still wanting to prove that."

"What do you mean?"

"There is no reasonable doubt, although we cannot prove it, that your grandfather Petre was married previously to his marriage with Lady Alicia Staunton, that your father James was the real Ravenshoe, and that Ellen and yourself are the elder children, while poor Cuthbert and William—"

"Cuthbert! Does he know of this? I will hide again; I will never displace Cuthbert, mind you."

"Charles, Cuthbert will never know anything about it. Cuthbert is dead. He was drowned bathing last August."

Hush! There is something, to me, dreadful in a man's tears. I daresay that it was as well, that night, that the news

of Cuthbert's death should have made him break down and weep himself into quietness again like a child. I am sure it was for the best. But it is the sort of thing that good taste forbids one to dwell upon or handle too closely.

When he was quiet again, John went on:

"It seems incredible that you should have been able to elude us so long. The first intelligence we had of you was from Lady Ascot, who saw you in the Park."

"Lady Ascot? I never saw my aunt in the Park."

"I mean Adelaide. She is Lady Ascot now. Lord Ascot is dead."

"Another of them!" said Charles. "John, before you go on, tell me how many more are gone."

"No more. Lady Ascot and Lord Saltire are alive and well. I was with Lord Saltire to-day, and he was talking of you. He has left the principal part of his property to Ascot. But, because none of us would believe you dead, he has made a reservation in your favour of eighty thousand pounds."

"I am all abroad," said Charles. "How is William?"

"He is very well, as he deserves to be. Noble fellow! He gave up everything to hunt you through the world like a bloodhound and bring you back. He never ceased his quest till he saw your grave at Varna."

"At Varna!" said Charles; "why, we were quartered at Devna."

"At Devna! Now, my dear old boy, I am but mortal; do satisfy my curiosity. What regiment did you enlist in?"

"In the 140th."

"Then how, in the name of all confusion," cried John Marston, "did you miss poor Hornby?"

"I did not miss Hornby," said Charles, quietly. "I had his head in my lap when he died. But now tell me, how on earth did you come to know anything about him?"

"Why, Ascot told us that you had been his servant. And he came to see us, and joined in the chase with the best of us. How is it that he never sent us any intelligence of you?"

"Because I never went near him till the film of death was on his eyes. Then he knew me again, and said a few words which I can understand now. Did he say anything to any of you about Ellen?"

"About Ellen?"

"Yes. Did Ascot ever say anything either?"

"He told Lord Saltire, what I suppose you know—"

"About what?"

"About Ellen?"

"Yes, I know it all."

"And that he had met you. Now tell me what you have been doing."

"When I found that there was no chance of my remaining *perdu* any longer, and when I found that Ellen was gone, why, then I enlisted in the 140th."

He paused here and hid his face in his hands for some time. When he raised it again his eyes were wilder, and his speech more rapid.

"I went out with Tom Sparks and the Roman-nosed bay horse; and we ran a thousand miles in sixty-three hours. And at Devna we got wood-pigeons; and the cornet went down and dined with the 42d at Varna; and I rode the Roman-nosed bay, and he carried me through it capitally. I ask your pardon, sir, but I am only a poor discharged trooper. I would not beg, sir, if I could help it; but pain and hunger are hard things to bear, sir."

"Charles, Charles, don't you know me?"

"That is my name, sir. That is what they used to call me. I am no common beggar, sir. I was a gentleman once, sir, and rode a-horseback after a blue greyhound, and we went near to kill a black hare. I have a character from Lord Ascot, sir. I was in the light cavalry charge at Balaclava. An angry business. They shouldn't get good fellows to fight together like that. I killed one of them, sir. Hornby killed many,

and he is a man who wouldn't hurt a fly. A sad business!"

"Charles, old boy, be quiet."

"When you speak to me, sir, of the distinction between the upper and lower classes, I answer you, that I have had some experience in that way of late, and have come to the conclusion that, after all, the gentleman and the cad are one and the same animal. Now that I am a ruined man, begging my bread about the streets, I make bold to say to you, sir, hoping that your alms may be none the less for it, that I am not sure that I do not like your cad as well as your gentleman, in his way. If I play on the one side such cards as my foster-brother William and Tom Sparks, you, of course, trump me with John Marston and the cornet. You are right; but they are all four good fellows. I have been to death's gate to learn it. I will resume my narrative. At Devna the cornet, besides woodpigeons, shot a francolin—"

It is just as well that this sort of thing did not come on when Charles was going home alone across the bridge; that is all I wished to call your attention to. The next morning, Lord and Lady Hainault, old Lady Ascot, William, Mary, and Father Tiernay, were round his bed, watching the hot head rolling from side to side upon the pillow, and listening to his half-uttered delirious babble, gazing with a feeling almost of curiosity at the well-loved face which had eluded them so long.

"Oh, Hainault! Hainault!" said Lady Ascot; "to find him like this after all! And Saltire dead without seeing him! and all my fault, my fault. I am a wicked old woman; God forgive me!"

Lord Hainault got the greatest of the doctors into a corner, and said:

"My dear Dr. B——, will he die?"

"Well, yes," said the doctor; "to you I would sooner say yes than no, the chances are so heavy against him. The surgeons like the look of things still less than the physicians. You must really prepare for the worst."

## CHAPTER LXII.

### MR. JACKSON'S BIG TROUT.

Of course, he did not die; I need not tell you that. B—— and P. H—— pulled him through, and shook their honest hands over his bed. Poor B—— is reported to have winked on this occasion; but such a proceeding was so unlike him, that I believe the report must have come round to us through one of the American papers—probably the same one which represented the Prince of Wales hitting the Duke of Newcastle in the eye with a champagne cork.

However, they pulled him through; and, in the pleasant spring-time, he was carried down to Casterton. Things had gone so hard with him, that the primroses were in blossom on the southern banks before he knew that Lord Saltire was dead, and before he could be made to understand that he was a rich man.

From this much of the story we may safely deduce this moral, "That, if a young gentleman gets into difficulties, it is always as well for him to leave his address with his friends." But, as young gentlemen in difficulties generally take particularly good care to remind their friends of their whereabouts, it follows that this story has been written to little or no purpose. Unless, indeed, the reader can find for himself another moral or two; and I am fool enough to fancy that he may do that, if he cares to take the trouble.

Casterton is built on arches, with all sorts of offices and kitchens under what would naturally be the ground floor. The reason why Casterton was built on arches (that is to say, as far as you and I are concerned) is this: that Charles, lying on the sofa in Lord Hainault's study, could look over the valley and see the river; which, if it had been built on the ground, he could not have done. From this window he could see the great weirs spouting and foaming all day; and, when he was carried up to bed, by William and Lord Hainault, he could hear the roar of them rising and

sinking, as the night-wind came and went, until they lulled him to sleep.

He lay here one day, when the doctors came down from London. And one of them put a handkerchief over his face, which smelt like chemical experiments, and somehow reminded him of Dr. Daubeny. And he fell asleep; and, when he awoke, he was suffering pain in his left arm—not the old dull grinding pain, but sharper; which gradually grew less as he lay and watched the weirs at Casterton. They had removed the splinters of bone from his arm.

He did not talk much in this happy quiet time. William and Lady Ascot were with him all day. William, dear fellow, used to sit on a footstool, between his sofa and the window, and read the *Times* to him. William's education was imperfect, and he read very badly. He would read Mr. Russell's correspondence till he saw Charles's eye grow bright, and hear his breath quicken, and then he would turn to the list of bankrupts. If this was too sad, he would go on to the share list, and pound away at that, till Charles went to sleep, which he generally did pretty quickly.

About this time—that is to say, well on in the spring—Charles asked two questions:—The first was, whether or no he might have the window open? And next, whether Lord Hainault would lend him an opera-glass?

Both were answered in the affirmative. The window was opened, and Lord Hainault and William came in, bearing, not an opera-glass, but a great brass telescope, on a stand—a thing with an eight-inch object-glass, which had belonged to old Lord Hainault, who was a Cambridge man, and given to such vanities.

This was very delightful. He could turn it, with a move of his hand, on to any part of the weirs, and see almost every snail which crawled on the burdocks. The very first day he saw one of the men from the paper-mill come to the fourth weir, and pull up the paddles to ease the water. The man looked stealthily round, and then raised a wheel from below the apron, full of spawning perch. And this was close time! Oho!

Then, a few days after, came a tall, grey-headed gentleman, spinning a bleak for trout, who had with him a lad in top-boots, with a landing-net. And this gentleman sent his bait flying out here and there across the water, and rattled his line rapidly into the palm of his hand in a ball, like a consummate master, as he was. (King among fishermen, prince among gentlemen, you will read these lines, and you will be so good as to understand that I am talking of you.) And this gentleman spun all day and caught nothing.

But he came the next day to the same place, and spun again. The great full south-westerly wind was roaring up the valley, singing among the budding trees, and carrying the dark, low, rainless clouds swiftly before it. At two, just as Lady Ascot and William had gone to lunch, and after Charles had taken his soup and a glass of wine; he, lying there, and watching this gentleman diligently, saw his rod bend and his line tighten. The lad in the top-boots and the landing-net leaped up from where he lay; there was no doubt about it now. The old gentleman had got hold of a fish, and a big one.

The next twenty minutes were terrible. The old gentleman gave him the but, and moved slowly down along the camp-shuting, and Charles followed him with the telescope, although his hand was shaking with excitement. After a time, the old gentleman began to wind up his reel, and then the lad, top-boots, and landing-net, and all, slipped over the camp-shooting (will anybody tell me how to spell that word? *Campsheading* won't do, my dear sir, all things considered) and lifted the fish (he was nine pounds), up among the burdocks at the old gentleman's feet.

Charles had the whole group in the telescope—the old gentleman, the great trout, and the dripping lad, taking off his boots and emptying the water out of them. But the old gentleman was looking to his right at somebody who was coming: and immediately there came

into the field of the telescope a tall man in a velvet coat, with knee-breeches and gaiters, and directly afterwards, from the other side, three children, and a young lady. The gentleman in the knee-breeches bowed to the young lady, and then they all stood looking at the trout.

Charles could see them quite plainly. The gentleman in velveteen and small-clothes was Lord Ascot, and the young lady was Mary.

He did not look through the telescope any more; he lay back, and tried to think. Presently afterwards old Lady Ascot came in, and settled herself in the window, with her knitting.

"My dear," she said, "I wonder if I fidget you with my knitting-needles. Tell me if I do, for I have plenty of other work."

"Not at all, dear aunt; I like it. You did nineteen rows this morning, and you would have done twenty-two if you had not dropped a stitch. When I get stronger I shall take to it myself. There would be too much excitement and over-exertion in it, for me to begin just now."

Lady Ascot laughed; she was glad to see him trying even such a feeble joke. She said:

"My dear, Mr. Jackson has killed a trout in the weirs just now, nine pounds."

"I know," said Charles; "I did not know the weight, but I saw the fish. Aunt, where is Welter—I mean, Ascot?"

"Well, he is at Ranford. I suppose you know, my dear boy, that poor Lord Saltire left him nearly all his fortune. Nearly five hundred thousand pounds' worth, with Cottingdean and Marksworth together. All the Ranford mortgages are paid off, and he is going on very well, my dear. I think they ought to give him his marquisate. James might have had it ten times over, of course; but he used to say, that he had made himself the most notorious viscount in England, and that, if he took an earldom, people would forget who he was."

"I wish he would come to see me, aunt. I am very fond of Welter."

I can't help it; he said so. Remember how near death's door he had been. Think what he had been through. How he had been degraded, and kicked about from pillar to post, like an old shoe; and also remember the state he was in when he said it. I firmly believe that he had at this time forgotten everything, and that he only remembered Lord Ascot as his old boy-love, and his jolly college-companion. You must make the best of it, or the worst of it, for him, as you are inclined. He said so. And, in a very short time, Lady Ascot found that she wanted some more wool, and hobbled away to get it.

After a time, Charles heard a man come into the room. He thought it was William; but it was not. This man came round the end of the sofa, and stood in the window before him. Lord Ascot.

He was dressed as we know, having looked through Charles's telescope, in a velveteen coat, with knee-breeches and leathern gaiters. There was not much change in him since the old times; only his broad, hairless face seemed redder, his lower jaw seemed coarser and more prominent, his great eyebrows seemed more lowering, his vast chest seemed broader and deeper, and altogether he looked rather more like a mighty, coarse, turbulent blackguard than ever.

"Well, old cock," he said, "so you are on your back, hey?"

"Welter," said Charles, "I am so glad to see you again. If you would help me up, I should like to look at you."

"Poor old boy," said Lord Ascot, putting his great arm round him, and raising him, "So! there you are, my pippin. What a good old fellow you are, by Gad! So you were one of the immortal six hundred, hey? I thought you would turn up somewhere in Queer Street, with that infernal old hook nose of yours. I wish I had taken to that sort of thing, for I am fond of fighting. I think, now I am rich and respectable, I shall subsidize a prize-fighter to pitch into me once a fortnight. I wish I had been respectable enough for the army;

but I should always have been in trouble with the commander-in-chief for dicing and brawling, I suppose. Well, old man, I am devilish glad to see you again. I am in possession of money which should have been yours. I did all I could for you, Charles; you will never know how much. I tried to repair the awful wrong I did you unconsciously. I did a thing in your favour I tremble to think of now, but which, God help me, I would do again. You don't know what I mean. If old Saltire had not died so quick, you would have known."

He was referring to his having told Lord Saltire that he had seen Charles. In doing that, remember he had thought that he was throwing half a million to the winds. I only tell you that he was referring to this, for fear you should not gather it from his own brutal way of speaking.

I wonder how the balance will stand against Lord Ascot at last? Who ever could have dreamt that his strong animal affection for his old friend could have led him to make a sacrifice which many a more highly organized man would have evaded, glossing over his conscience by fifty mental subterfuges?

"However, my dear fellow," he continued, "it comes to this: I have got the money; I shall have no children; and I shall make no will; therefore it all comes to you, if you outlive me. About the title I can't say. The lawyers must decide about that. No one seems to know whether or not it descends through the female branch. By-the-bye, you are not master of Ravenshoe yet, though there seems no doubt that grandma is right, and that the marriage took place. However, whether the estate goes to you, or to William, I offer the same advice to both of you. If you get my money, don't spend it in getting the title. You can get into the House of Commons easy enough, if you seem to care about that sort of fun; and fellows I know tell me that you get much better amusement there for your money than in the other place. I have never been to the House of Lords since the night I took my seat. It struck me as being slow. The fellows say that there is never any chaff, or personalities, or calling to order, or that sort of thing there; which seem to me to be half the fun of the fair. But, of course, you know more about this than I."

Charles, in a minute, when he had ineffectually tried to understand what Lord Ascot had been saying, collected his senses sufficiently to say:

"Welter, old boy, look here, for I am very stupid. Why did you say that you should have no children?"

"Of course I can't; have they told you nothing?"

"Is Adelaide dead, Welter?" asked Charles, plucking at the buttons of his coat nervously.

"They ought to have told you, Charles," said Lord Ascot, turning to the window. "Now tell me something. Have you any love left for her yet?"

"Not one spark," said Charles, still buttoning and unbuttoning his coat. "If I ever am a man again, I shall ask Mary Corby to marry me. I ought to have done so sooner, perhaps. But I love your wife Welter, in a way; and I should grieve at her death, for I loved her once. By Gad! yes; you know it. When did she die?"

"She is not dead, Charles."

"Now, don't keep me like this, old man; I can't stand it. She is no more to me than my sister—not so much. Tell me what is the matter at once; it can't be worse than what I think."

"The truth is very horrible, Charles," said Lord Ascot, speaking slowly. "She took a fancy that I should buy back her favourite old Irish mare, 'Molly Asthore,' and I bought it for her; and we went out hunting together, and we were making a nick, and I was getting the gate open for her, when the devil rushed it; and down they came on it, together. And she broke her back—Oh, God! oh, God!—and the doctor says she may live till seventy, but that she will never move from where she lies—and just as I was getting to love her so dearly—"

Charles said nothing; for with such a great, brutal blackguard as Lord Ascot, sobbing passionately at the window, it

was as well to say nothing; but he thought, "Here's work to the fore, I fancy, after a life of laziness. I have been the object of all these dear souls' anxiety for a long time. She must take my place now."

## CHAPTER LXIII.

### IN WHICH GUS CUTS FLORA'S DOLL'S CORNS.

THAT afternoon Charles said nothing more, but lay and looked out of the window at the rhododendrons just bursting into bloom, at the deer, at the rabbits, at the pheasants; and beyond, where the park dipped down so suddenly, at the river which spouted and foamed away as of old, and to the right at the good old town of Casterton, and at the blue smoke from its chimneys, drifting rapidly away before the soft south-westerly wind; and he lay and looked at these and thought.

And before sundown an arch arose in the west which grew and spread—an arch of pale green sky, which grew till it met the sun; and then the wet grass in the park shone out all golden, and the topmost cedar-boughs began to blaze like burnished copper.

And then he spoke. He said, "William, my dear old friend—loved more deeply than any words can tell—come here, for I have something to say to you."

And good William came and stood beside him. And William looked at him and saw that his face was animated, and that his eyes were sparkling. And he stood and said not a word, but smiled and waited for him to go on.

And Charles said, "Old boy, I have been looking through that glen to-day, and I saw Mr. Jackson catch the trout, and I saw Welter, and I saw Mary, and I want you to go and fetch Mary here."

And William straightway departed; and, as he went up the staircase, he met the butler, and he looked so happy, so radiant, and so thoroughly kind-hearted and merry, that the butler, a solemn man, found himself smiling as he drew politely aside to let him pass.

I hope you like this fellow, William. He was, in reality, only a groom, say you. Well, that is true enough. A fellow without education or breeding, though highly born. But still, I hope you like him. I was forgetting myself a little though. At this time he is master of Ravenshoe, with certainly nine, and probably twelve thousand a year—a most eminently respectable person. One year's income of his would satisfy a man I know, very well, and yet I am talking of him apologetically. But then we novel-writers have an unlimited command of money, if we could only realize it.

However, this great capitalist went upstairs towards the nursery; and here I must break off if you please, and take up the thread of my narrative in another place (I don't mean the House of Lords).

In point of fact, there had been a shindy (I use the word advisedly, and will repeat it)—a shindy, in the nursery that evening. The duty of a story-teller is to stick in a moral reflection wherever he can; and so at this place I pitchfork in this caution to young governesses, that nothing can be more incautious or reprehensible, than to give children books to keep them quiet without first seeing what these books are about.

Mary was very much to blame in this case (you see I tell the truth, and spare nobody). Gus, Flora, and Archy had been out to walk with her, as we know, and had come home in a very turbulent state of mind. They had demanded books as the sole condition on which they would be good; and Mary, being in a fidget about her meeting with Lord Ascot, over the trout, and being not quite herself, had promptly supplied Gus with a number of *Blackwood's Magazine* and Flora with a "Shakspeare."

This happened early in the afternoon. Remember this; for, if we are not particular in our chronology, we are naught.

Gus turned to the advertisements. He read among other things a testimo-

nial to a great corn-cutter, from a potentate who keeps a very small army, and don't mean any harm :—

(Translation.)

"Professor Homberg has cut my corns with a dexterity truly marvellous.

(Signed) "(NAPOLEON.)"

From a country baronet :—

"I am satisfied with Professor Homberg.

(Signed)

"PITCHCROFT COCKPOLE, Bart."

From a bishop in the South Sea Islands :—

"Professor Homberg has cut my corns in a manner which does equal honour to his head and his heart.

(Signed) "RANGEHAIETA."

(His real name is Jones, but that is neither here nor there) ; and in the mean time Flora had been studying a certain part of "King Lear."

Later in the afternoon it occurred to Gus, that he would like to be a corn-cutter and have testimonials. He proposed to cut nurse's corns, but she declined, assigning reasons. Failing here, he determined to cut Flora's doll's corns, and, with this view, possessed himself of her person during Flora's temporary absence.

He began by snicking the corner of her foot off with nurse's scissors. Then he found that the sawdust dribbled out at the orifice. This was very delightful. He shook her and it dribbled faster. Then he cut the other foot off and shook her again. And she, not having any stitches put in about the knee (as all dolls should), lost, not only the sawdust from her legs, but also from her stomach and body, leaving nothing but collapsed calico and a bust, with an undisturbed countenance of wax, above all.

At this time Flora had rushed in to the rescue. She felt the doll's body and she saw the heap of sawdust ; whereupon she, remembering her "King Lear," turned on him and said scornfully :

"Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness." At this awful taunt, Gus butted her in the stomach, and she got hold of him by the hair. Archy, excited for the first time in his life, threw a box of ninepins at them, which exploded. Mary rushed in to separate them, and at the same moment in came William with a radiant face, and he quietly took Mary round the waist (like his impudence), and he said, "My dear creature, go down to Charles, and leave these Turks to me."

And she left these Turks to him. And he sat on a chair and administered justice ; and in a very few minutes, under the influence of that kind, happy, sunny face of his, Flora had kissed Gus, and Archy had cuddled up on his knee, and was sucking his thumb in peace.

And, going down to the hall, he found Lady Ascot hobbling up and down, taking her afternoon's exercise, and she said to him, "Ravenshoe, you best and kindest of souls, she is there with him now. My dear, we had better not move in this matter any more. I tried to dispossess you before I knew your worth and goodness, but I will do nothing now. He is rich, and perhaps it is better, my dear, that Ravenshoe should be in Papist hands—at least, in such hands as yours."

He said, "My dear madam, I am not Ravenshoe. I feel sure that you are right. We must find Ellen."

And Mary came out and came toward them ; and she said, "Lady Ascot and Mr. Ravenshoe, Charles and I are engaged to be married."

*To be continued.*

## LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF LERICI.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[These lines are from a volume of unprinted poems and other pieces by Shelley, or relating to him, for the most part recently discovered, and about to be published by Messrs. Moxon and Co. They were written at Lerici during the last few weeks of the author's life, as appears from the character of the scenery described, as well as from the correspondence of the paper with that on which "The Triumph of Life" is written. The exact date of composition may, perhaps, be inferred from the description of the moon, as—

> "Balanced on her wings of light,
> Hovering in the purple night,"

which seems to imply that she was then near the full, with little or no declination. These circumstances concurred on the 1st and 2d of May, 1822, but at no other period during Shelley's residence at Lerici. R. G.]

She left me at the silent time
When the moon had ceased to climb
The azure path of Heaven's steep,
And, like an albatross asleep,
Balanced on her wings of light,
Hovered in the purple night,
Ere she sought her ocean nest
In the chambers of the West.
She left me, and I staid alone,
Thinking over every tone
Which, though now silent to the ear,
The enchanted heart could hear,
Like notes which die when born, but still
Haunt the echoes of the hill;
And feeling ever—O too much!—
The soft vibration of her touch,
As if her gentle hand, even now,
Lightly trembled on my brow;
And thus, although she absent were,
Memory gave me all of her
That even Fancy dares to claim.
Her presence had made weak and tame
All passions, and I lived alone
In the time which is our own;
The past and future were forgot,
As they had been, and would be, not.
But soon, the guardian angel gone,
The dæmon reassumed his throne
In my faint heart. I dare not speak
My thoughts, but thus disturbed and weak
I sat and watched the vessels glide
Over the ocean bright and wide,
Like spirit-winged chariots sent

O'er some serenest element
For ministrations strange and far;
As if to some Elysian star
Sailed for drink to medicine
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.
And the wind that winged their flight
From the land came fresh and light,
And the scent of sleeping flowers,
And the coolness of the hours
Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day
Were scattered over the twinkling bay.
And the fisher with his lamp
And spear about the low rocks damp
Crept, and struck the fish which came
To worship the delusive flame.
Too happy they, whose pleasure sought
Extinguishes all sense and thought
Of the regret that pleasure leaves,
Destroying life alone, not peace!

## MANAGEMENT OF THE NURSERY.

BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, OF THE GYMNASIUM, OXFORD.

### PART II.

CLOTHING AND EXERCISE FOR CHILDREN.

For young children of either sex there is no better material for the loose-fitting upper garment, frock or tunic, than the dyed flannels and French merinoes, or "real plaids," which are all preparations of wool, and are both light and soft. Let it not descend below the knee, that the action of the lower limbs may be left unimpeded; but let the little drawers or trousers come a hand's-breadth below it. A strange contradiction is here often practised. During the comparatively tender years of childhood the leg is kept bare from ancle to knee, in summer or winter, sunshine or snow, the rest of the body being fairly protected; but after this period, when the child may be presumed to be stronger, the hitherto naked limb is encased not only in thick cloth trousers, but very frequently in thick worsted drawers besides.

The covering for the head should be selected on the same principles as that for the rest of the body. It should be soft, light, and loose, so that no part of the rapidly developing brain and its yet open-seamed case may suffer from pressure or confinement. But, unlike the covering of the body, that for the head should not be chosen for its non-conducting power, but rather for the reverse; for the natural covering, the hair, so well fulfils its purpose, and the brains of young children are so active, the afflux of blood to them so considerable, that the local heat is great, and its free and ready escape is the point to be desired. It should be of as inexpensive a material as possible, in order that there may be no inducement to make it "last long." The brain grows too fast—its healthy condition is too important—to admit of economy in this direction. The little light straw hat, with brim of moderate width, is the best covering for the head ever invented.

And on the same principles, too, should be selected the covering for the foot. It should be soft, light, and loose. It should be soft, that the prominences of the sole of the foot may make their impression on the inner sole of the shoe,

without which the child walks but on a part of its foot; and that the action of the toes, that contract and expand, and grasp and relinquish their grasp at every step, may do so without the impediment of a stiff upper-leather. It should be light, because a heavy shoe is a burden to the ancle, a burden greater than it can bear; and the knee will come to its relief, and then the foot will be dragged along in the true plough-boy fashion, from the same cause, because the ancle must be retained stiff and unyielding to enable the knee to act in this case. It should be loose, because at every step the whole foot expands, the toes separate to take an individual grasp of the ground, and, as the body is inclined forward and its weight is removed from the perpendicular line of the heel, the instep rises and swells, and, after a few minutes' active walking, the bulk of the foot will be considerably increased by the afflux of blood into its tissues, consequent upon its movement. Equal care should be given to the sock. A sock too short or too narrow is almost as destructive to the foot as a short or narrow shoe; and the opposite error is often committed—the socks are too long, and the over-length is folded under the toes. How can the toes, thus hampered and encumbered, perform their functions? They cannot do so; and their grasp of the ground is essential to the fair lifting of the heels by the muscles of the leg, —it is the fulcrum to the lever—and so the step loses its spring and elasticity, and an imperfect and ungraceful gait is acquired at the very outset of life.

But the loss is greater yet when we examine the effects upon the general health and habits of the child. Cripple the feet, and the power as well as the inclination for exercise is impaired—the very source of movement is impaired. Moreover, the sensory nerves are not so acute in childhood as in after life; for it is manifestly designed that much of the protection afforded by the keen sense of pain is to be supplied by the parent—so that, being less susceptible of pain, a child will endure more injury without complaint, almost without consciousness. A child will soon become accustomed to such injurious compression, but it will naturally as much as possible avoid using the crippled members; it will sit when it should be walking, and walk when it should be running. Of course every one will admit that the principal purpose the shoe is designed to fulfil, after warmth, is to protect the foot from injury in its contact with external objects; but this purpose can be fully effected, and yet the action and play of the foot be left almost as free as if it were naked. For very young children, of both sexes, there is nothing so sanitary, so comfortable, or so suitable, or so elegant, as the well-known nursery shoe, with uncovered instep and narrow ancle-strap—being, in fact, as near an approach to the ancient sandal as with modern tastes and opinions we can go; and for older boys, the little low-heeled laced shoe, still leaving the upper and higher portion of the instep bare, and the ancle perfectly unfettered and free.

How great, then, the folly of lacing up the foot and ancle of a child in a boot! Ask the reason why it is done, and the parents will complacently reply that it is "to support the ancle." Has God, then, made all children imperfectly? Does He (not to speak irreverently) require the aid of a cobbler's craft to support His imperfect work? I say *all* children; because the very persons who assign this reason for crippling and dwarfing the limbs of their children would resent as an affront the supposition that their own children required more cobbling than others. We speak of swathing bands as a bygone monstrosity, of tight stays as another; but neither was more injurious or absurd than the practice of encasing the foot and ancle of a child in a heavy or tight boot. The Chinese do lace up the foot in a similar contrivance; but they do it avowedly for the purpose of arresting its growth and paralysing its energies—their phrase is, *to kill it*—they are not so foolish as to think they can so abuse it and use it too.

There is no concealing of the fact that,

the higher we ascend in the scale of civilization, and the more we surround ourselves with material comforts, engage in mental occupations, and indulge in purely intellectual pursuits, the greater is the risk of the enfeeblement and enervation of our physical powers, and therefore the greater need is there of our watchfulness and care. Children delicately nurtured, fed regularly on carefully prepared food, comfortably housed, and put to sleep on soft and warm beds, shielded from all extremes of heat and cold, their minds carefully cultivated, their nerves rendered sensitive, every want supplied, foreseen, forestalled—run they not great risk of missing that strength and power of endurance which is their birthright? There is but one way to secure it, and that is by adding to the other agents of health, abundant *exercise*, carefully selected for its fitness, attractiveness, and variety, by which strength, and vigour, and energy are acquired. Then may be turned this disadvantage of civilization into advantage. The finer organization will show itself. The gillie may climb the hill and follow the forest track as stoutly as the chief; but will he scale so steep a precipice, or leap so wide a scaur?

But, as I often hear said, children can find their own exercise; no need to trouble ourselves about that! If we look upon a child's exercise simply as a means of amusing it—that is, of keeping it contented and freeing ourselves from trouble—by all means let us leave it to its own resources. But, if we view it as one of the main sources of present and future health, as the only giver and preserver of strength and beauty of form, and as a powerful agent in the formation of character, let us give to it at least as much attention as we give to the proper cleansing of its skin—as much care as we give to what it shall eat, or what it shall drink, or wherewithal it shall be clothed.

All the exercise an infant receives or requires is passive. The mere act of breathing gives employment to a large portion of the trunk, and bathing and dressing supply any farther want. But the child can scarcely be too soon accustomed to be laid on its back on a mattress or rug on the floor, where it may use its limbs freely as it gains the power. It is wonderful how soon an infant will learn to amuse itself, and find employment, not only for eyes and ears, but for hands also, when left to this safest and most sanitary mode of nursing. From this position, too, it will soonest learn that first recognised exercise of child-life—creeping. Encourage this—prolong this. There is no physical art it will ever learn in after-life from which it will derive so much benefit as this. Limbs and trunk, hands and feet, all employed—all equally; back and shoulders, hip and loin; many muscles contracting and relaxing, many joints turning, but none tried severely, none unduly; the weight of the trunk, the burden to be borne, being distributed in fair proportions to the four separate limbs—the four short outspread props, at the four farthest points of the burden! There is no exercise in the gymnasium, however thoughtfully and skilfully prepared to meet the requirements of its votaries, children or adults, more valuable than is the act of creeping to the infant on the nursery floor.

When the child shows of itself an irrestrainable desire to walk, let it be permitted to do so, but not otherwise; and even then let it not be unduly supported or permitted to exert itself. If it slip to the ground, let it rise of itself; and encourage it to do so. The exercise of getting up again is better than that of walking, and self-dependence is still farther encouraged. Great care should be taken not to allow fat or heavy children, or children who are growing rapidly, to be too soon, or too long, or too frequently on their feet; or to be insufficiently or unevenly supported during their early efforts; or to drag or be dragged on one side; or to be led by one hand too exclusively, or to have the hand lifted high when being led. In truth this is a most important and critical time for the well-being and well-growing of the child; for the little plastic frame will take any bias or bent

to which it may be subjected. And I have seen nursemaids do in a day, in their most goodnatured ignorance, what it would require months of careful effort to undo.

A child's toys are its books; let them be as carefully chosen as the printed volumes in the after-time. Let them be such as will keep it physically active —toys that require much catching and picking up; india-rubber balls of all colours and all sizes, but of no weight, that bound at the touch of an infant's hand, and make the circuit of the nursery before they can be caught again; spinning-tops, whipping-tops, hoops, and the embryo paper-kites, that require active running to sustain them in their flight. Do not neglect variety. However exhilarating and delightful a game may be to-day, it will probably be "stale, flat, and unprofitable," to-morrow; invent new ones and new combinations, and then return to the old; they will be welcomed as old friends, and greeted with all the warmth of a first love.

I am daily asked the question, "At what age should a child begin systematized exercise?" And my answer is generally determined by the answers received to other questions put by myself—"What is the state of the child's health? What are its opportunities at home for recreative exercise? To what extent does it avail itself of them?" If these be satisfactory, systematized exercise may be delayed till as late as the tenth year; but, if unsatisfactory, there is no age too young for it to come to the gymnasium; for all children's exercises should have the attractiveness of play, the simplicity of play, the safety of play and the variety of play—should strengthen the desire for play, while they increase the capacity to pursue it. A child's exercises should ever be interesting, attractive, and amusing; no exercise is good for a child unless it possesses these qualities, and those which possess them in the highest degree are, *cæteris paribus*, the best. I am always disposed to cultivate most that exercise which elicits the loudest shouts on completion, and the most prolonged clapping of small hands. I repeat, if children's exercises fail in these qualities, they fail in their chief good; for it is not during the little time that the child is at the gymnasium that the principal benefit should be obtained. The impulse of the exercise there should be seen to influence the entire habits and disposition of the child, mental as well as physical. For, although there the chief thing generally noted be the physical advancement, yet with it are many mental qualities of high order cultivated—caution, with its frequent companion, courage; presence of mind and dexterity under apparent danger; forethought and perseverance confronting difficulty. Education, mental and physical, began with life; here they are in close and inseparable fellowship. Where do they part company?

But there is another aspect in which systematized exercise must be viewed; and that is as an agent for the rectification of abnormal forms of growth and development of the trunk and limbs, arising from neglect, accident, or illness. In infancy and early childhood the bones are soft and pliant, their ligaments frail and easily ruptured or strained, and the muscles moving them or holding them in their places as yet possessed of little contractile power. This is specially applicable to the chest and the spinal column. In many of the diseases incidental to childhood, the whole process of respiration is violently affected; its organs labour under inflammation, and the walls of the cavity of the chest are subjected to extreme and frequent distension and collapse. In hooping-cough, in the severe cough which sometimes accompanies dentition, and also in that which accompanies and remains after measles and some fevers, violent fits of coughing shake the chest, and seem almost to rend it asunder. At these times, even with the greatest care and forethought, it is not always possible to avert injury from this important part. Now is the time when tight straps over the shoulders, and tight wrappings over the chest, will inevitably cause displacement or irregular growth; will cause

the points of attachment of the ribs to the sternum to protrude, and the sternum itself to sink; or will produce an entirely different effect—will cause the ribs to be depressed and the sternum to rise, in the form called pigeon breast. Injury to the spine not unfrequently springs from the same cause, taking the forms of curvature, distinguished by the direction of the deviation from the true line of the column.

At first view it would appear that the fact of these illnesses assailing the child before the framework of its body is consolidated is a great misfortune. But a moment's reflection shows not only that the liability is a merciful one from the fact that children feel pain and discomfort much less acutely than adults, and recover from their depressing effects much more speedily, but that it is probable that the disease itself is greatly mitigated by the freedom and elasticity of the unconsolidated frame. Moreover, from the very fact that the chest was susceptible of displacement from its yielding and plastic character, we instantly perceive that, with skilful and judicious management, the evil can be remedied. We reason, "If the elasticity of the parts permitted the front of the chest to be pushed forward by internal pressure or by external lateral compression, cannot a counter process be brought to restore to their normal position and conformation these parts, still plastic, still yielding, still changing in the growing child?" And, when the question is put, the answer can be fully given. Certainly, if taken immediately or soon after the act of displacement, before any process of consolidation in the abnormal position has begun to take place, and while the elasticity of the parts remains, leaving them as free to recede as they were to advance—judiciously selected and skilfully administered exercise will almost infallibly restore them. I have known children in whom the chest was so affected by repeated colds and frequent attacks of inflammation, that the sternum stood out to such an extent that the skin shone glazed and colourless almost to bursting; and I have known others in whom from a similar cause—repeated local inflammation, with its necessary remedies and in-door confinement—the displacement had taken the opposite form of a cavity the child's hand could be concealed in; and I have seen both restored to their normal shape.

Where the straining has been severe, and where one side has, by partial use, been rendered stronger than the other, the displacement will sometimes present both the prominence and the cavity; the ends of the ribs and, perhaps, part also of the sternum will be advanced, and the remainder of the sternum and corresponding ribs on the other side will be depressed. But the gravity of the injury and disfigurement may be viewed in each case as the same; and, as they sprang from a similar cause, they can be —remedied by one and the same means muscular movement, arranged to give natural and special employment to all the parts displaced, and to all others adjacent to or connected with them.

I have spoken here but of the displacements of the bones by sustained compression or violent distension; but there are other cases (such as those arising from rickets) lamentably frequent among children, which I have found equally susceptible of amelioration and cure by carefully administered, systematized and localized exercise; and more powerful still have I found the curative effects of such exercise in nervous affections—as frequent with children as with adults, and indicated by innumerable painful signs, such as intermittent or periodic squinting, stammering, involuntary twitching of the hands, jerking of the limbs, and unconscious rolling of the head. The nervous system is so intimately allied to, and is materially so closely connected with, the muscular, that it can be directly and effectively addressed through it by exercise.

When a child is healthy and strong a few minutes of each day may be employed in learning to read, as early as its fourth or fifth year. For its amusement it may have been read to, even before it could well understand the meaning of the words—and this is valu-

able in teaching correct articulation; and it may have learned snatches of ballads and songs and verses and rhymes by the dozen; and from picture-books it may have learned the name and appearance and something of the habits of birds and beasts, wild and tame, and the colours and shapes of flowers that grow in garden and in field. But this learning to read will now be a duty avowed and expected, if for no other purpose than thus early to acquire the habit of attention and the recognition of discipline. But a few minutes each day are enough. The little eyes are yet too tender to pore long over black and white; they are yet too fond of shapes and colours, of looking at objects near and far, to be fixed for any length of time on a printed page. And let there be no forcing, no compulsion, but the gentlest guiding and explanation. The child is badly taught who requires to be compelled to learn.

But be more heedful of the rein than the spur. There is more risk in going too fast than too slow. Parents are yet to be found who are proud of a precocious child. What is it they are proud of? What becomes of all the precocious children? We can tell what has become of some of the dunces; but what has become of the marvels of childhood, the prodigies of the nursery? Ask the gardener what has become of the trees forced into fruiting before their time, and of the flowers forced into blooming before their season.

## VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.

CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ.

If the bell-ringer of the parish church of Rumelli had hard work of it on this particular St. Urban's day—and he had been ringing away ever since early dawn—at least he could satisfy himself from his elevated position that he was not labouring for nothing.

Not a soul in Rumelli but was abroad by sunrise, and a variegated stream of visitors, most of them from the neighbouring hamlets, never ceased flowing in from hill and plain. Those from the hill were easily recognisable—the men by their breeches, their cocked hats, and the considerable show of pigtails among them; the women by the awkward shortness of their waists. This antiquated costume was no longer that of the inhabitants of the plain—the lowland men had generally adopted velveteen pantaloons and round hats, and their ladies long waists. The head-gear, however, remained the same for the fair sex of both regions. It consisted of a number of large silver pins stuck round the back of the head in a semi-circle, with two larger ones projecting sufficiently to support a red or white veil, or kerchief.

Every available place for such traffic as the day authorized was taken up by six o'clock. Mountains of gingerbread, in all possible fantastic shapes, myriads of strings of chestnuts, heaps of walnuts and hazel-nuts, images of saints and rosaries by the bushel, cheap pan-pipes, and penny whistles made of the bark of young saplings, solicited the attention of amateurs.

We said that the good folk of Rumelli were astir betimes, and we regret to add that they had another reason for being so, besides that of following the virtuous maxim, that "the early bird gets the worm." The village, in fact, had gone to sleep the night before on a very alarming report, propagated no one knew by whom—a report to the effect that the Bishop of Ibella, who was to have officiated at the parish church next day, was ill, and would not be able to attend. This would be a disaster, indeed, if it

turned out to be true, and what bad news does not? as the good folks learned by experience in this very instance.

So late as ten o'clock of the previous evening, an express from Ibella had brought word to the rectory, and to the castle, that his Reverence was slightly indisposed, and would not be able for his clerical duties. This confirmation of the distressing rumours of the day before was a thunderbolt to the castle, which had thus lost its most illustrious guest. The whole parish was under a cloud of disappointment, which did not, for all that, prevent an observant eye being kept on the rival establishments. The interest in their proceedings, especially in those of the castle, was, however, languid in comparison to what it would have been had the bishop been coming. What mattered it who did or did not come, now that the great gun was missing!

Nevertheless a sharp reckoning was made of the visitors to the potentates. At a quarter to ten—the service was to begin at ten—the state of the poll was as follows:—For the castle—three carriages, eleven people; big fishes among them, a retired general (in regimentals) and his lady, a half-pay major (also in regimentals) with a wooden leg, Count what's-his-name, a civilian and brother to the Marquis's lately deceased wife, two canons from the cathedral of Ibella—plus, three cavalry, viz. the Marchesino, son of the Marquis, one of his brother officers, and the Commandant of the Carabineers stationed at Ibella.

For the palace—six carriages, one-and-twenty people; big fishes among them, the Intendente (first civil authority of the province) of Ibella, with lady and sister, the first President of the Court of Appeal, the Attorney-General, the advocate of the poor of the same place, a canon, the preacher for the occasion, a young friar of the order of the Barnabites, an order in odour of liberalism, three gentlemen from Turin, relations of the late wife of the Signor Avvocato—plus, one horseman, the Commandant of the National Guard of Ibella in uniform.

While notes were thus being compared out of doors, and auguries *pro* and *con* drawn from the number and quality of the respective guests, Vincenzo and Barnaby were watching from the Belvedere the movements of the castle, with the view to ascertain and let the Signor Padrone know, when the Marquis and his party set out for the church. The Signor Avvocato had his reasons for wishing to be the second to start. It was an established custom at Rumelli, that the ten o'clock mass, which the family from the castle were in the habit of attending, should not begin until the Marquis, or his lady, when there was one, or some representative of the family, should be in their place in their own chapel. Don Natale, when he was appointed to the parish, had found this custom established, and had seen no cause to interfere with it. Truth to say, the persons who enjoyed the benefit of this privilege had never abused it; on the contrary, they were generally of a laudable punctuality to the hour. But, somehow or other, this good quality had suddenly failed them, when a mass in music with orchestra, under the auspices and management of the Signor Avvocato, had been substituted for the usual high mass with accompaniment of organ, on the day of St. Urban, the patron of Rumelli.

The fact is, that on the first year of the innovation no one from the castle was in the chapel at the appointed hour, and the Signor Avvocato, *pro tem* conductor of the orchestra, had the mortification of waiting, roll of music in hand to beat the time, for full twenty minutes. In his capacity of leader of the band, he might have taken the law into his own hands, and, by giving the signal to the orchestra, compelled, in a certain way, the beginning of the service; but we know that he was not the man for any bold measure. He took, as his nature prompted, a middle course; that is, swallowed the bitter pill for the present; but, to prevent for the future any possible repetition of the same slight, he had the castle watched, so as to make sure that its inmates were gone to

church before he went thither himself. Thus when Vincenzo, out of breath, rushed from the Belvedere to announce that "the castle was *en route*," then, and then only, did the Signor Avvocato give the signal for the setting out of his party.

He headed the march with the Intendent's lady on his right arm, and holding his daughter with the other hand. If we were to say that he was not a little elated, we should not be telling the exact truth; but he tried only to look benignant and happy. No great effort was necessary for this, for nature had unmistakably intended him to be the one and the other, if the Government and his neighbours would permit him to be so. Rose's father was a tall, florid-complexioned, still very handsome man, with but a slight inclination to corpulency. Had he not stooped a little—the result of habit and not of age—few men could have been seen who wore their fifty and six years more lightly than he did. Well, had he not stooped, and had his gait been more in proportion to the bulk of his body, in other words, had his step been longer, his would have been a very commanding presence. As for his smile and address, none could be pleasanter.

In glaring contrast to his was the bearing and manner of the leader of the other party—"the storming party," as the Signor Avvocato could not help whispering to the lady on his arm. Stiff, erect, and as martial-looking as his undersize, his loose regimentals, and rather ludicrous *codino* (pigtail) would allow, the Marquis led on his train as if to battle instead of to mass. A spare old man, very thin, very shrivelled, and, as a rule, looking daggers at mankind in general, such was the Marquis. Hanging on his arm was Madame la Generale, the only specimen of the fair sex among the castle guests, and who was supported on the other side by one of the canons. "Beauty between army and church," remarked some profane joker in the opposite ranks. Certainly, if glitter and noise could carry the day, the castle might cry out victory beforehand—such a blaze of epaulets as it sent forth, such a jingling of spurs and swords as accompanied its procession.

The Black Coats—"the undertakers," as the Marquis quizzically denominated them—looked tame indeed in comparison. They had, at any rate, the advantage in numbers, which is something; and then, black coats, when on the back of a procurator fiscal, or an advocate of the poor, not to speak of intendentes and presidents, have a close connexion with sundry practical results, which give to the said black coats a serious importance in the eyes of rustics. Any one, for instance, might have, some day or other, a son, or nephew, or friend, implicated in a Sunday brawl, and there was no saying how far the severe or lenient view taken of the matter by the public prosecutor might influence the fate of son, nephew, or friend. Or, a poor devil might have a clear legal case, and no money to support it in court; in which predicament a good word from the advocate above named could do much towards the poor devil's being admitted to the "benefit of the poor," as the phrase is—that is, to have the benefit of his suit cost free. These and such-like considerations had, probably, their share in the warm reception given to the Black Coats throughout their passage; even warmer, some said, than the one bestowed on the glittering epaulets, especially when, issuing from opposite sides, both at the same moment entered the church square, where the majority of the local population had long before taken their stand.

But how was it that the castle party, which had had a good ten minutes' start of the other, and a good third less of road to traverse, should only reach the square half a minute sooner than the palace party? There were more reasons than one for this delay. First of all, the sun being very hot, the Marquis, in compliment to the Lady Generale, had struck across some fields of his own, that she might have the benefit of the shade of trees and vine-covered walks—an act of gallantry which necessitated a

great deviation from the straight road; then the Lady Generale was very fat, the general asthmatic, the major had a wooden leg, and the marquis himself, full of fire for his age (seventy-five), had, in Hamlet's words, "most weak hams." To all these combined causes of slowness add an acceleration of speed of the palace party, afraid of being behind time, and the simultaneity of arrival is readily accounted for.

At sight of the rival column, the Marquis, who was perhaps fifteen feet nearer the church door, slackened his pace, and put on a gracious grin. The Signor Avvocato, of course, could do no less than quicken his step, and smile in his turn. Another twenty seconds, and there they are face to face—a position which two well-bred gentlemen and close neighbours cannot, even if wearing hostile colours, decently prolong without exchanging salutations and polite inquiries. Consequently, there ensued a general full stop. Cocked hats were raised to the ladies, a finger, military fashion, laid on shakoes. Round hats were not slow in answering the compliment. The general and intendente advanced towards each other; acquaintances left their respective sides to shake hands and greet each other; and, every one knowing every one, the two groups soon coalesced into one.

Taking advantage of the momentary confusion, Federico, the young Marchesino, stole behind the unwitting Vincenzo, who was staring with all his might at the row of crosses on the general's breast, and, watching his opportunity, suddenly sent both his knees into the back of Vincenzo's legs, exclaiming, "How fares it with you, Abbas Mirza!" This was one of the hundred nicknames with which he pestered the young abbé, who thus taken unawares would have lost his balance, had not his tormentor, unwilling to push the joke too far, held him up by the waist. The seminarist turned round as red as a turkey-cock, and, forgetting in his wrath that embryo priests must not swear, sent after the retreating offender, convulsed with laughter, a sonorous "D— the fool!" Fortunately for Vincenzo's self-love, this little episode, as far as he could perceive, had escaped notice in the general press. Miss Rose, most surely, had seen nothing of it.

By this time, the Signor Avvocato had made his condolences about the untoward event, which had deprived the castle, and indeed the whole community, of the brightest ornament of the day; the Marquis, in his turn, had expressed his regrets, and a hope that his reverence's indisposition was not a serious one, and nothing remained to do but to enter the church. But the Marquis drew back, and would not hear of going in first; the advocate mayor on his side, persisted that not for his life would he take precedence of the Marquis, and the scene was verging on the ludicrous, when three words of Latin—the only words of Latin his lordship knew—cut this gordian knot. *Cedant arma togæ* was the shibboleth with which the Marquis conquered the scruples of his opponent. For truth's sake we must add, that an impatient jerk, given by the Lady Intendente to the Signor Avvocato's arm, came to lend weight to the laconic Latin sentence. The Signor Avvocato, with a last apologetic flourish of his hand, bowed his head, lowered his shoulders, and passed on with his two fair companions.

In despair of our ability to do it justice, we renounce any attempt to describe the splendour of the service, and the perfect arrangement of all its parts. I outshone, by universal consent, all thet former displays on the same festival. Nothing was left to desire in all that appertained to the musical department, and Vincenzo's execution of the famous motet was so excellent as quite to restore him to the good graces of his godfather and patron. Let us hope that the culinary efforts at palace and castle were equally successful, and that the respective guests fared the better for the rivalry of the dinner givers. All Rumelli knew beforehand what was to compose the *menu* at both places, as most of the dainties, coming

from a distance, had passed through Peter the chandler's shop, the post-office of Rumelli, and had been discussed by a competent jury, and pronounced upon, before they had reached their final destination. The general feeling inclined towards the dinner at the palace.

At the proper moment, both factions repaired again to the church, and from church back to head-quarters, each making it a point to take the longest road through the village, stop here and there to make small purchases, or to converse with the bystanders; in short, to mix in some way in the merry-makings. And everywhere, palace and castle, met with a respectful and warm welcome. So far, popular favour seemed resolved to keep the balance pretty steady between the two parties. No signal advantage could be boasted of by either. But as the day wore on, the star of the castle paled, and that of the palace was decidedly in the ascendant. The absence of the bishop, in the end, turned the scale, and the wherefore is easily explained.

The grounds of castle and palace were always thrown open to the public on St. Urban's day, and after vespers crowds were used to congregate in both, though undoubtedly those of the palace attracted the greater multitude. The palace grounds had a right to the preference, seeing that they were by far the most tastefully laid out, had ornamental pieces of water, and *jets d'eau*, brilliant *parterres*, and above all, "bosky shades and cool, mossy retreats." No wonder such charms made it a favourite resort, even before the time when a band played on the terrace; but when, some ten or twelve years ago, to all its other attractions was added that of music, for one loiterer in the castle alleys, ten might be found in those of the palace. Still a certain number of people, sufficient to maintain a show of competition, haunted the castle grounds, principally peasant women from the hills, who had never, perhaps, seen a bishop, or were in particular want of the episcopal benediction. Now, as it was well known beforehand this magnet would not be forthcoming, those piously-inclined individuals deserted the castle, and in the evening solitude reigned undisputed there, even long before the usual display of fire-works at the palace.

All the Marquis's guests left at dark, save the Count and Marchesino Federico; all the guests of the Signor Avvocato but three — the canon, the special preacher, and the intendente—remained over the night. Long after the castle was plunged in obscurity, lights gleamed from every window of the palace. Thus ended the proceedings of a day which might wear for its appropriate motto the Latin quotation of the Marquis, *Cedant arma togæ.*

## CHAPTER V.

### VINCENZO GOES ON A FOOL'S ERRAND.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, Rose was sitting in the Belvedere, her favourite place at that hour, busy at work with the purse which we have once before seen in her hands. The excitement of the festa had fatally interfered with the progress of her intended gift, the completion of which was the more pressing as he for whom it was destined was to leave the palace early next day to return to the seminary at Ibella. Let us note here that the Belvedere was the boundary of her father's estate on this its eastern side, and beyond it began the castle grounds, sloping gently down to the castle itself, a distance, perhaps, of two hundred paces. Debouching into the road, which ran below the Belvedere, after traversing some of the Marquis's fields, was a beaten track, which had served to connect the lower and upper land, when both still belonged to the Del Palmetto family. This will explain how it was possible for Rose in her retreat to be startled by the tramp of a horse. On looking up, she saw the Marchesino riding along the footpath just mentioned towards the road.

This young gentleman had left the Turin Military Academy not long before;

and, having got a cornetcy in a light cavalry regiment, stationed for the last three months at Ibella, he had been able often to give Rumelli in general the benefit of a sight of his dashing uniform and red shako, and to Rose, in particular, that of his tender glances and gallant attentions. Not that he was or professed to be in love with her; but, as a spirited youth, and an officer, he considered himself in duty bound to flirt with all the pretty girls who came in his way—and Rose was very pretty indeed. Frederick was of a good height, with a well-proportioned active figure—nevertheless, far from handsome. He was red-haired and freckled, and had no trace of the bloom of youth on his countenance—a disadvantage which often attaches itself to the offspring of elderly parents. The Marquis must have been full fifty-five, when his second wife presented him with this boy.

The moment he perceived he had attracted the young lady's attention, Frederick waved his foraging cap to her; and, putting his horse to a brisk canter, he brought him up close to the wall of the Belvedere.

"How do you do, Signorina? I was on my way to the palace to bid you good-bye."

"Thank you, Signor Federico," returned Rose. "Are you going away?"

"Yes, this very instant; have you any commands for Ibella—or for the camp?"

"What! are you going to the camp?" asked Rose in surprise.

"Yes; we start to-morrow for Vigevano, to join the rest of our regiment there, and from thence we shall march into Lombardy. Have you no talisman, no keepsake, to bestow on a poor soldier going to the wars?"

"You have my best wishes, Signor Federico," said the girl.

"A precious gift, indeed; but which would be enhanced still, if supported by some tangible proof of your good will—that ribbon round your neck, or this purse, for instance;" and he took up the purse from the window sill, on which Rose had mechanically laid it when he first accosted her. It must be understood that, by raising himself a little in his stirrup, the young officer could bring himself on a level with the window of the Belvedere.

"No, not that," said Rose, thrusting out her hand to seize her work. "I have promised that to some one else."

"So I see," said Federico, scanning the initials upon it; "promised to Priest-in-the-bud. But such as these are profane gifts, unsuited to holy Churchmen—better give Vincenzo a rosary, and allow me to keep this."

"Oh, no!" cried the girl, eagerly; "give it back to me, pray, sir."

"Well, well, if it must be so," said the young hypocrite, holding out the purse, but at the same time slyly spurring his horse, which, obeying the hint, so widened the space between the two hands as to baffle the gentleman's kind intentions. Every apparent attempt to get the animal close to the wall had no other result than that of making him more and more restive.

"You see, I am doing my best," called out the youth, shaking in his saddle in an ominous way; "indeed, it is not my fault if I do not succeed."

"Throw it to me," urged Rose.

"So I would, but I cannot—it is all I can do to manage Moretto with both hands." Moretto, indeed, with his fore-legs in the air, seemed bent on executing a pirouette. "I feel he is getting the better of me," exclaimed the Marchesino. "I must let him have his way—farewell, Signorina;" and off the rogue set at a gallop down the road, Rose screaming after him in every key of her voice to stop and listen to her.

"What is the matter?" asked Vincenzo, coming up out of breath.

"Marchesino Federico has taken away your purse," replied Rose, with a half sob.

"Taken away my purse!—how? when?" inquired the seminarist.

"This instant, he rode away with it;" and Rose gave a hurried account of the whole transaction.

"It is too bad!" cried Vincenzo, white with anger; then, looking at her earnestly,

he added, "Am I to understand that he took it against your express wish, Signora?"

"Yes, indeed, in spite of all I could say."

"Then you shall have it back again," affirmed the little man, with a stamp of his foot by way of emphasis, and turned away.

"Where are you going, Vincenzo?" asked Rose, rather frightened.

"To Ibella," answered Vincenzo, without, however, stopping.

"Oh! pray, pray, don't!" entreated the girl, running after him; "it is of no use. He will not give it up for the mere asking, and you cannot take it from him by force; for he is the stronger of the two. Besides, he is an officer; and, if papa should find out that you were gone, and alone—"

But Vincenzo's blood was up—he was past every consideration of prudence. All that Rose obtained was a promise that he would be back at eight o'clock, the supper hour at the palace. He picked up his hat, which lay at the foot of a tree, and jumped over the gate. Rose, hurrying to the Belvedere, was just in time to catch sight of him as he turned down the road. Once more she called on him to stop, but this appeal was as unheeded as the rest; so she had nothing to do but to sit down and watch his progress down the hill through her fast-falling tears.

It might be half-past three in the afternoon; the sun was high in the heavens, and broiling hot; but our Paladin was indifferent to that fact, being too much occupied with the young lady's grievance to have perceptions for aught else. He had no settled plan as to how he was to achieve the recovery of the stolen treasure; or, to speak more correctly, the wildest schemes towards that end flitted across his brain—such as calling out Federico, applying for aid to the intendente, or asking redress from the colonel of the young officer's regiment. In this state of excitement, he strode on with such a will that in one hour and a half he accomplished a distance which was considered handsomely done by the best of pedestrians in two hours.

The sight of houses and people somewhat sobered him. It brought with it the consciousness of the danger he was in, of being interfered with by the authorities of the seminary, were they made aware that he was parading the streets alone—a feat strictly forbidden to Seminarists. Fortunately, the house he was in search of, one on which he had kept his eye for the last three months, was on his road, being in those outskirts of the town he had to pass. He went there at once; but, his loud knocking at the street door, which was closed, not being attended to, he came to the conclusion that there was nobody at home. A neighbour, who was standing at a window opposite, confirmed him in this belief, informing him officiously that the Marchesino del Palmetto was probably, as this was his dinner hour, at the café of the Post in the Piazza d'Armi.

Vincenzo knew perfectly well—indeed, too well—where the Café della Posta and the Piazza d' Armi were situated; that is, at the further end of the town, and in quite an alarming proximity to the Seminary. But, far or near, thither he must proceed, and thither he did proceed, looking straight before him, and avoiding as much as possible great thoroughfares. He reached his destination without hindrance; and, after poking his nose into three or four wrong rooms, at last stumbled upon the right one. Del Palmetto and two brother officers were playing at billiards. Frederick, bending over the table, was in the act of striking the ball, when he caught sight of the new comer, and exclaimed:

"Wonders will never cease. *Sacerdos secundum Melchisedech*, I declare. Here is a distich for thee, Priest-in-the-bud; see if I scan it rightly—

> Presbyter in sylvis tendebat retia grillis
> Et tantum fecit that at last he got unum."

"Can't you talk and play at the same time?" asked the Marchesino's adversary.

"Then here's a cannon dedicated by special permission to his reverence,"

wound up Del Palmetto, playing. The stroke failed, and the bungler was made sport of by his brother-officers.

"The intention was good, at all events; and good intentions help us on the way to Paradise, do not they, Abbas?" asked the Marchesino, walking up to Vincenzo.

"Will you allow me to speak two words . . . to you in private at your leisure?" said Vincenzo, sinking down exhausted on a bench, and wiping the moisture from his face and brow. The sentence, short as it was, came forth broken in half, owing partly to the emotion of the speaker; still more so to the parched state of his lips. Vincenzo's tongue literally clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Not before you have had something to drink," replied Federico, taking a glass full of some liquid off a table. "Here, try this; it was meant for me, but I have not touched it."

"What is it?" inquired Vincenzo, glass in hand.

"Orgeat," said Frederick, with a wink to his companions. Vincenzo swallowed the contents of the glass at one gulp. He was aware the instant after that he had not drunk anything so simple as orgeat, but he took good care to say nothing of his discovery, from the fear of exposing himself to further mortifications.

"Good, is it not?" asked Federico, who had again returned to his game. Vincenzo could only nod assent; the beverage, whatever it was, had cut short his respiration.

The success of his trick had driven away the first impulse—they say all such are good—which had moved the Marchesino at sight of the lad's heated face and troubled looks. Guessing the errand on which the seminarist had come, Del Palmetto had had half a mind to draw the messenger aside, put the purse into his hand, and so end the matter; but, now that he saw a chance of fresh sport, he gave up as tame and absurd the better course he had for a moment contemplated, and instead manœuvred to gain time; so, turning to Vincenzo, he said, "You are not in a hurry, are you?" There was that in the tone of the question which prompted an answer conformable to the wishes of the questioner. Vincenzo returned a laconic "Not in the least," accompanied by a grand toss of the head.

"Because, you must know," continued the Marchesino, "our stake is a dinner; and I hope—nay, I insist—that you make one of our party. We are all of us as hungry as hawks; and, truth to say, I have a superstitious objection to any interruption of a game when the luck is on my side, as it evidently is now."

These and such like explanations met with nothing from Vincenzo but monosyllables of consent, or significant nods and smiles, implying that he was ready for anything and everything. He was too much engrossed by his own novel and unaccountable sensations to have any attention to spare for other topics. His being seemed to have expanded into an engine of ten thousand horse-power, and to be soaring through space with the speed of a winged dragon—withal, a delicious consciousness of unlimited strength, and, along with this, a great inclination to be merciful. If he did not pound into atoms the little puny Marchesino and Co., it was only that he was a good fellow, and they were good fellows also. Give an abstemious and imaginative boy of seventeen a strong dose of extract of absynth and water, such as our Vincenzo had had, and you will see that self-exaltation is the characteristic of the intoxication it produces. It is in this self-elevating action that the great danger and attraction of the liquor just named lies, scarcely inferior to the attraction and danger of opium.

It was lucky for Vincenzo that the game did not come to a conclusion before the room had done spinning like a top; he was able to rise without any accident ensuing; and, at the friendly invitation of Del Palmetto, who passed his arm under that of the seminarist, to walk steadily enough to the end of a passage, where there was a washhand-basin stuck in the wall, and a very big and

very dirty jack-towel hanging by its side. Here the young Marquis, while washing his hands, said to Vincenzo, in a confidential whisper, "You are sent by Miss Rose for the purse, I know—all right—I have left it at my lodgings. Let us have a morsel to eat first, and then we'll go together and fetch it."

"Very well," said Vincenzo, "provided I have not long to wait."

"I won't keep you long," said the other; "so now wash your hands, and let us join our friends and have dinner."

"But I have dined already, and I am not hungry," objected Vincenzo, as in his turn he washed his hands.

"Never mind that; you needn't *eat;* only sit down for form's sake. The lieutenant, who gives the dinner, would take it amiss if you refused."

Upon this understanding, the two newly made friends walked out of the passage into a spacious court-yard, in which were set, here and there, tables of various sizes. At one, where the cloth was laid for four, were already seated Del Palmetto's two brother-officers. "So here you are at last!" exclaimed he who had lost.

"Your pardon for keeping you waiting," said the Marchesino, as he and Vincenzo took their places.

Vincenzo had spoken the truth in saying that he had dined, and also spoken what he assumed to be the truth when he had stated that he was not hungry; but, at sight of an engaging sausage, a fascinating cold roast chicken, and a lovely fresh salad, spread out before him, he discovered that he had been under a mistake, and that he should prefer doing something more than merely sitting down to table for form's sake. In fact, he had dined as early as one o'clock, and now it was past six. Besides, his long walk, not to mention the *extrait d'absinthe*, was rather calculated to sharpen a naturally good appetite. Accordingly, he did not require much pressing to be induced to try a leg of the chicken, the very first mouthful of which he was tasting, when, lo and behold! a slovenly-looking individual in shirt sleeves and slippers, appeared in front of the table, and addressed him familiarly in these words, "So I have caught you at last! Come home this instant." Signor Vincenzo raised his head haughtily, and said, majestically, "Who art thou that comest to give orders to me?" The functionary, who was no eagle, took this apostrophe *ad literam*, and replied accordingly, "Who am I? why, don't you know me, Bastian, the porter of the seminary?" To which the quick rejoinder was, "If that be thy unworthy trade, go back to it, thou filthy gaoler." The porter shook his fist threateningly at the speaker, as much as to say, "You dare speak thus to me, do you? Wait a moment!" and decamped.

"Bravo! well done!" cried Del Palmetto, filling all the glasses; "here's to the bravest spirit ever hid in a cassock!" One cannot decently decline a toast in one's own honour; at least so thought Vincenzo, and therefore he drank off the bumper at his side. "I wager anything that some of the black robes will be let loose on you before five minutes are passed," said the Marchesino.

"Let them come," said Vincenzo, with a motion of the head full of meaning, and then once more turned his attention to the leg of chicken. He was excited, and felt equal to any contingency. He ate heartily, drinking, however, in moderation; but even three glasses of wine—and he had had no more up to that time—began to tell upon one so unaccustomed to take any at all—witness the twinkle in his eye and his fast-growing talkativeness.

Things were at this pass, when the waiter who brought in the dessert also brought in word that one of the reverend prefetti of the seminary was waiting without, and wished to speak to Signor Vincenzo. A long-rooted habit of deference, asserting its right even at this moment of excitement, prompted the young Abbé to rise and obey his superior; but Del Palmetto interfered, saying, "Why should you disturb yourself? why couldn't his Reverence favour us with his company, and say what he has to say to you here?"

"Why not, indeed?" said Vincenzo, reseating himself; and, addressing the waiter, he added, rather pompously, "Have the goodness to tell the Signor Prefetto, with my compliments, that I am at this moment at dinner with some excellent friends of mine, and that I should take it as a favour if he would come to me, instead of my going to him."

The waiter departed, and almost immediately returned, ushering in a tall and good-looking ecclesiastic, who must, doubtless, have been a man of the world, for he showed no symptoms of displeasure at the scene before him; but, raising his hat to all present, he addressed the Marchesino by name, and then said to Vincenzo, with great amenity of manner, "How are you, Vincenzo? I am glad to see you again, and in such excellent company."

"And heartily happy am I to see your Reverence looking so well," said Vincenzo, standing up; "and I shall be still happier if you will take a glass of wine with us."

The prefetto thanked him, but excused himself by saying that it was one of his rules never to eat or drink except at his regular meals.

"If so," resumed Vincenzo, with much coolness, "we at least may have the honour of drinking to your Reverence's continued good health." And, smacking his lips after drinking the toast, he added, "Now that this preliminary is over, may I beg to know on what business you wish to speak to me?"

"Oh! business. There is none I know of," replied the priest, carelessly. "I heard you were here as I was passing by, and came in to give you a good day. But, as it is getting late, I think we might as well walk home together."

"Suppose I had all the inclination in the world to do so, I could not. I am not here merely for the sake of pleasure, as superficial observers might take for granted. I am here on a matter of importance; a matter connected with—never mind whom; a matter which admits of no delay, as the gentlemen present can tell you—that is, not all the gentlemen present; but my excellent friend, the young Marquis del Palmetto, can. And so, this point being also satisfactorily settled, I beg permission to sit down; but, previous to doing so, I shall once more drink your very good health;" and, having swallowed another bumper, with infinite composure, Vincenzo reseated himself.

"Then I'll leave you to transact your business," said the priest, turning away. "Should you feel disposed to come home by-and-bye, you will find Bastian waiting for you."

"D—— Bastian!" shouted the youth, springing to his feet. "I'll have no turnkey dogging me, do you hear? Thank God, I am a free citizen of a free country;" and he roared out at the top of his voice, "Long live the Statuto!" The prefetto shook his head, bowed, and departed.

"Bravo, Hector!" cried Del Palmetto, who was himself a little heated. "Only, if you take the Statuto in earnest, let me warn you to make the most of it while you can. The moment we come back from the war, we'll put your Statuto into limbo."

"Into limbo?" echoed Vincenzo, staring vacantly at Federico. "Then, are you not also for the Statuto?"

"Not one of us," affirmed the young nobleman. "Do you think the army is going to submit to a batch of advocates, whose only merit is their gift of the gab?"

Vincenzo, after pondering a little, hit the table with his fist, crying, "Have I, then, been consorting all this while with *Codini*, with Jesuits, with traitors? I shake the dust of this vile place from my shoes;" and, upsetting his chair in his precipitation, rushed away.

Del Palmetto and his brother-officers were not slow in pursuing and overtaking the fugitive.

"Don't you see it is a joke?" cried Frederick. "Come along, and let us drink to our eternal friendship."

Vincenzo, easily pacified, allowed himself to be taken back to the dinner table.

The poor youth had now drunk too much to stop short of any extravagance. So, when Del Palmetto proposed that they should go into the passage where the washhand-basin was, and exchange clothes, Vincenzo declared it was a capital idea, and immediately complied. It is easy to imagine the bursts of laughter elicited by the appearance of the seminarist in the uniform of a cavalry officer, and of the cavalry officer in the garb of a seminarist; this latter scamp improving the occasion to deliver, in a nasal twang, a short and most risible sermon. An organ-grinder was next called in, and a ball improvised; in which, as may be expected, the hapless hero of the *fête* cut a prominent figure.

All this passed in the presence of a crowd of people. The spectators, at first, had been only the customers of the establishment; but presently, as the rumour of the wild doings at the *café* got wind, people flocked thither from all quarters of the town. The scandal was as great as it could be; and those having any interest in the seminary who witnessed it, Bastian among others, were not likely to make light of it in their reports. All this time, Vincenzo was haunted by an indistinct notion of having something to do, with which, in some way or other, Miss Rose was concerned; but what this something was, do what he would, he could not remember.

By dusk, the poor lad being past making sport for anybody, Del Palmetto and his companions had him removed from the public gaze, and conveyed to a room in the *café*, where he found the only accommodation he stood in need of for the present—a bed; and there they left him snoring.

*To be continued.*

## NOTES OF A TOUR THROUGH THE BORDER STATES.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN AMERICA.

Washington was growing empty. Willard's Hotel was rapidly thinning, and the managers were fast becoming oppressively civil even to a single one-trunk-and-carpet-bag traveller like myself. Pennsylvania Avenue was no longer crowded with artillery and luggage wagons; officers had become few in number; passes had ceased to be required for crossing the now-deserted lines; and the weekly receptions of senators and Congress-men were dropping off one by one. All these symptoms were hints to a traveller to move elsewhere. The only difficulty was where to move to. Naturally, my first inclination would have been to go "on to Richmond" with the grand army of the Potomac; but, unfortunately, there were many objections to such a proceeding. In the first place, I had such confidence in the "masterly inactivity," as the *New York Herald* styles it, of General McClellan's tactics, that I doubted whether I might not be kept waiting at Fortress Monroe for weeks to come; in the second, I strongly suspected that, if I followed the army, I should see very little, but the smoke of the cannon, in the event of a battle; and, thirdly—But why should I go on, unmindful of Queen Elizabeth's answer to the magistrates of Falmouth in the matter of their not ringing the town bells, and enumerate the reasons why I *did* not go with the Potomac army, when there was one simple and decisive reason, and that was, that I *could* not? I was supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be connected with the English press, and, as such, was denied access to the Richmond expedition by orders of the Secretary of War. It is useless trying to conceal anything in America. Only the other day, while I fancied that the authorship of these articles was still a profound secret except to the favoured few who know the mysteries of *Mac-*

*millan*, I was startled at being shown, in one of the Government departments, a paragraph from an American paper, giving the name, antecedents, and history of your special correspondent. Under these circumstances, it was little use seeking to obtain permission to visit Fortress Monroe again; and I had received such uniform courtesy from all American officials I had hitherto come across, that I did not like to disturb the pleasing tenor of my recollections by exposing myself to the probability of a discourteous refusal from Mr. Stanton.

So, in fact, my choice of directions in which to travel was limited. The insurrection would not allow me to go south; the orders of the War Department precluded my journeying east; and the cold forbade me to go north. The only path open to me lay westwards, in the track of the war; and it was this path I resolved to follow. My road took through Northern Virginia, whence the Confederates had just retreated; through Ohio, the great border Free State; through Kentucky, the chief of the Union Slave States, whose loyalty, to say the most, had been a half-hearted neutrality; down to Tennessee, the stronghold and battle-field of the Confederates in the west. Such notes as I have taken in this wandering journey are recorded here.

### WASHINGTON TO WHEELING.

Away from Washington in the early morning, on the day when the President signed the measure for the emancipation of the slaves in the district of Columbia —a bright promise, let us hope, of a brighter future. By the way, the night before I left, a Washington friend of mine—the most lukewarm of abolitionists—told me this incident, worth relating. He had been driving that day in a hired carriage, driven by an old negro he had known for years. To his astonishment, the driver mistook his way repeatedly. At last my friend grew angry, and asked the man what ailed him. "Ah, massa," the negro answered, "all this matter about the emancipation has got into my head, and I feel tunned-like." Well, in Mrs. Browning's words, "God's fruit of justice ripens slow;" and it is pleasant to me to think that I, too, have seen the ripening of one small fruit of justice. So, as we passed that morning through the dull barren fields of Maryland, I could not help watching the coloured folk in the cars with more than usual interest. I have not been long enough in this country to lose the sense of novelty with which the black people impress a stranger. To me they are the one picturesque element in the dull monotony of outward life in America. With their dark swarthy skins, varying from the deepest ebony to the rich yellow hue; with their strange love for bright colours in their dress, no matter how soiled and ragged; with their bright laughing smile, and their deep wistful eyes, they form a race apart—a strange people in a strange land. Probably, if you lived amongst them, you would lose all sense of their picturesqueness, just as we in England should see little romance about gipsies, if there was a Rommany camp squatted down in every village. As a gentleman, who had studied negroes carefully, once said to me, "They are just like a man you meet who is an uncommonly pleasant companion for half an hour, but whom you find a monstrous bore when you are shut up all alone with him for a long rainy day." But, as yet, I am still in the early stage of investigation, and can hardly appreciate the evident distaste which even the staunchest free-soilers have for the negro race. A very strong republican confessed to me lately, that he could never shake hands with a negro without instinctive repugnance; and this feeling is, I suspect, a very universal one throughout the Free States. Here, in Maryland, there is, as in all slave countries, a more kindly feeling towards the negro individually. In the car in which I was sitting, negroes came in and out freely, and the white passengers seemed to have no objection to their contact; indeed, in one or two cases, I saw men get up to make room for negro

women, who, in justice, I must add, were neither young nor pretty. By one of the barbarous laws of the old Maryland code, the Washington railroad is forbidden to take free coloured people as passengers, unless they can obtain a bond from some responsible householder for a thousand dollars, to indemnify the company in case of their being claimed afterwards as fugitive slaves. Of course, this rule was always evaded when the negro was personally known to the railroad *employés;* and at the present day everything is in such confusion that I fancy it is rarely enforced. Barring this provision, coloured people may pass freely in the cars of the Baltimore and Ohio line. There is not, indeed, the absolute equality in American railway travelling that we fancy in Europe. I dare say the reader may have observed how, on our penny river steamboats, where there is no difference of fares, and no division of classes, yet the working poor always congregate in the bows of the vessel, rarely in the more aristocratic stern. The same thing happens here. Somehow or other, there is always one car on the American lines, generally the foremost one, where, without notice or order, the common soldiers, the working men, and the negroes, take their places. There is nothing to hinder a rough-shod mud-covered soldier from sitting in the hinder cars amidst the ladies and their escorts; but they seldom do it. How far a negro might be liable to insult if he placed himself amidst the genteel society, I cannot say. It is certain, he would feel uncomfortable and does not do it.

But while I am speculating on the Negro question, the train has carried us to the famous Relay Bridge, the junction of the Washington and the Western Virginia lines, which the Confederates tried in vain to blow up at the first outburst of hostilities. The country is in look much the same as when I passed through it some six weeks ago. The leaves are but little more forward, and the fields and villages have still the same dreary desolate aspect; but, in one respect, there is a marked difference. The camps along the line are removed; there are few roadside pickets; and the army has passed away. When I was last here, too, the Baltimore and Wheeling line, on which I am about to travel, was in the hands of the enemy, and Western Virginia was still, in great part, subject to the Confederate Government. Now, within the last few days, the line has been reopened, and the Confederate forces have been repulsed far away towards the South. Still, the route is not much in favour with the public. The whole of the railroad officials, like all inhabitants of slave-holding states, are very lukewarm Unionists; and, a few days ago, a proposal that all servants of the company should be required to take the oath of allegiance was rejected by the board of directors at Baltimore by a majority of sixteen to seven. There are stories, too, of Southern "bush-whackers," wandering about in the wild country, through which the line runs, and trying to tear up the rails and upset the trains. A long Italian experience has utterly destroyed my faith in brigands of any kind, and I certainly had no intention of going some hundreds of miles out of my way to avoid a hypothetical "bush-whacker." Distances are so enormous in this country, that an Englishman finds it hard to realize them. My journey to-day, which was to take me from the Eastern to the Western frontier of Virginia, was 400 miles in length—as far as as from London to Edinburgh.

At the Relay Bridge, then, we first began our real journey into the quondam dominions of Secession. Our train was a short one of three cars in all, filled chiefly with soldiers returning to their regiments stationed along the line, a good number of road passengers going to revisit their property or friends in the recovered districts, and a few travellers like myself journeying towards the army of the West. There was not much of political conversation in the train. Every now and then, as we passed a detachment of Union soldiers, some Northern ladies in the car waved their handkerchiefs; but the bulk of the passengers made no demonstration. A

Baltimore lady, who sat next me, and who assumed (as I see all Southern people do) that, being an Englishman, I was in heart favourable to the Confederate cause, communicated to me her indignation at the treatment of the South, and informed me, *inter alia*, that, if the women of Baltimore could only catch Wendell Phillips, they would not leave a bone unbroken in his body. She was so perfectly frank in her statements that I do not doubt her assertion that she had never been for secession, and had never been rich enough to have slaves herself; but the whole social creed in which she had been reared and bred was in favour of slavery, and, woman-like, she never thought of doubting the foundations of the creed she had been taught. Of all the foolish assumptions I see constantly made in discussions on the slavery question, the most erroneous seems to me to be that, because there are only, say, 400,000 slaveholders in the whole Slave States, this small number measures the whole amount of persons who have any interest in, or care for, the existence of slavery. You might just as well argue that there are not one thousand persons in Great Britain who can really feel any interest in the existence of the peerage.

Our route lay across the Alleghany Mountains, along the troughs of winding valleys, by the sides of rivers whose very names—the Patapsco and the Potomac, the Shenandoah and the Monongahela—leave the rhythm of music with them. Jefferson said that it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to witness such scenery; and, doubtless, it is a scene of great beauty. Still, like all the American scenery I have seen, it is wearily monotonous. Some years ago, I remember, a Yankee brought to London a panorama of the Mississippi, of I don't know how many thousand yards in length. The first hundred yards or so were extremely interesting; but, when you had seen the same scene unrolled slowly, yard after yard, and hour after hour, the sight became so wearisome, that I doubt if anybody ever saw the panorama to its close. So it is with American scenery, in reality as well as pictorially. One gets tired of the endless low hills of unvarying height; of the ceaseless forests, in which the timber is all of the same small growth; of the scattered houses, which never vary in size or aspect. After a long journey you have much the same feeling as the pedestrian must have had who walked a thousand times over one mile of road in a thousand hours. Still, if you could have compressed the journey into one-tenth of its distance, it would have been a very lovely one. From Baltimore the road winds up a narrow gorge, with wood-clad granite cliffs on either side, and a deep mountain stream rolling down the midst. Every few miles or so you pass a cotton factory; and the high smoke-begrimed chimneys, the river-side mills, and the stone-built, slate-roofed houses, give it a strange resemblance to a valley in the mountain district of Lancashire. Then you come upon the table land at the summit of the Alleghany ridge—wild, desolate, and dreary—and then down rapid inclines, under frequent tunnels, and over countless bridges, into the rich valley of the Ohio river. Such is the outline of the journey. Fill it up with long sketches of brushwood forest, with stray fields, surrounded with tumble-down snake fences, with high cliffs of rock hanging over mountain torrents, with scattered wooden houses standing few and far apart, and with here and there a glimpse of a wide rich champaign country, stretching away in the far distance—repeat all this, *ad infinitum*, and you will know as much as I can recall of the scenery of the Alleghany pass.

The traces of the war were few. The country is too poor a one, too thinly peopled, and too scantily cultivated, to leave much opening for destruction. Of banditti, or bush-whackers, I need hardly say, we saw nothing. There were a few deserted camps along the wood, and a few pickets of Union soldiers, looking very desolate in that lone country. The two points where you come across the track of the war are at Harper's Ferry

and Cumberland. The grand stone bridge across the Potomac, at the former spot, was blown up by the Confederates when they evacuated the place a month ago. With true Yankee energy, a sort of make-shift wooden bridge, of most unsubstantial look, had been run up on the old stone buttresses; but, the day before I crossed, this temporary bridge had broken down, and our journey was brought to an apparent standstill when we arrived at the river side. However, in a short time a rope was stretched across the river, and passengers and luggage were guided over the rapid swollen stream to proceed on our journey by the return train from Wheeling. This stoppage caused a delay of some hours, and so I had time to wander about the ruins of what once was the town of Harper's Ferry. Here, a year ago, stood the armoury of the United States, where 1,500 workmen were employed constantly. Now everything is destroyed. The walls alone are left standing, and the town is half in ruins. There is nothing grand about the ruins of small red-brick buildings. Just after the fall of Fort Sumter, when the Confederates were expected to enter Washington, a friend of mine was passing the Treasury buildings with an United States' officer, now in prison at Fort La Fayette under a charge of treason. He said something to the officer about the beauty of the marble columns, and the answer he received in reply was, "Yes, the Treasury will make a fine Palmyra." So it would have done; but there is nothing Palmyresque about the ruins of Harper's Ferry. There is nothing but a look of squalid misery, of wanton destruction. The ground around the Arsenal is strewed with the *débris* of the workmen's cottages that surrounded it; and, amidst the broken masses of brickwork, the sign-post of a roadside inn, left by mere chance still standing, rose gibbet-like, with its sign-board riddled through with cannon shot, creaking harshly on its rusty hinges. The town itself, which bore traces of once having been busy and prosperous, was almost deserted. Soldiers swarmed in every hole and corner, and sentries were placed at every turning; but otherwise the town seemed empty. There were few men visible, and even the women and children stood sullenly apart. Most of the shops were closed, and the few that remained open had little in them. There is no resurrection, I fear, possible for Harper's Ferry. I was shown the little outhouse where John Brown was confined after the failure of his mad attempt. It was here, so I was told, that, lying wounded, mangled, and at death's door, he was tortured by the questionings of Mr. Mason. And now two years have scarcely passed, and Mr. Mason is in England, owing his liberty to the strength of a free country, begging in vain for help to an unsuccessful insurrection, his slaves escaped in a body, his house occupied by Northern troops, and his property ruined; while a few nights ago I heard the Northern regiments, as they marched across the Potomac into Virginia, shrouded by the dusk of the evening, singing, as they marched, that "John Brown's soul was marching on before them!"

After all, Harper's Ferry was the property of the Federal Government, and, therefore, the Confederates had, perhaps, a right to destroy it. But, if I were the staunchest of secessionists, and also, unfortunately, a shareholder in the Baltimore and Ohio line, I should find it hard to excuse the wanton injury inflicted on private property in Cumberland. This was the chief railway depôt of the line, and before the Confederates evacuated it they destroyed every piece of railway property along the road. For miles on either side I passed burnt-up cars, shattered engines, and coal trucks, which, being of iron, could neither be burnt nor broken, and had therefore been rolled into the river. Fancy Wolverton burnt down, with everything breakable in its sheds smashed and battered, and you will know the look of Cumberland.

As long as we remained in the manufacturing district near Baltimore, the aspect of the houses and people was comfortable and prosperous enough; and,

indeed, this region has been little directly affected by the war; but, as soon as we got into Western Virginia, the scene changed. Here, for the first time in the States, I saw the signs of squalid Old-World poverty. Miserable wooden shanty hovels, broken windows stuffed with rags, and dirty children playing on the dung-heaps before the doors, together with the pigs, gave an Irish air of decay to the few scattered villages through which the line passed. The snow, too, still lay on the high bleak uplands; and, what with the cold, the weariness of sitting for hours on low-backed seats, and the constant delays arising from the necessity of proceeding with extreme caution, our journey towards the end was a weary and a dreary one.

There is one fact for which I shall always remember Wheeling gratefully—namely, that it is the first place where I have been really hot since I left Italy, some eight months ago. Otherwise, it is a quiet, sleepy little town, without much to say about it. Like all the Southern towns, too, I have yet seen, it is wonderfully English in appearance. The broad flagged High Street; the small narrow-windowed red-brick houses with their black chimney-pots; the shabby-looking shops, with the flies buzzing about the dirty window panes; the long wharves, and the tall factory chimneys, all made the place resemble an English country town where the old country people had died out and the new manufacturing element had not prospered. Still, Wheeling is a prosperous place in its way, and has proved loyal to the Union. It is now the capital of the new State of Western Virginia, and is the head-quarters of the emancipation party in the State, probably because its German population is considerable. General Fremont has his head-quarters here, and the town is therefore filled with German officers. A crowd of new arrivals had just come in as I was making my way to bed, and there, sitting on the one hat-box which comprised his luggage, composed, clean-shaven, and serene, was my old acquaintance—major, colonel, general, or whatever his rank now may be—Traubenfass. My friend is a mystery to me as to every one. What man about the press does not remember Traubenfass, years ago, in the great scandal case of military—Well, it is a long time ago, and there is no good raking up old scores! Where, and in what strange medley, has Traubenfass not been involved? He has served, of course, in the Spanish Legion, in the wars of the Rio Grande, in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign. He has been in the service of half a dozen Indian princes, and has a perfect galaxy of orders from deposed potentates. When I met him last, he was a general unattached in the Garibaldian army, and received (and, what is more, was paid punctually) a very handsome salary for his services. Now, he is instructor of cavalry, or inspector of horses, or military commissioner, in the army of the United States. He informs me, with perfect equanimity, that he supposes the war will not last long, and then he shall be on his legs again; but, meanwhile, he is certain that something else will turn up. Who he has been, where he comes from, or what his age is, are all questions I have often asked in vain, and doubt if he knows himself. He is perfectly quiet, temperate, and frugal; and the one weakness to which I have ever known him plead guilty is a belief in an infallible system for winning at *rouge et noir*. After parting with Traubenfass, and indulging in a whisky cocktail, in augury of our next meeting in some unknown part of the globe, I retired to bed. What, I wonder, is the connexion between slavery and dirt, that in all slave states the hotels and the beds are always dirty?

### WHEELING TO CINCINNATI.

Across the mud-stained Ohio river, down which great rafts of wood, covered with huts, as in the old Rhine-land, were floating lazily; and then a long hot day's journey through the length and breadth of the Ohio State. The early morning air was loaded with that dull,

still closeness which foretells a day of sweltering heat, and the presage was fully realized. The cars were crowded with travellers, and though, for a wonder, the stoves were not lit, yet the closed windows served to maintain that stifling warmth of temperature which seems essential to an American's idea of comfort. The car in which I happened to take my seat was filled with soldiers, most of them rejoining their regiments, and a few escorting a batch of Southern prisoners. They were bush-whackers, taken in Western Virginia by some of Fremont's flying columns, and were being sent to Columbus for imprisonment. The party consisted of some half-dozen or so, all well-dressed, quiet-looking men, apparently of the rank of small farmers. The younger men said nothing, and declined all conversation with their guardians; but the oldest of the band, a man long past sixty, I should think, talked very freely, and assured anybody who would listen to him, that their share in the insurrection had been entirely passive, and that the only reason he had not fought for the Union was, because civil war seemed such an awful thing to him. "It's the same old story, sir, they always tell," said a private soldier to me, who had been one of the capturing party; and, I suspect, the objection to civil war was one of late adoption. The Federal soldiers, let me add, were as quiet and well-behaved as I have always found them. Many of them were reading newspapers; and none talked loudly or offensively. In fact, I should never wish for pleasanter fellow-passengers; but, pleasant as they were, they still made the car uncomfortably hot; and, before long, I, in company with some confirmed smokers, betook myself, in defiance of all rules, to the broad steps fixed outside the cars.

I don't know that there is more danger about sitting on the steps than in sitting in any other part of the cars. If there were a collision or a break-down, you, sitting there, would be tossed into the middle of the adjoining meadow, instead of into the face of your next hand neighbour. But, as a fact, the great respect for law which prevails throughout America hinders travellers from availing themselves freely of the seats upon the steps. At any rate, sitting as I sat there, with my legs dangling over the single line of rails, the sight was a very pleasant one. Mile after mile, and hour after hour, the train carried us headlong through the same pleasant, rich, flat country. You seemed to pass, so to speak, through the successive strata of the emigration era. Sometimes there were long tracks of forest land, where the axe was yet unknown. Then you came to the half redeemed lands, where, amidst an undergrowth of bushwood, the great trees stood dead and leafless, ready for felling, killed by the fatal rim notched around their stumps. Then followed the newly redeemed fields, with black charred trunks still standing in their midst, and marked out by the snake fences, with their unfastened rails, piled cross-ways one upon the other. And then, from time to time, you came upon a tract of field land, hemmed in by tight posts and cross-bar fences, with every stump and trunk rooted out, and with a surface as smooth and rich and green as that of a Leicestershire stretch of meadows. You could mark any stage of the settler's life, from the rough shanty, run up in the midst of the unbroken brushwood, to the trim neat farm-house, with its lawn and flower-beds, and the children playing before the door. The new world lay before you, in the process of its creation: new roads were making everywhere; new villages were springing up; teams of rough sturdy horses were ploughing up the old fallow land; the swamps were being cleared of their dank reedy marsh plants; and the broad shallow streams were being banked and dammed up into deep quiet water-courses. It was then that I first understood the poetry of the emigrant world—not romantic or spasmodic; but idyllic in its nature, of the Hermann and Dorothea type. There was nothing grand about the monotony of the scene; not a house, in a track of a

hundred miles, of more than one storey high; not a church spire, or a high hill of any kind; nothing that was old but the forest, and that was vanishing. Still, throughout the whole district, there was the same unbroken air of rough comfort, and ease and plenty; and of want or poverty there was no trace forthcoming. Years ago, I had heard the crew of an emigrant vessel, singing the "Cheer, boys, cheer," as the ship unmoored from its anchorage, and dropped down the Mersey westwards, and I had fancied that the promise of the song was as vain as most poet's promises; but now it seemed to me that the promise had come true, and that this rich western country was, in very truth, "the new and the happy land."

A long summer day's journey carried us through that pleasant land; and, as we came near Cincinnati, we passed again into a settled country. For miles before we reached the city, we rattled through its suburb villages, with their broad, clean streets, and their neat wooden houses, before whose doors the women, with their long stuff hoods, sat knitting in the evening twilight. Railroads branched out on every side; no longer rough single tracks, but smooth, broad, double lines of rail. Neat brick-built stations succeeded the wooden sheds which did duty for stations in the new districts; and the slopes of the low hills on either side were covered with green-shuttered stone villas, which looked as though they had been transplanted bodily from Kingston or Hampstead.

Of Cincinnati, the "Queen City of the West," there is not much that I need say. One American city is very like another. It is strange, after travelling for hundreds of miles through the half-settled country, to come in the far West upon a great city filled with every luxury and comfort of Old-World civilization. The stores, so it seemed to me, with their grand fronts and marble facings, were handsomer even than those of New York; and the music shops, and print stores, and book stands, all told of wealth and taste and refinement. The hilly slopes, too, on which the city stands, the countless gardens, and the rows of trees along the streets, with the almond trees full in bloom, give the city a brighter look than you see often in the Northern capitals. There was an air about the place, and I suppose not a fallacious one, as though trade were not thriving. The Mississippi is the great artery of the whole Western country, and, with the great river barred up, the trade of Cincinnati is paralysed for the time. Many of the stores and shops were closed; in many of those open there being notices that, for the present, business could only be done for cash. The prices of the theatres and entertainments were advertised as "reduced to suit the times." There was little shipping about the wharves, and what goods there were being shipped were mostly military stores. Work was scarce, and there was much poverty, I was told, amongst the working classes, though the country is too rich for actual distress to be felt. The young men were gone to the war, and the hospitals were crowded with the wounded soldiers, Confederates as well as Federals, from the battle of Pittsburgh Landing.

But what struck me most was the German air of the place and people. It was hard, strolling about the streets, to realize that you were not in some city of the old German Vaterland. The great thoroughfares and the fashionable streets were American in every feature; and the only trace of Germany *there* was in the number of German names —Hartmans, Meyers, Schmidts, and so on—written over the shop-doors. When, however, you passed into the suburbs and the poorer parts of the city, everything, except the names of the streets, was German. A sluggish canal runs through the town; and, with one of those ponderous jokes, so clear to the German mind, the quarter above the canal, where the Germans mostly dwell, is called "*Ueber dem Rhein.*" Here, "across the Rhine," the Germans have brought their fatherland with them. Everybody that you meet almost is

speaking in the harsh guttural German accents. The women, with their squat, stout figures, their dull blue eyes, and their fair flaxen hair, sit knitting at their doors, dressed in the stupid woollen petticoats of German fashion. The men have still the woollen jackets, the blue-worsted pantaloons, and the low-crowned hats, one knows so well in Bavaria and the Tyrol. There are "*Bier Gartens*," "*Restaurations*," and "*Tanz Saale*" on every side. The goods in the shop windows are advertised in German, and the official notices of sheriffs' sales and ward elections are posted up on the walls, in English, it is true, but with a German translation underneath. There are German operas, German concerts, and half a dozen German theatres, the very play-bills of which are printed in the old plain small German style, undebased by the asterisks and repetitions and sensation headings which form the pride of an American theatrical placard. Here, in the free West, the Germans have asserted their right to spend Sunday as they like; and so, "across the Rhine," the dancing gardens are open, and the *Turner* feasts take place, and the first representations at the opera are given on the Sunday, as in their native land. It was curious to me to note the audience at one of the small German theatres I dropped into one evening. The women had brought their babies and knitting with them; the men had their long pipes; and both men and women sat drinking the lager beer and eating the inevitable sausages and the "butter-brod und schinken" sandwiches. The play was full of true German common-place moralities, and the actors, inferior as they were, acted with that conscientious laborious carefulness which supplies the place of talent on the German stage. But more curious than the resemblance to the old country was the gradual development you would notice in the audience, by which the German element was being merged in the American. The older comers had already dropped the old-fashioned German dress, and, when they talked to each other, it was as often in English as in German. With many, too, of the younger generation, who had probably been born in the New World, the placid expression of the German face was already changed for the sharp anxious look so universal in the native-born American. The notion is, that the heavy taxation which must follow this war for years will stop the German emigration. If so, and fresh German blood is not poured into the old settlement, the German breed will soon be swallowed into the American; and, fifty years hence, the existence of the old German quarter "across the Rhine" will be a matter of tradition.

### THE OHIO RIVER.

"*La Belle Rivière*," as the early French settlers called the Ohio, must have been a term applied rather to the river itself than to the scenery through which it runs. If you took away the villa "chateaux" on its banks, and the picturesque old Norman towns, with their Gothic churches, I don't know that the Seine would be a very interesting river; and the Ohio is not unlike the Seine, without chateaux, or towns, or churches. The broad rapid stream, the low sloping hills on either side, the low waterside, brick-built towns scattered along the banks, form pretty well the only features that strike a traveller passing down the river. The first hour's sail is very pleasant, the second is monotonous, the third is cheerily dull; and, after the third, you devote your attention much more to what is going on inside the vessel than to the external scenery. Happily, inside the steamer there is plenty of interest for a stranger. The boat itself, with its broad deck, on which the freight is stowed; its long cabin, raised on pillars above the deck, running from the bows to the stern; and its engines, rising above the cabin, is a strange sight in itself to an European. The ladies, of whom we had few on board, sat at one end of the cabin, and the men, smokers, gathered round the other, where they read newspapers, liquored at the bar, and played the

mysterious game of "enchre." It was your own fault if you wanted companionship. I made a chance acquaintance with a gentleman sitting beside me at dinner; and, before an hour was over, I had been introduced to, and shaken hands with, half of our fellow-passengers, all of whom were strangers to both of us. The sole objection to this promiscuous introduction is, that every one you are introduced to asks you to drink as a matter of politeness. Happily, American whisky is very weak, and, as you are allowed to help yourselves from the bottle, you can take as little as you please. I was struck then, by the way, as I have often been before, at the great liberality in standing treat, to use a common word, of the ordinary Americans. Men to whom, from their dress and air, money must clearly be a matter of consequence, will spend many shillings in paying for drinks to perfect strangers; and, if any friend's friend, or friend's friend's friend, is standing by, will press him to join them as a matter of course. There is no ostentation, as far as I can see, about this custom, but a simple feeling of rough hospitality, not over refined, perhaps, but still creditable in itself. I was struck, too, as I often am, with the extraordinary freedom with which, in the midst of this civil war, men of all opinions expressed their sentiments in public. We had many Union soldiers on board, several Government officials, and a good sorting of Secessionists. We had various political discussions, but all in perfect good humour and frankness; and the only opinion I did not hear expressed was Abolitionist—either because there were no Abolitionists in the party, or because Abolitionist doctrines are too unpopular in these border Slave States to be freely expressed. There was one old Kentucky farmer I was introduced to, who was just going home, after being kept two months in prison as a Secessionist in Columbus. He confessed openly that he was in favour of secession, but declared, whether truly or not, that he had taken no part for or against it, and that his imprisonment had been due to a malicious information given against him by the Union doctor of his village, whose conduct he had had to censure for immorality. "The only thing, sir," he said, "I thought was hard, was, that I was arrested on the very spot of ground where our regiment was encamped in 1812, when we were drawn out to fight the Britishers, begging your pardon, sir." Yet this old man was conversing in the most friendly way with another old Kentucky backwoodsman, who had sent three sons to fight in the Federal army, and was asking everybody if they could tell him whether his boys' regiment had been in the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, and who, when he was assured that the regiment had not been under fire, made the comment, "Well, I should have liked my boys to have been in at the battle." A gentleman, by the way, who had just returned from the field of battle, assured me that, amongst all the dead bodies lying scattered over that hard-fought field, he saw but one, rebel or loyal, who had been shot in the back. And this is what my superfine friend I spoke of last month denominates an essentially blackguardly war, in which the officers are cowards!

### LOUISVILLE TO NASHVILLE.

There is one striking peculiarity—of a negative rather than a positive order—common to almost all American towns; and that is, that they have no sights. When you have taken your first half-hour's stroll about any town you happen to pitch your tent in, you know as much about it, externally, as though you had lived there for a month. Every town is built on the same system—has the same series of more or less extended rectangular streets; the same large, spacious stores; the same snug, unpicturesque rows of villas, detached or semi-detached, as the case may be; the same sombre churches, built in the architectural style of St. Clement Danes, or St. Mary's, Bryanston Square; and the same nomenclature of streets—the same Walnut, Chestnut, Front and Main

Streets, with the same perpendicular streets, numbered *First*, *Second*, and so on to $n^{th}$, $n$ varying with the size of the town. I have often wondered how, supposing you could be put down unexpectedly in an ordinary American town, you could ascertain, by observation, that you were not in England. Of course, the quantity of mules used for the carts is not English; the climate, at least within the last few days, is not English; the negroes you see loitering about the streets, with the coloured silk handkerchiefs, which in Slave States they wear bound round their heads, are, happily, not English also; and the street-railways are, or rather were, un-English. Still, the main difference is, that everything about you looks so new and so unfinished; and this is a difference which it is easier to understand than to describe. With this much of mention, I have little more to say of Louisville. There was a sleepy, drowsy look about the place, which I should fancy was not usual to it. Trade was almost paralyzed by the vicinity of the war; and I gathered that the heart of Louisville was not much in the contest. Residents there, Unionists as well as Secessionists, assured me, that the number of sympathizers with Secession was very large in the city, though it could number but few active partizans, and that any reverse of the Federal forces would be the signal for an Anti-Union demonstration. The Confederate prisoners whom I visited seemed in good condition, and in high spirits; and the gaolers complained to me, that there was much more charity shown by private residents at Louisville towards the rebels than towards the wounded Union soldiers. If the charitable donations of the friends of secession included soap, I regret to say that their "protégés" made an unthankful return for the kindness displayed. The Louisville papers, though strongly Pro-Union in language, were bitterly hostile to the Republican party, and almost equally so to the President, for not having vetoed the Columbia District Emancipation Act. In truth, Kentucky, like all the so-called Slave States, is about equally afraid of the triumph of its friends as of its enemies. Let me add, that Kentucky is the first state in the Union where I have seen lottery offices in every street, and where the old, well-known notices in the office windows met my eyes, requesting passers-by to try their fortune, and win five thousand dollars at the risk of one.

The road to Nashville lay right on the track of the war, through Kentucky and West Tennessee. The railroad had only been reopened ten days or so ago; the Union forces had been in possession of Nashville for little over a month; and the first great battle of the western campaign was expected to take place along the railroad, at Bowling Green Station, and would doubtless have taken place had not the Confederates evacuated the position on the advance of the Federal army. Still, the traces of the recent war, and of the march and retreat of great armies, were not so numerous as I expected. Where houses are so few and far between as they are in these Western States, and where so much of the country is uncultivated, it is difficult even for wanton destruction to produce much outward appearance of desolation; and, besides, from the nature of this civil war, both armies in these Border States have proceeded on the assumption that they were in a friendly country, and have, therefore, as a rule, spared private property. Yet, there are evidences enough of the war after all. Along the line, of some 180 odd miles, there is not a bridge that has not been burnt or broken down; ricketty wooden structures, which make a stranger tremble at the idea of passing over them, have been run up in their stead; and small detachments of Union soldiers are posted by these makeshift bridges, to preserve them from destruction. The rails have often been torn up for many hundred yards together, and the cars run over a newly-laid-down track-way, side by side with the old line of rails. There are broken-down engines too, and burnt cars lying alongside the line at many of the stations; and, wherever there are the traces of a Confederate

encampment, there the blackened ruins of the roadside houses tell you of the reckless destruction worked by the retreating army in the despair of defeat. The great Confederate fort of Bowling Green struck me, on a rapid view, as of no great military strength; but long after the war is over, the earthworks of the camp on the Green River, and the shattered buttresses of the grand stone bridges, will remain as tokens of the great insurrection.

But, in truth, this Tennessee country is so bright and pleasant a one, that it would take years of war to make it look other than prosperous—now especially, above all other seasons, in the early and shortlived bloom of a Southern spring. My impression of Tennessee, like most of one's impressions about the localities of the Southern States, was taken from the old nigger melody of the darkey who fell in love with the lovely Rosa Lee, "courting down in Tennessee." For once the impression was a correct one, and of all pleasant places to go courting in, it would be "down in Tennessee," in this pleasant April time. As far as country goes, I should be hard put to choose, if I had to fix my dwelling-place in Ohio or in Tennessee. There is less life, less energy, perhaps, about the Slave State, less sign of rapid progress; the fields are worked by negroes; every now and then, too, you see the wretched wood-hovels, telling of actual poverty—things which you do not see in Ohio; and also, I grieve to say, when you look closely into the Tennessee paradise, the garden of Eden is somewhat of a dirty one.

Of all American cities which I have seen, Nashville (or "Naisvill," as they call it in the soft Southern accent) is the most picturesque. Perched upon a high, steep ridge, hanging over the Cumberland river, the "rocky city" is perforce divorced from that dismal system of rectangular regularity, so fatal to the beauty of American towns. The streets run up and down all sorts of slopes, and at all kinds of angles. The rows of houses stand terrace-like, one above the other, and, highest of all, the capitol towers grandly above the city. The streets themselves are broad and bright, shaded over pleasantly by the rows of lime and chestnut-trees, which grow on either side. All round the city, on every inequality of the broken ground, stand well-built villas; and the whole place has a sort of a New-World Bath air about it, which strikes one curiously.

In happier days, Nashville must have been a very pleasant dwelling-place; but now, even for a stranger, the whole aspect of the city is a dreary and dismal one. An American—a staunch Union man himself—described it as being like Italian cities he had seen shortly after the Austrians re-occupied them in '49. But I own, to me, this description seems externally rather over-drawn. I should say myself that Nashville looks more like a city still stunned by the blow of some great public calamity. Outwardly, it has not suffered much from its military occupations. The Northern trains now stop on the Edgefield side of the river; for the great railway-bridge, which spanned the Cumberland, was blown up by the Confederates on leaving. With a reckless wantonness, a beautiful suspension bridge was cut to pieces at the same period, so that all communication between Nashville and its suburb of Edgefield has to be carried on by boats and ferries. Otherwise, the city has received no material injury. But, I think, this absence of external ruin rather increases the effect of the general depression visible throughout the town. When Mr. Seward went over to Winchester the other day, after its occupation by General Banks's division, a friend, who had often disputed with him as to the existence of a strong Union sentiment in the South, asked him what he thought of the look of things at the Virginian town. "Well," he answered, "all the men are gone to "the wars, and all the women are she-"devils." I suspect the same description would not apply badly to Nashville. The town has a deserted air. If you took away the Union soldiers, there would be very few people about the streets at all. There are numbers of negroes, apparently idling about the

town; but the white population seems scanty for the size of the place. Young men you meet very seldom about, and indeed the proportion of women to men is unusually large. What is stranger still is, that the children seem to have been sent away. At any rate, contrary to the custom of other American towns, they are not visible about the streets. The Union regiments quartered here are from the neighbouring States, and one would suppose would have many acquaintances; but there is said to be little intercourse between the military and the inhabitants; while the soldiers complain bitterly of the manner in which the Nashville women express their dislike on every occasion. Half the shops are closed; and in the few of any size still open the owners sit moodily among the empty shelves. Trade, however, is gradually reviving; in every shop almost you see a notice put up of "No Southern money taken;" and the shopkeepers are willing enough to sell what goods they have, at exorbitant prices, to the Union soldiers. On the walls you can still see the half-torn-down notices of the Confederate government; and on a building, right in front of my hotel, there still remains an inscription over the door—"Head quarters of the Confederate States Army;" while, displayed openly in the windows of a music shop, I saw copies of patriotic Confederate dance-music, such as the "Confederate Prize Banner Quadrille," the "Lady Polk Polka," and the "Morgan Schottische." Of Pro-Union exhibition of feeling, on the part of private individuals, I could see little trace. Over the public buildings the stars and stripes float gaily; but on no single private dwelling-house have I seen a Union flag. In the shop windows there are no prints of Union victories; no display of the patriotic books and pamphlets, so common throughout the Union States. In the way of business, indeed, nothing seems stirring, except it be the undertaking trade; which, from the number of coffins I see about, ought to be thriving at Nashville. Of the women you meet, a majority are in deep mourning—not, I fear, as an exhibition of political feeling, but in memory of husbands and sons and brothers who have fallen on the slaughter-field of Pittsburgh Landing. Martial law is not in force; but after dark the streets are almost deserted; sentries are posted at frequent intervals; and ever and anon the stillness of the town is broken by the jangle of swords and spurs, as the mounted patrols ride slowly past. All bar-rooms, too, are closed by military orders—a circumstance which must, in itself, be depressing to a liquor-loving, bar-frequenting people; and neither for love or money can you obtain a drink more intoxicating than lemonade within the bounds of Nashville.

There is, indeed, no disguising the fact, that the Federal government has not received the sympathy it counted upon in Tennessee. The belief was that the Union armies would be hailed as deliverers by a large portion of the population; but hitherto, at the best, they have been received with a sullen acquiescence. It should be added, that the Union party make no attempt to represent things as more favourable than they are, and confess the absence of Union sympathy as frankly as they admit all their other failures and shortcomings. The best sign, nationally, I see about the Americans is the resolute fearlessness with which they look facts in the face, even when telling against themselves. Thus, here, the government organ admits openly, that up to the present time there has been no public expression of any sympathy towards the Union exhibited in this part of Tennessee; and, as proofs of returning loyalty, the *Nashville Union* quotes, with great pride, that one old lady has sent a Federal flag to the Governor, with the request it may be hung up in some public spot, and that the city council has, at last, after six weeks' occupation by the Federal troops, passed a resolution: "That they cordially thank "the officers and soldiers of the United "States for the unexampled kindness "and courtesy hitherto extended to "their fellow-citizens; and, that as

"men striving in the common work "of re-establishing the government of "their fathers, they pledge their most "sincere and hearty co-operation." One cannot help feeling that, if the Unionists are gratified by demonstrations such as these, they are easily contented.

However, this absence of Union feeling is not so strange, or so disheartening, as it may appear at first sight. It is evident that the people of Tennessee, like the people of all the Southern States, believed sincerely that the "Lincoln hordes" were coming down to destroy their property, burn their houses, and murder their wives and children. Strange as such an illusion may be, it is accounted for partially by the comparative isolation of the South; by the extent to which the common people received all their intelligence, and all their opinions from their leaders; and, still more, by the morbid nervousness which the existence of a slave population is sure to beget amongst the dominant race. By degrees the people of Tennessee are becoming convinced that the Northerners have no intention of interfering with their property, or of treating them as subjects of a conquered country, and that, in fact, life and property are far safer under the Federal Government than they were under the Confederate rule. Again, the war is too near at hand, and the danger too imminent, for Tennessee to appreciate fully that the battle has been fought and lost. It is easy enough for a spectator in the Northern States to see that the Confederates are fighting a losing fight, and that even a return of fortune to their arms would only somewhat prolong a now hopeless struggle. But, living here in Tennessee, it is not so easy to take a wide view of the case. If Beauregard had won the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, or, what is still on the cards, should defeat the Federals at Corinth, it is quite possible, though not probable, that Nashville might be reoccupied for the time by the Confederates; and their return would be the sure signal for a reign of terror, of which all who had given in their adhesion to the new government would be the victims. Moreover—and I believe this to be the chief explanation—as long as the war lasts there can be no cordial restoration of Union feeling in any Southern State. Men may grow convinced of the folly of secession—may even wish for the victory of the Union; but their hearts must be, after all, with the side for which their kinsmen and friends are fighting. I suppose there is hardly a family in Tennessee which has not some one very near and dear in the ranks of the Confederate army. It is this conflict of affections which makes all civil war so hateful. How hateful it was, in truth, had never come home to me till I saw it actually. I have known, myself, of a wife whose husband was fighting for the South, while her father and brothers were in the Federal army. I know, too, of a mother who has only two sons, one in the North and the other in the South, both fighting in the armies that now are ranged opposite to each other in front of Yorktown. So I, or any one, could name a hundred instances of father fighting against son, brother against brother; of families divided; of homes where there was mourning whenever the news of battle came, no matter which side had won the victory. Let me tell here, by the way, a story, which I heard the other day, of an incident in this war, which I have not seen quoted elsewhere. When the news came to old Commodore Smith that the *Cumberland*, in which his son was officer, had surrendered to the *Merrimac*, after being raked by her broadsides, the only comment that he made was, "Well, then, my boy Joe is dead." So it proved to be; and shortly afterwards, Commodore Smith received a message from his old friend Captain Tatnall, now in command of the Southern navy, with these words, "I send you poor Joe's sword. I took "it myself from the side of his dead "body." This was the same Tatnall who, when the Chinese forts at the Peiho were raking down the crews of the English gunboats, went in to their rescue, saying that "blood is stronger than water after all."

I have dwelt thus somewhat at length

on the reasons why I think the sullen attitude of Tennessee may be accounted for, because I am anxious not to convey the impression, from my description, that I believe in the Southern, or rather the Confederate doctrine, of an innate and unconquerable aversion between the Southern and the Northern States. When once the insurrection is suppressed, and order is restored, I have little doubt the Southern States will acquiesce in what is inevitable. There is no difference in race, or language, or religion, to keep the two divisions of the Union apart. Whether the difference in domestic institutions may prove an insuperable cause of disunion, I cannot say. If it should so prove, the North will suppress or remove this cause, before it consents to the separation of North and South. But the time for that is not yet.

In old English books of travel about Switzerland, it used to be a stock remark, that you could tell whether a canton was Protestant or Catholic, by the relative cleanliness or dirtiness of the towns. How far the fact was true, or how far, if true, it established the truth of the Protestant religion, I could never determine; but a similar conclusion may certainly be drawn with regard to the Free and the Slave States. You may lay it down as a rule throughout America, that, wherever you find slavery, there you have dirt also. Nashville, as I said before, is one of the cleanest and brightest of towns at a distance; but when you come close the illusion vanishes. There is no excuse here for want of cleanliness. The position of the town makes drainage easy; the stone used so plentifully is clean of itself; and water is abundant. The only thing wanting is energy to keep the place clean. The hotel where I am stopping is in itself an institution (in American phrase) of the country. It is the best in the city; and Nashville was always celebrated as one of the most thriving and prosperous cities in the South. Hotel-keeping is not suffering, like other trading concerns, from the depression of the moment. This hotel is crammed with guests, and has been crammed throughout the winter. Outside, it is handsome enough; but, internally, I say without hesitation, it is the dirtiest and worst-managed hotel it was ever my fortune to stop in. The dirt is dirt of old standing, and the mismanagement must be the growth of years long preceding the days when secession was first heard of. The bar, as I mentioned, is closed by order; but the *habitués* still hang about the scene of their former pleasures. In the hall there are a number of broken shattered chairs; and here, with their legs stretched in every conceivable position, a number of well-dressed respectable-looking persons loaf all day long, smoking and chewing. They don't seem to have anything to do, or much to say to each other; but they sit here to kill time by looking at one another. The floor is as dirty as successive strata of tobacco juice can make it; and, at the slightest symptom of chill in the air, the stove is kindled to a red-hot heat, and the atmosphere is made as stifling as the cracks in the doors will permit it to become. The passages are as dirty as want of sweeping can make them; and dirty cloths, slop pails, and brooms, are left lying about them, all day and every day; the narrow wooden staircases are such as you would hardly see leading to the poorest of attics; and the household arrangements are as primitive as is consistent with the dirtiness peculiar to civilized life. As to the meals, their profusion is only equalled by their greasiness, and by the utter nondescriptness of their component victuals. The chicken-pie tastes uncommonly like the stewed mutton, and both are equally unlike any compound I ever ate before. I can understand why it is thought unnecessary for the negroes to waste soap and water on washing; but the same reason does not apply to their jackets and shirts, which I presume once were white. The servants are all negroes, and all, naturally enough, devote their minds to doing as little work and taking as long about it as possible. What is more odd than all, none of the habitual residents—some of them persons of property—seem to be aware that the esta-

blishment is dirty and uncomfortable. The heat of the house must be fearful in summer, and the smells pestilential; for, with a southern climate, the style of building maintained is that of the small rooms and narrow passages of England. Nor is this a single instance. The other hotels in the city are worse; and my friends, who have travelled through the Southern States, assure me that, except in the very large towns, the hotels are invariably of this order. The truth is that, where the whites think it beneath them to work, and where the negroes will not work unless they are forced, you cannot expect domestic comfort.

As I finish writing, a long procession of private carriages passes by my window, escorting a hearse to the grave. It is the funeral of some Confederate officer; and this opportunity of paying respect to the dead is always chosen by the secessionists as the opportunity for making a political demonstration. To such an extent has this been carried in Kentucky, that the Governor has issued orders that no dead body of any Confederate soldier killed at Pittsburgh Landing should be buried in Kentucky; and, if the practice should continue, a like rule will probably be enforced here. For the present, the dead may bury their dead in this sad Nashville city.

## HYMN OF THE ASCENSION.

He is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angels' flight;
Through the veils of Time and Space,
Passed into the Holiest Place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we return,
And our hearts within us burn;
Olivet no more shall greet
With welcome shout His coming feet;
Never shall we track Him more
On Gennesareth's glistening shore;
Never in that look or voice
Shall Zion's hill again rejoice.

He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain;
In the void which He has left,
On this earth, of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

He is gone—we heard Him say,
"Good that I should go away."
Gone is that dear Form and Face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be—
No! His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone—towards their goal,
World and Church must onwards roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forwards are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the Truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the Heaven of Heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us will He prepare:
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but, not in vain,
Wait, until He comes again;
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

A. P. S.

## WILLIAM BARNES, THE DORSETSHIRE POET.[1]

The Pension List of last year was doubly memorable, as announcing the award of an annual gratuity of 50*l.* to Mr. Close, in "consideration" of his deserts *as a poet;* and of another, scarcely larger in amount, to the Reverend William Barnes, "in consideration" of his acquirements *as a philologist*—that gentleman having given to the world, many years ago, a collection of poems which, in the opinion of certain good authorities, but somewhat unscrupulous in the expression of opinions which are not as yet those of the public at large, are destined to place the name of William Barnes at the very head of the properly idyllic poetry of England.

Mr. Barnes is now in the late autumn of a long and usefully spent life—of a life hitherto almost without popular distinction, and apparently well contented that it should be so. As Master of the Dorchester Grammar School, he has given the graver hours of his leisure to the composition of school books, and to philological studies which have won for him something even more honourable than a place by Mr. Close on the Pension List, namely, the notice of men like Max Müller. His times of lighter relaxation seem alone to have been devoted to the composition of those verses of which it is our opinion that they constitute as sure a claim to an abiding place among the British Poets as any verses which have been produced for a very long time past.

Some of our readers may ask, How is it, then, that the world knows so little of this poet? The reply is, first, that his poems are written in a dialect which, while it is almost as different from ordinary English as that of Burns, is spoken by a much smaller section of the British population; so that the number of persons who can take up his books for the first time, and read them off with immediate satisfaction, is not large enough to constitute anything like a public capable of impressing its views upon the larger public beyond it. If Mr. Barnes had enjoyed the advantage, for example, of being a Scotchman, our present duty would have been done long ago by others, and "Homely Rhymes" would have been household words in every cottage in England. As it is, this remarkable poet has been condemned to many years of obscurity as the penalty of having written in a language to which an ordinary English reader cannot become well accustomed without something like half-an-hour's reading—a labour to which it is not to be expected that such a reader should submit, in the absence of compulsion from some critical authority.

In the second place, the most essential character of Mr. Barnes's poetry, though precisely that which renders his ultimate position, as a poet, most secure, is little calculated to win immediate admiration from any but the perfectly unsophisticated in taste and the perfectly cultivated. The improved condition of taste, in respect of poetry, is a very common belief and boast. It must be remembered, however, that, though time and disuse have made obvious the faults of our predecessors, our own corruptions of taste, if different in kind, may be quite as great in degree; that exploded exorbitancies and conventionalities of language may have been succeeded by other exorbitancies and conventionalities; and that, a hundred years hence, the shortcomings and aberrations of the school of Keats and of that of Pope may be equally striking to the mind of the then easily impartial reader. That, at all events, the popular taste in poetry

[1] "Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect." With a Dissertation and Glossary. By William Barnes. Second Edition. London, 1847. 8vo.

"Hwomely Rhymes. A Second Collection of Poems in the Dorset Dialect." By William Barnes. London, 1859. 8vo.

is not better now than it was a hundred years ago is a fact on which the really cultivated and carefully judging few are probably agreed; and this fact, we repeat, is strongly against the immediate acceptance of a poet of whom it is singularly true that he is of no school but that of nature.

In the third place, Mr. Barnes, in his poems, is nothing but a poet. He does not there protest against anything in religion, politics, or the arrangements of society; nor has he the advantage of being able to demand the admiration of the sympathising public on the score that he is a chimney-sweep, or a rat-catcher, and has never learned to read.

Mr. Barnes's poems may be divided into Lyrics, Idylls, and Eclogues. We shall transcribe specimens from each of these classes, commencing with a love-song, of which it would be difficult to analyse the nevertheless obvious, and very rarely equalled beauty:—

JESSIE LEE.

Above the timber's bendèn shouds,
  The western wind did softly blow;
An' up above the knap, the clouds
  Did ride as white as driven snow.
Vrom west to east the clouds did zwim,
Wi' wind that plied the elem's lim';
Vrom west to east the stream did glide,
A-sheenèn wide, wi' windèn brim.

How feäir, I thought, avore the sky
  The slowly-zwimmèn clouds do look;
How soft the win's a-streamèn by;
  How bright do roll the weävy brook:
When there, a-passèn on my right,
A-walkèn slow, an' treaddèn light,
Young Jessie Lee come by, an' there
Took all my ceäre, an' all my zight.

Vor lovely wer' the looks her feäce
  Held up avore the western sky:
An' comely wer' the steps her peäce
  Did meäke a-walkèn slowly by:
But I went east, wi' beätèn breast,
Wi' wind, an' cloud, an' brook, vor rest,
Where rest wer' lost, vor Jessie gone
So lovely on, toward the west.

Blow on, O winds, athirt the hill;
  Zwim on, O clouds; O waters vall,
Down maeshy rocks, vrom mill to mill;
  I now can awverlook ye all.
But roll, O zun, an' bring to me
My day, if such a day there be,
When zome dear paeth to my abode
Shall be the road o' Jessie Lee.

If a test of the merit of love-poetry be the power of recalling to the reader of it how he felt when he too was a lover, the whole of the above lyric, but more especially the third stanza, must rank very high among love-verses. Equally charming in spirit, and even superior in artistic completeness, is this idyll:—

MILKEN TIME.

'Twer when the busy birds did vlee,
Wi' sheenèn wings, from tree to tree,
To build upon the mossy lim',
Their hollor nestes' rounded rim;
The while the zun, a-zinkèn low,
Did roll along his evenèn bow,
I come along where wide-horn'd cows,
'Ithin a nook, a-screen'd by boughs,
Did stan' an' flip the white-hoop'd païls
Wi' heäiry tufts o' swingèn taïls;
An' there wer Jenny Coom a-gone
Along the paeth a vew steps on,
A-beärèn on her head, upstraïght,
Her païl, wi' slowly-ridèn waïght,
An' hoops a-sheenèn, lily-white,
Ageän the evenèn's slantèn light;
An' zo I took her païl, an' left
Her neck a-freed vrom all its heft;
An' she a-lookèn up an' down,
Wi' sheäply head an' glossy crown,
Then took my zide, an' kept my peäce
A-talkèn on wi' smilèn feäce,
An' zettèn things in sich a light,
I'd faïn ha' heär'd her talk all night;
An' when I brought her milk avore
The geäte, she took it in to door,
An' if her païl had but allow'd
Her head to vall, she would ha' bow'd;
An' still, as 'twer, I had the zight
Ov' her sweet smile, droughout the night.

In this and other pieces which we shall quote, we beg our readers to observe the poet's tact in the choice of subjects, and his really extraordinary moderation and artistic instinct in stopping at once when enough has been said.

It is almost the rarest quality of a poet to be able to know a good subject when he sees it. At least ninety-nine poems out of a hundred—even by good writers—have either too little subject, or, what is far worse, too much. A good poet can make good poetry out of little or no subject; but a preponderance of subject—an incident, or series of incidents of great and obvious interest and significance, independently of their treatment by the poet—is a difficulty

which no poet can overcome, but such an one as appears every five hundred years or so, with powers so transcendent, that their exercise amazes and engrosses our minds, and all incidents become insignificant in the presence of the fact of such exalted human force. Yet this is the very sort of subject which, by the populace of writers, readers, and critics, are alone considered "good." The subjects, indeed, are "good;" but they are not good for poetry, of which the one true subject is the divine spirit of love and light, which, pouring through the inspired imagination, is reflected by everything, and asks chiefly not to be interfered with by foreign interests in the reflecting medium. The things which supply the true poet with his best subjects are such as would be no subjects in the hands of any one else. The event which has occurred a thousand times, the moral truism, the scene in which *we* can see little or nothing, because we have seen it so often—these are the themes which delight us most, and most justly, when, by the poet's help, we behold them as he, in his inspired moments, beholds them. In the often-revived discussion of the relative merits of "objective" and "subjective" poetry, both parties have been equally at fault; the half-truth held by each being indispensable to the constitution of the whole truth which they have missed. "Objective" poetry, in the full sense intended by the one party, and as involving no transcendental or subjective element, is not poetry at all, as any one with the slightest tincture of poetic feeling must admit. On the other hand, purely "subjective" poetry is an equally impossible thing, though Wordsworth and Shelley have approached the impossibility, in some of their pieces, almost as nearly as various modern writers in the "old-ballad style" have approximated to the opposite poetic negation. The divine spirit of love and light is, indeed, the subject of all poetry, rightly so called; but this spirit is not in itself capable of being contemplated by the human mind as a separate entity. It can only be manifested by being directed upon other and external things. "Light," says this Spirit, speaking by a plenarily-inspired tongue, "is that which maketh manifest." Sensible events and objects, then, manifested in their divine relations by the divine light, and expressed in verse, are poetry; and, whenever the poet enables us to see common and otherwise "commonplace" objects and events with a sense of uncommon reality and life, then we may be sure that this divine light is present.

That "slight but perpetual novelty," which a great critical authority has declared to be the main characteristic of poetic language, and which is only to be obtained by the perpetual presence, in the poet's heart, of this all-renewing light, is, however, also the character of the subjects which the true poet will generally choose; and, if we carefully analyse any very successful lyric or idyll which at first strikes us as being simply a glorification of the "commonplace," we shall most often discover that it has some "*motif*," as the French well express it, which has this double quality of novelty and slightness, although the events and ideas which are set in play by that "*motif*" are of the most simple and ordinary kind.

In choice of subject, as well as in that of language, the rule above indicated is obeyed with rare felicity and uniformity by Mr. Barnes. All true poets obey it *sometimes*—that is to say, when the tide of poetical feeling runs high; but most poets, in the greater part of their writings, hide the absence of the feeling which inspires this delicate poetic novelty by "striking ideas," "magnificent images," or, at best, by imitations and repetitions of themselves in their few inspired moods. We warn the thorough-going admirers of the modern school that there is absolutely no finery in Mr. Barnes's poetry, and that often there is not a single line worth remembering in what is, nevertheless, upon the whole, a very memorable poem. Take, for example, the following idyll, called—

HAVÈN OON'S FORTUN A-TUOLD.

In liane the gipsies, as we went
A-milkèn, had a-pitch'd ther tent,
Between the gravel-pit an' clump
O' trees, upon the little hump :
An' while upon the grassy groun'
Ther smokèn vire did crack an' bliaze,
Ther shaggy-cuoated hoss did griaze
Among the bushes vurder down.

An zoo, when we brote back our pâils,
The woman met us at the râils,
An' zed she'd tell us, if we'd show
Our han's, what we shoo'd like to know.
Zoo Poll zed she'd a mind to try
Her skill a bit, if I woo'd vust,—
Though, to be sure, she didden trust
To gipsies any muore than I.

Well ; I agreed, an' off all dree
A's went behine an elem tree ;
An' a'ter she'd a-zeed 'ithin
My han' the wrinkles o' the skin,
She tuold me—an' she must a-know'd,
That Dicky met me in the liane,—
That I'd a-wa'k'd, an' shoo'd agiën,
Wi' zomebody along thik ruoad.

An' then she tuold me to bewar
O' what the letter *M* stood var.
An' as I wa'k'd, o' *M*onday night,
Droo *M*eäd wi' Dicky auverright.
The *M*ill, the *M*iller, at the stile,
Did stan' an' watch us tiake our stroll,
An' then, a blabbèn dousty-poll !
Tuold *M*other o't. Well wo'th his while !

An' Poll too wer a-bid bewar
O' what the letter *F* stood var ;
An' then, bekiase she took, at *F*iair,
A buzzom-pin o' Jimmy Hiare,
Young *F*ranky beät en black an' blue.
'Tis *F* var *F*iair ; an' 'twer about
A *F*iaren *F*rank an' Jimmy foüght,
Zoo I da think she tuold us true.

In shart, she tuold us all about
What had a-vell, or woo'd vale out ;
An' whether we shoo'd spend our lives
As mâidens, ar as wedded wives ;
But when we went to bundle on,
The gipsies' dog wer at the râils
A-lappèn milk vrom ouer pâils,—
A pirty deäl o' Poll's wer gone.

If any of our readers are disposed to value the poetry of the above at a poor rate on account of its rustic garb, we beg them to attend more nearly to all parts of this little piece—which is, however, no better than the average of Mr. Barnes's idylls—to the liveliness of the natural scene, as given in the first stanza ; to the poet's remarkable dramatic power of standing-off, as it were, from his subject, and contemplating it with what has been called "dramatic irony," in stanzas second to fourth ; and finally, to the moderation and force of the conclusion, which has the effect of a good "vanishing distance" in a landscape, of which the leading objects are in a close foreground.

The following eclogue will not require our praises to recommend it to an uncorrupted taste, though its beauty may remain an inscrutable mystery to many perfectly sincere admirers of a more highly-seasoned sort of verse :—

FÀTHER COME HUOME.

*John, Wife, an' Chile.*

CHILE.

O mother, mother ! be the tiaties done ?
Here's fäther now a-comèn down the track.
'E got his nitch o' wood upon his back,
An sich a speäker in en ! I'll be boun'
E's long enough to reach vrom groun'
Up to the top ov ouer tun ;[1]
'Tis jist the very thing var Jack an' I
To goo a colepecksèn[2] wi, by an' by.

WIFE.

The tiaties must be ready pirty nigh ;
Do tiake oone up upon the fark, an' try.
The kiake upon the vier, too, 's a-burnen,
I be afeärd : do run an' zee, an' turn en.

JOHN.

Well, mother ! here I be, oonce muore, at huome.

WIFE.

Ah ! I be very glad ya be a-come.
Ya be a-tired an' cuold enough, I s'pose ;
Zit down, an' rest yer buones an' warm yer nose.

JOHN.

Why I be nippy : what is ther to eat ?

WIFE.

Yer supper's nearly ready. I've a-got
Some tiaties here a-doèn in the pot ;
I wish wi' all my heart I had some meat.
I got a little kiake too, here, a-biakèn ö'n
Upon the vier. 'Tis done by this time, though.
'E's nice an' moist ; var when I wer a-miakèn ö'n,
I stuck some bits ov apple in the dough.

CHILE.

Well, fäther : what d'ye think ? The pig got out
This marnen ; an' avore we zeed ar heärd en,
'E runned about an' got out into giarden,
An' routed up the groun' zoo wi' his snout !

[1] *Tun*, chimney.
[2] *Colepecksèn*, beating down apples.

JOHN.

Now only think o' that! You must contrive
To keep en in, ar else 'e'll never thrive.

CHILE.

An', fāther, what d'ye think? I voun' to-day
The nest wher thik wold hen ov our's da lay:
'Twer out in archet hedge, an' had vive aggs.

WIFE.

Lo'k there: how wet ya got yer veet an' lags!
How did ye get in sich a pickle, Jahn?

JOHN.

I broke my hoss,[1] an' ben a-fuossed to stan'
Al's dae in mud an' water var to dig,
An' miade myzelf so watshod as a pig.

CHILE.

Fāther, tiake off yer shoes, an' gi'e 'em to I:
Here be yer wold oones var ye, nice an' dry.

WIFE.

An' have ye got much hedgèn muore to do?

JOHN.

Enough to lāste var dree weeks muore ar zoo?

WIFE.

An' when y'ave done the job ya be about,
D'ye think ya'll have another vound ye out?

JOHN.

O ees, there'll be some muore: when I done that,
I got a job o' trenchèn to goo at;
An' then zome trees to shroud, an' wood to vell,—
Zoo I da hope to rub on pirty well
Till zummer time; an' then I be to cut
The wood an' do the trenchèn by the tut.[2]

CHILE.

An' nex' week, fāther, I be gwâin to goo
A-pickèn stuones, ya know, var Farmer True.

WIFE.

An' little Jack, ya know, is gwâin to yarn
A penny too, a-keepen birds off carn.

JOHN.

O brāve! What wages do er meän to gi'e?

WIFE.

She dreppence var a day, an' twopence he.

JOHN.

Well, Polly; thee must work a little spracker
When thee bist out, ar else thee wu'ten pick
A dungpot luoad o' stuones up in a wi'k.

CHILE.

Oh, ees I sholl. But Jack da want a clacker:
An', fāther, wull ye tiake an' cut
A stick ar two to miake his hut.

JOHN.

Ya little wench! why thee bist always baggèn.
I be too tired now to-night, I'm sure,
To zet a-doèn any muore;
Zoo I shall goo up out o' the wòy o' the waggon.

For lovers of the pathetic, we extract two little pieces, which, we confess, we have never been able to read without a degree of weakness into which the poetry of recent times seldom betrays us :—

## ELLEN BRINE OF ALLENBURN.

Noo soul did hear her lips complaïn,
An' she's a-gone vrom all her païn,
An' others' loss to her is gaïn,
For she do live in heaven's love;
Vull many a longsome day an' week
She bore her aïlèn, still, an' meek;
A-workèn while her strangth held on,
An' guidèn housework, when 'twer gone.
Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,
Oh! there be souls to murn.

The laste time I'd a-cast my zight
Upon her feäce, a-feäded white,
Wer in a zummer's mornèn light
In hall avore the smwold'rèn vire,
The while the childern beät the vloor,
In plaÿ wi' tiny shoes they wore,
An' call'd their mother's eyes to view
The feäts their little lim's could do.
Oh! Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,
They children now mus' murn.

Then oone, a-stoppèn vrom his reäce,
Went up, an' on her knee did pleäce
His han', a-lookèn in her feäce,
An' wi' a smilèn mouth so small,
He zaid, "You promised us to goo
To Shroton feäir, an' teäke we two!"
She heard it wi' her two white ears,
An' in her eyes there sprung two tears,
Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
Did veel that they mus' murn.

September come, wi' Shroton feäir,
But Ellen Brine wer' never there!
A heavy heart wer' on the meäre
Their faether rod his hwomeward road.
'Tis true he brought zome feaïrèns back,
Vor they two childern all in black;
But they had now, wi' playthings new,
Noo mother vor to shew em to,
Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
Would never mwore return.

## MIARY-ANN'S CHILE.

Miary-Ann wer aluone wi' her biaby in yarms,
In her house wi' the trees auver head,
Var her husban' wer out in the night an' the starm,
In his bizness a-twilèn var bread;
An' she, as the wind in the elems did roar,
Did grievy var Roberd all night out o' door.

[1] *Hoss, horse,* name of plank used by hedgers and ditchers.

[2] *By the tut,* by the piece.

But she voun' in the evemen the chile werden well,
(Under the dark elem tree,)
An' she thought she coold gi'e all the wordle to tell
Var a truth what his âilèn mid be ;
An' she thought o'en laste in her prâyers at night,
An' she look'd at en laste as she put out the light.

An' she voun' en grow woos in the dead o' the night,
(Under the dark elem tree,)
An' she press'd en agen her warm buzzom so tight,
An' she rock'd en so sorrafully ;
An' there laid a-nes'len the poor little buoy,
Till his struggles grow'd weak, an' his cries died awoy.

An' the moon wer a-sheenèn down into the pliace,
(Under the dark elem tree,)
An' his mother cood zee that his lips an' his fiace
Wer so white as cleän axen cood be ;
An' her tongue wer a-tied an' her still heart did zwell,
Till her senses come back wi' the vust tear that vell.

Mr. Barnes's humour is as natural and effective as his pathos ; witness his description of the troubles of

THE SHY MAN.

Ah, good Meäster Gwillet, that you mid a-know'd,
Wer' a-bred up at Coom, an' went little abroad ;
An' if 'e got in among strangers, 'e velt
His poor heart in a twitter, an' ready to melt ;
Or if, by ill luck, in his rambles, 'e met
Wi' zome maïdens a-tittrèn, 'e burn'd wi' a het,
That shot all droo the lim's o'n, an' left a cwold zweat.
The poor little chap wer' so shy,
He wer' ready to drap, an' to die.

But at laest 'twer' the lot o' the poor little man,
To vall deeply in love, as the best ov us can ;
An' 'twer' noo easy task vor a shy man to tell
Sich a dazzlèn feäir maïd that'e lov'd her so well ;
An' oone dae when 'e met her, his knees nearly smote
Oone anothor, an' then wi' a struggle he brote
A vew words to his tongue, wi' some mwore in his droat.
But she, 'ithout doubt, could zoon vind,
Vrom two words that come out, zix behind.

Zoo at langth, when e' vound her so smilèn an' kind,
Why, e' wrote her zome laïns, vor to tell her his mind,
Though 'twer' then a hard task, vor a man that wer' shy,
To be married in church, wi' a crowd stannèn by.
But 'e twold her oone dae, "I have houses an' lands ;
We could marry by licence, if you don't like banns,"
An' 'e cover'd his eyes up, wi' oone ov his han's,
Vor his head seem'd to zwim as he spoke,
An' the aïr look'd so dim as a smoke.

Well ! e' vound a good naïghbour to goo in his pleäce
Vor to buy the goold ring, vor he hadden the feäce.
An' when 'e went up vor to put in the banns,
'E did sheäke in his lags, an' did sheäke in his han's.
Then they ax'd vor her neäme, an' her parish or town,
An' 'e gied em a leaf, wi' her neäme a-wrote down ;
Vor 'e cooden a-twold em outright, vor a poun'.
Vor his tongue wer' so weak an' so loose,
When 'e wanted to speak 'twer' noo use.

Zoo they went to be married, an' when they got there,
All the vo'k wer' a-gather'd as if 'twer' a feäir,
An' 'e thought, though his pleäce mid be pleasant to zome,
He cood all but a' wish'd that he hadden a-come.
The bride wer' a-smilèn as fresh as a rwose,
An' when 'e come wi' her, an' show'd his poor nose,
All the little bwoys shouted, an' cried
"There 'e goes,"
"There 'e goes." Oh ! vor his peärt 'e velt
As if the poor heart o'n would melt.

An' when they stood up by the chancel together,
Oh ! a man mid ha' knock'd en right down wi' a veather,
'E did veel zoo asheäm'd that 'e thought 'e would rather
He wërden the bridegroom, but only the father.
But, though 'tis so funny to zee en so shy,
Eet his mind is so lowly, his aïms be so high,
That to do a meän deed, or to tell oone a lie,
You'd vind that he'd shun mwore by haef,
Than to stan' vor vo'ks fun, or their laef.

The moderation of the victim's wrath in the following little history is extremely humorous :—

FALSE FRIENDS-LIKE

When I wer' still a bwoy, an' mother's pride,
A bigger bwoy spoke up to me so kind-like,
"If you do like, I'll treat ye wi' a ride
In theäse wheel-barrow here." Zoo I wer' blind-like
To what 'e had a-workèn in his mind-like,
An' mounted vor a passenger inside;
An' comèn to a puddle, perty wide,
He tipp'd me in, a-grinnèn back behind-like.
Zoo when a man do come to me so thick-like,
An' sheäke my hand, where oonce 'e passed me by,
An' tell me he would do me this or that,
I can't help thinkèn o' the big bwoy's trick-like.
An' then, vor all I can but wag my hat
An' thank 'en, I do veel a little shy.

By this time, we trust that many of our readers are satisfied that Mr. Barnes is not only one of the few living poets of England, but that, in one respect, he stands out, in a remarkable way, from other living English poets. Between all the other poets there are more or less intimate and visible relationships. They might have written poetry, but not the poetry they have written, had none of their contemporaries or predecessors existed. But, had Mr. Barnes been himself the first inventor of the art of writing in verse, he could scarcely have written verses less indebted to any other poet. This is the more strange inasmuch as Mr. Barnes is a scholar in many languages, and has, as we have understood, his enthusiastic preferences for particular poets. Seldom before has the precept "look in thy heart and write" been followed with such integrity and simplicity; and seldom before have rural nature and humanity in its simpler aspects been expressed in verse with fidelity so charming. We breathe the morning air while we are reading. Each little poem is as good for the spirits as a ramble through an unexplored lane in the early spring. The faith we soon acquire in the writer's sincerity is such, that words and sentences, which would pass for nothing in another poet, please us. "A wise sentence in the mouth of a fool is despised," but a commonplace in the verses of Mr. Barnes is respected, because we are sure that it was penned by him with no commonplace feeling. Judged by the laws according to which the high-pressure poetry of the present day is, for the most part, written, many of Mr. Barnes's "Homely Rhymes" would not rank very high; but, if that is good writing which does us good, this poet may compare with the best—and, after all has been said, we know of no better general test of the merit of prose or verse than that.

The foregoing extracts have been selected partly with a view of showing what Mr. Barnes is capable of doing without the help of the ordinary decorations of modern poetry. The pieces are, we think, "striking," each as a whole, but there are few "striking passages" in them. Intense description, out-of-the-way reflection, and singular graces of diction and metre, are but the accidents of Mr. Barnes's poetry; but, as accidents, they do occur, and are the more delightful for their sudden and unpremeditated appearance. All these qualities, combined with an enchanting *naïveté*, which is all Mr. Barnes's own, are to be found in

MINDEN HOUSE.

'Twer when the vo'k wer out to hawl
A vield o' haÿ a dae in June,
An' when the zun begun to vall
Toward the west in a'ternoon,
That only oone wer left behind
To bide indoors, at hwome, an' mind
The house, and answer vo'k avore
The geäte or door, young Fanny Deäne.

The aïr 'ithin the geärden wall
Wer deadly still, unless the bee
Did hummy by, or in the hall
The clock did ring a-hettèn dree,
An' there, wi' busy hands, inside
The iron ceäsement, open'd wide,
Did zit an' pull wi' nimble twitch
Her tiny stitch, young Fanny Deäne.

As there she zot she heärd two blows
A-knock'd upon the rumblèn door,
An' laid azide her work, an' rose,
An' walk'd out feäir, athirt the vloor;
An' there, a-holdèn in his hand
His bridled meäre, a youth did stand,
An' mildly twold his neäme an' pleäce
Avore the feäce o' Fanny Deäne.

He twold her that he had on hand
Zome business on his faether's zide,
But what she didden understand;
An' zoo she ax'd en if he'd ride

Out where her faether mid be vound,
Bezide the plow, in Cowslip Ground ;
An' there 'e went, but left his mind
Back there behind, wi' Fanny Deäne.

An' oh ! his hwomeward road wer gaÿ
In aïr a-blowèn whiff by whiff,
While sheenèn water-weäves did plaÿ
An' boughs did swäy above the cliff ;
Vor Time had now a-show'd en dim
The jaÿ it had in store vor him,
An' when 'e went thik road ageän
His errand then wer Fanny Deäne.

How stranngely things be brought about
By Providence, noo tongue can tell,
She minded house when vo'k wer out,
An' zoo mus' bid the house farwell ;
The bees mid hum, the clock mid call
The lwonesome hours 'ithin the hall,
But in behind the woaken door,
There's now noo mwore a Fanny Deäne.

With a freshness of feeling and perception which seems to belong rather to the days of Chaucer than our own, Mr. Barnes has a refinement in his choice and management of metres which is altogether of a later date. Those of our readers who are in the habit of noticing metrical effects will doubtlessly have been struck with the beauty of some of the movements in the foregoing extracts, particularly in "Jessie Lee," and in the departures from the *modulus* of the metre in "Father come Hwome."

We will conclude this series of extracts from Mr. Barnes's two volumes, which, after much meditating on what we should say about those two volumes, seemed the only means of doing them justice with our readers, by a few short passages taken from scores not less good and characteristic.

## FAIRIES.

Why, when the vo'kes were all asleep a-bed,
The viairies us'd to come, as 'tis a-zed,
Avore the vire wer cuold, an' dance an hour
Ar two at dead o' night upon the vloor ;
Var they, by only utterèn a word
Ar charm, can come down chimley lik' a bird ;
Ar drā ther bodies out so long an' narra,
That they can vlee droo keyholes lik' an arra.
An' zoo oone midnight, when the moon did drow
His light droo winder roun' the vloor below,
An' crickets roun' the bricken heth did zing,
Tha come an' dānced about the hall in ring ;
An' tapp'd, droo little holes noo eyes cood spy,
A kag o' poor ānt's meäd a-stannèn by.
An' oone o'm drink'd so much, 'e coodden mind
The word 'e wer to zae to make en smal ;
'E got a-dather'd zoo, that ā'ter al
Out t'others went an' left en back behind.
An' ā'ter he'd a-beät about his head,
Agen the keyhole till 'e wer hafe dead,
'E laid down al along upon the vloor
Till gramfer, comen down, unlocked the door :
And then 'e zeed en ('twer enough to frighten èn)
Bolt out o' door, an' down the road lik' lightenèn.

## THE WOODLANDS.

O spread agen your leaves an' flow'rs,
Luonesome woodlands ! zunny woodlands !
Here undernēath the dewy show'rs
O' warm-āir'd spring-time, zunny woodlands !
As when, in drong ar oben groun',
Wi' happy buoyish heart I voun'
The twitt'ren birds a-buildèn roun'
Your high-bough'd hedges, zunny woodlands !

## THE WHITE ROAD ACROSS THE HILL.

"When hot-beam'd zuns da strik right down,
An' burn our zweaty fiazen brown ;
An' zunny slopes a-lyèn nigh
Be back'd by hills so blue's the sky ;
Then, while the bells da sweetly cheem
Upon the champèn high-neck'd team,
How lively, wi' a friend, da seem
The white road up athirt the hill.

The zwellèn downs, wi' chāky tracks
A-climmèn up ther zunny backs,
Da hide green meäds an' zedgy brooks,
An' clumps o' trees wi' glossy rooks,
An' hearty vo'ke to lafe an' zing,
An' parish-churches in a string,
Wi' tow'rs o' merry bells to ring,
An' white roads up athirt the hills.

## THE STONE PORCH.

A new house ! Ees, indeed ! a small,
Strâight, upstert thing, that, ā'ter all,
Da tiake in only hafe the groun'
The wold oone did avore 'twer down ;
Wi' little winders strâight an' flat,
Not big enough to zun a-cat,
An' dēalèn door a-miade so thin,
A puff o' wind wou'd blow en in,
Where oone da vind a thing to knock
So small's the hammer ov a clock,
That wull but miake a little click
About so loud's a clock da tick !
Gi'e I the wold house, wi' the wide
An' lofty-lo'ted rooms inside ;
An' wi' the stuonèn puorch avore
The nāil-bestudded woaken door,
That had a knocker very little
Less to handle than a bittle,
That het a blow that vled so loud
Droo house as thunder droo a cloud,
An' miade the dog behine the door
Growl out so deep's a bull da roar.
And there, when yollor evemen shed
His light agen the elem's head,

An' gnots did whiver in the zun,
An' uncle's work wer all a-done,
His whiffs o' meltèn smoke did roll
Above his bendèn pipe's white bowl,
While he did chat, ar, zittèn dumb,
Injây his thoughts as tha did come.

EVENING.

When crumpled leaves o' Fall do bound
Avore the wind, along the ground,
An' wither'd bennet-stems do stand
A-quiv'rèn on the chilly land ;
The while the zun, wi' zettèn rim,
Do leäve the workman's pathway dim ;
An' sweet-breath'd childern's hangèn heads
Be laid wi' kisses, on their beds.

We might fill pages with the exquisitely apt and simple epithets and images with which Mr. Barnes's verses abound—such touches as "the moon with her pale-lighted skies," "the high-wound zongs o' nightingales," the "loose-limbed rest of infants," the mill "wi' whirlen stwone and streamen flour," cows "a-flingen wide-bow'd horns, or slowly zwingen, right an' left, their tufty tails ;" the squire's joints of beef at Christmas "where oone mid quarry till his hand did tire, an' meake but little show ;" the pond, whose "little playsome weaves did zwim agean the water's windy brim ;" the "whitest clouds, a-hangen high avore the blueness of the sky ;" the fair, "where sellers buold to buyers shy did holly roun' us, 'What d'ye buy?'" the hour "when evemen zuns a-most a-zet, give goolden light, but little het." But we must devote the small remainder of our space to those of Mr. Barnes's verses which are not to be found in either of his two volumes. Here is one of the Dorset Poet's latest idylls :—

THE RWOSE IN THE DALE.

In zummer, leäte at evenen tide,
I zot to spend a moonless hour
'Ithin the windor, wi' the zide
A-bound wi' rwoses out in flow'r,
Bezide the bow'r, vorzook o' birds,
An' listen'd to my true-love's words.

A risèn to her comely height,
She push'd the swingen ceasement round ;
And I could hear, beyond my zight,
The win'-blown beech-tree softly sound,
On higher ground, a-swayen slow,
On droo my happy hour below.

An' tho' the darkness then did hide
The dewy rwoses blushen bloom
He still did cast sweet air inside
To Jeane, a-chatten in the room ;
An', though the gloom did hide her feäce,
Her words did bind me to the pleäce.

An' there, while she, wi' runnen tongue,
Did talk unzeen 'ithin the hall,
I thought her like the rwose that flung
His sweetness vrom his darken'd ball,
'Ithout the wall ; an' sweet's the zight
Ov her bright feäce, by mornen light."

The life of nature has seldom flowed with more surprising and enchanting freedom, within the strict and beauty-making bounds of art, than in this and some other pieces, written by Mr. Barnes at an advanced age, and published by him, with a quite unprecedented innocence of his own standing as a poet, in the poet's corner of a country newspaper ! We close our extracts as we commenced them, with verses inspired by "Jessie Lee."

When high-flown larks wer on the wing,
A warm-air'd holiday in spring,
We stroll'd, 'ithout a ceäre or frown,
Up roun' the down at Meldonley ;
An' where the hawthorn-tree did stand
Alwone, but still wi' mwore at hand,
We zot wi' sheädes o' clouds on high
A-flitten by, at Meldonley.

An' there, the while the tree did sheäde
Their gigglen heads, my knife's keen bleäde
Carved out, in turf avore my knee,
J. L., T. D., at Meldonley.
'Twer Jessie Lee J. L. did mean,
T. D. did stan' vor Thomas Deane ;
The "L" I scratch'd but slight, for he
Mid soon be D., at Meldonley."

The question whether Mr. Barnes ought or ought not to have written his poems in the Dorset dialect, instead of London English, has, we trust, been settled to the satisfaction of most of our readers, by the poems which we have laid before them. The *rationale* of the advantage of a dialect, slightly differing from the standard vernacular, for the treatment of rustic subjects, would occupy too much time in its exposition. The advantage has, however, been felt and acted on by great poets, ancient and modern, and seems too manifest in the verses of Mr. Barnes to require any further justification than is supplied by the fact of the propriety of

employing the actual phraseology in use among the people whose feelings and manners are the subject of illustration. In our private endeavours to make proselytes to our faith in Mr. Barnes, we have more than once been amused by hearing this twofold and contradictory objection from the lips of one and the same sceptic: "Why does not Mr. Barnes write in ordinary English? Is not the charm, which certainly one does feel in his verses, all owing to the strangeness of the dialect in which they are written?" The justification, however, which Mr. Barnes himself puts forward, in his preface, for having written in the Dorset dialect, is the perfectly unanswerable one that his poems were actually written by him for the edification of the Dorset peasantry, and no others. It is no fault of his if the world should claim for its own abiding treasure those effusions of which the modest poet speaks thus:—

"The author thinks his readers will find his poems free of slang and vice, as they are written from the associations of an early youth that was passed among rural families in a secluded part of the county, upon whose sound Christian principles, kindness, and harmless cheerfulness, he can still think with complacency; and he hopes that if his little work should fall into the hands of a reader of that class in whose language it is written, it would not be likely to damp his love of God, or slacken the tone of his moral sentiment, or lower the dignity of his self-esteem; as his intention is not to show up the simplicity of rural life as an object of sport, but to utter the happy emotions with which the mind can, and he thinks should, contemplate the charms of rural nature, and the better feelings and more harmless joys of the families of the small farmhouse and happy cottage. As he has not written for readers who have had their lots cast in town occupations of a highly civilized community, and cannot sympathize with the rustic mind, he can hardly hope that they will understand either his poems or his intention; since, with the not uncommon notion that every change from the plough towards the desk, or from the desk towards the couch of empty-handed idleness, is an onward step towards happiness and intellectual and moral excellence, they will most likely find it very hard to conceive that wisdom and goodness would be found speaking in a dialect which may seem to them a fit vehicle only for the animal wants and passions of a boor. The author, however, is not ashamed to say, that after reading some of the best compositions of many of the most polished languages, he can contemplate its pure and strong Saxon features with perfect satisfaction, and has often found the simple truths enunciated in the pithy sentences of village patriarchs, only expanded, by the weaker wordiness of modern composition, into high-sounding paragraphs." P.

## ELECTRICITY AT WORK.

BY DR. T. L. PHIPSON, F.C.S. LOND., MEMBER OF THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY OF PARIS, ETC.

Six hundred years before the Christian era, Thales accidentally observed that when a piece of yellow amber was rubbed, "it became," to use his own language, "possessed of heat and life, and attracted pieces of straw, as the loadstone attracts iron." That was all the ancients knew concerning electricity. They did not observe, or rather they made no experiments. No one ever dreamt of rubbing other substances than amber, or it would have been discovered that the latter is by no means singular in this respect.

In this obscure state did the nascent science of electricity remain, until the time when Dr. Gilbert, medical adviser to Queen Elizabeth, discovered that the attractive property observed by Thales could be communicated to other bodies besides amber, and established a number of new and important facts by a series of careful experiments. But Dr. Gilbert, like most men of genius, lived before his time; his wonderful work, "De Magnete," was enjoyed only by the select few, nor did it create any sensation till after the publication, in 1671, of Otto de Guéricke's work, "Experimenta Magdeburgica." Then, indeed, was the science of electricity born. The learned burgomaster of Mag-

deburg, the inventor of the air-pump, also invented the first electric machine, in the shape of a globe of sulphur, about the size of a child's head, mounted upon a stand, and which rubbed, whilst revolving, against the hands of the experimenter.

In 1727, an English philosopher, Grey, found that the electricity produced by rubbing glass can be communicated by contact to other bodies, such as cork, wire, &c. though the latter do not become electric by being rubbed. The machine invented by Otto de Guéricke gave small sparks visible in the dark. Later, in 1743, Winckler of Leipzic was experimenting with a similar machine, in which he had replaced the globe of sulphur by a glass globe, which rubbed against an elastic cushion; and, in January, 1744, at the first meeting of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin, in presence of the Court, the sparks from this machine were, to the astonishment of all present, made to inflame a quantity of ether in a glass cup. "Thus," says Professor Dove, "the light that was kindled in Magdeburg determined combustion for the first time, seventy-three years later, and that in the town of Berlin."

Experiments now multiplied unceasingly, and it would require volumes to enumerate even the more important of them. Minerals, plants, animals, man himself—everything was submitted to the action of this subtle "fluid," as it was called; and it was in attempting to electrify the liquids, mercury and water, that the celebrated Leyden jar and other *condensers* of electricity were discovered. Hence arose electric batteries and their wonderful results. Metals were fused and volatilized, animals and plants killed, the nature of lightning discovered, &c.

Already, in these earlier periods of the science, the experiments of Benjamin Franklin, Winckler, and Nollet, had placed beyond doubt the true nature of the lightning-flash; and Franklin showed us how we might avoid its terrible effects, by means of the iron rods now called "lightning-conductors." At the same time, a French physicist, Dalibard, desiring to verify Franklin's opinion, actually made the experiment at Marly, in 1752. Franklin, who had recommended this experiment to his fellow-labourer in Europe, because he could not find means of accomplishing it in America, did not, however, wait to hear the result. In 1753, he took his son into a field, as a storm was approaching, and flew a kite, to which he had previously affixed a metallic point. At first he got no results; but, when the rain began, the string becoming wet, and consequently a better conductor of electricity, he obtained small sparks upon a key, to his inexpressible joy. But had Franklin used, as a string for his kite, a thin wire of metal, or introduced such a good conductor into the string, it is probable that both he and his son would have paid with their lives the expense of this dangerous experiment. Such a death, indeed, happened to Richmann, of St. Petersburg, whilst experimenting on atmospheric electricity by means of a long iron rod. But, "no risk, no gain," as the saying goes; and from these observations arose the useful application of lightning-conductors, which of late years have been brought to their greatest degree of perfection for ships by Sir W. Snow Harris, of Plymouth. When a silken string that has been gilt is submitted to an electric discharge, the whole of the gold is volatilized as a violet-coloured vapour, but the silk remains unhurt. So, in Sir Snow Harris's principle of lightning-conductors, he puts into communication, by copper conductors, all the metallic elements of the ship, so that, when a discharge occurs upon a vessel thus protected, the electric vibration is dispersed over a large space at once, and its explosive power counteracted. Experience has taught us, indeed, that a single iron rod, in such circumstances, can have but little power in presence of the electricity accumulated in some hundred acres of clouds.

It appears to me—and I believe François Arago held the same opinion—that, if a few high towers, surmounted by very long metallic rods, communicating pro-

perly with the earth, were erected to the south-west of our European towns, the latter would rarely or ever be troubled by storms. Such an arrangement would prove especially beneficial to such towns as Brussels, Dresden, or in the south of France, where storms come on suddenly, and sometimes with remarkable energy. Indeed, it is said that the French philosopher, Charles, amused himself more than once in arresting the progress of a storm already begun and approaching Paris, by sending up a large kite with a metallic string. The wooden stand to which this kite was attached is still preserved in the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*, at Paris; the wood seems to have been literally roasted by the numerous electric discharges that have rained upon it. It is, indeed, evident that we have at our command means of allaying storms. Several experiments made by Dr. Lining, at Charlestown, in America, and by M. de Romas, at Nérac, in France, place this matter beyond doubt. Arago himself declared that the problem of transforming thunder-clouds into ordinary clouds had been solved. Now, by subtracting their electricity, we prevent such clouds from forming hail; and, to give some idea of what importance it would be, in certain districts, to establish a catching agency of balloons, kites, or towers, with metallic rods, it will suffice to mention that not a year passes without a series of terrible storms breaking over the south of France. The hail damages the crops to such an awful extent that at Rieux, Comminge, Lombez, &c. it is not unusual to see half, and sometimes three-quarters, of the crops destroyed in this manner. Some years ago an official report stated the damage in the south of France, after one storm, to amount to twenty-five millions of francs (one million pounds sterling). The kites which M. de Romas flew at Nérac, the strings of which were surrounded by fine copper wire, effectually subtracted electricity from the storm-clouds; and, whilst his experiments lasted, no lightning was seen nor thunder heard. These kites rose only 160 yards, or thereabouts, into the air; and yet, in presence of comparatively small thunder-clouds, M. de Romas drew from the extremity of his cords flashes of lightning, seven, nine, and ten feet in length. Thirty such flashes were extracted by him in less than an hour, besides a number of lesser ones about two yards long.

Electric sparks have been very frequently employed in medicine. It is said that slight electric shocks, from a weak battery, are beneficial in rheumatic and paralytic affections; and I have seen them resorted to with beneficial (though transient) effects in such cases. Several cases of perfect cures in this class of affections are, however, on record; as well as cases of alleged cures of other ailments.

The electric battery has been proposed by a Belgian author, the late M. Jobard, as an elegant substitute for the guillotine!

Another useful application of the electric spark is in the analysis of gases, for which purpose it is frequently resorted to by chemists. But numerous and important applications of electricity, such as the electric telegraph, electro-metallurgy, &c. were not made until after the discovery of Galvanism—electricity of contact, or electricity flowing in circuits.

The researches of Galvani were not due to hazard, as the common legend would make them; they date from 1772, as is seen by the MSS. deposited by him at the Institute of Bologna, and duly registered by the secretary. On the 22d April, 1773, his paper "On the Muscular Movement of Frogs" was presented to that academy. There also is to be seen his first MS. upon the contraction of frogs' muscles by "artificial" electricity: it bears the date 6th November, 1780, and in it he says "the frogs were prepared as usual"—an expression which proves that this was not the first time he had experimented with them.

Galvani found that when a nerve and a muscle of a frog's leg are brought into contact, a contraction ensues; that, when the nerve and the muscle are connected by a metallic wire, a contrac-

tion likewise occurs; and that, when *two* different *metals* are used in these experiments instead of *one*, the contractions are much stronger. Volta was the first to repeat these experiments; and this last fact struck him so forcibly, that it eventually led him to the discovery, in August, 1796, of the instrument which bears his name. The Voltaic pile consisted, then, of plates of two different metals brought into contact; by multiplying the number of these plates (which was originally *two* only), and separating them with pieces of damp cloth, the pile was formed. The cloth was soon replaced by an acid liquid, as imagined by Volta himself; and, a little later, Cruickshank gave the apparatus the form of a trough, divided into cells by a series of pairs of metallic plates, into which was poured an acid solution. In more recent times, the apparatus has been modified and improved in a hundred ways; and we have Daniell's pile, Grove's battery, Bunsen's battery, and many others capable of producing very powerful effects. Economy has been studied also in the construction of these wonderful instruments.

By these successive discoveries man was placed in possession of a new power of extraordinary capabilities—an agency producing light and heat such as were never before equalled in intensity, and possessing a decomposing action upon chemical compounds which he had never before been able to separate into their elements. Not long after Volta's discovery, Nicholson and Carlisle decomposed water, by means of a pile of zinc and silver plates, and saw hydrogen gas evolved at one pole whilst oxygen united with the metal at the other. Then followed Davy's grand discovery of the alkaline metals, and a host of remarkable facts of great importance to chemistry.

But another interesting discovery remained yet to be made before we realized the full benefits of this comparatively new agent. It was that made by the Danish philosopher, Œrsted, in 1820, who found that wires which carry an electric current have a curious action upon magnets. If an electric current passes over a magnet pointing north-south, the latter immediately turns east-west, and remains in that position so long as the current lasts. Davy soon found that the wires which carry an electric current are in reality magnetic, and capable of creating artificial magnets (the principle of the electric telegraph). Then follow the remarkable researches of Ampère, Faraday, and W. Thomson, which bring our knowledge of electrical force to its present advanced state. The most powerful magnets are produced instantaneously, by simply causing the voltaic current to circulate round a piece of soft iron; and, by the aid of such powerful electro-motors, we obtain the utmost effects that electricity can realize.

It is curious to note the gradual rise of electro-plating, after the chemical properties of the Voltaic pile were known. Long ago it had been observed that, when an iron bar was plunged into a solution of copper, the latter metal was precipitated upon the iron. A German, named Wach, appears to have been the first to show that copper could be thrown down from its solutions by the electric current; and, in 1837, M. de la Rive found that copper could, in this manner, be made to cover bodies placed in the solution, and model itself upon their forms. However, the observations of these authors seem to have been little heeded; and it was not until Spencer, in England, and Jacobi, at Dorpat, succeeded, almost simultaneously (and in ignorance of each other's experiments), in reproducing medals, &c. by means of electricity, that this new and important art sprang up. Electro-gilding is a little older: it was discovered by Brugnatelli, a pupil of Volta's, who, in 1803, found that gold could be precipitated upon objects in an alkaline solution of that metal, by means of the Voltaic pile. The process was afterwards perfected by M. de la Rive, Elkington, Smolz, and several others. The advantages of this happy application are too well known to need mention here. Before its discovery gilding was performed by means of

mercury, and the operation was both costly and unhealthy. In the electric process the quantity of gold deposited is exceedingly minute, and adheres so firmly that the object gilt presents the same advantages as if it were of solid gold. Upon a silver spoon, for example, the quantity of gold deposited is worth about threepence; and gilding upon brass is cheaper still.

By the same active electric current faithful copies, in metal, of statues, bas-reliefs, medals, &c. are successfully obtained. Not only can any one metal be thus deposited upon another, but they can be made to adhere, in thin layers, to wood, porcelain, cloth, &c. In Paris many of the large and apparently *bronze* statues that decorate the town are merely *cast iron*, which has been covered with a layer of copper of the required thickness by means of the electric current. M. Oudry, whose workshops I visited not along ago, has thus covered several statues, fountains, monuments, &c. in France. The process consists in covering the iron statue with a sort of varnish, which appears to be a mixture of plumbago and some other matter, and immersing it in a vast bath of sulphate of copper. The statue is put in connexion with one pole of the battery, whilst the other plunges into the liquid. Copper is uniformly deposited, and the coating may be obtained of any thickness. Our readers will readily judge of the enormous difference between the costs of a bronze statue and a cast-iron one coppered by electricity. And yet the latter, after being rubbed with a mixture of plumbago and oxide of iron, is scarcely distinguishable from real bronze, and is, to all appearance, quite as durable as the latter.

The roofing of houses, by means of copper deposited by galvanism on linen, is another ingenious application of the useful electric current. The introduction of flat roofs in modern edifices renders the adoption of a metallic covering necessary. Iron rusts too soon, lead is too heavy, copper too expensive, and zinc dangerous in case of fire, as it ignites with violence. But, by soaking linen in gas tar, covering one of its surfaces with plumbago, and depositing a thin layer of copper upon this coating, by means of the electric current, we have the very article we could wish for. In like manner printing type, and blocks for engraving, &c. are produced by writing with varnish upon a metallic surface, and then depositing copper upon the parts not protected by the varnish.

Calico-printers have also availed themselves of the electric current in various ways; for instance, in dyeing in figures upon cloth. In this process the required pattern is engraved upon a metallic block, and the cloth moistened with a weak acid solution. The cloth is then placed upon a sheet of tin foil, or other conducting surface. The metallic block is now connected with the positive pole of the battery, and the tin foil with the negative pole. As soon as the engraved metal block touches the acidulated cloth, the exposed portions of its metallic surface are dissolved and incorporated with the cloth, impressing on it the given pattern; the latter, though invisible, comes out, as if by magic, when the cloth is afterwards passed into the ordinary dyeing solutions.

But I should never finish were I to attempt to enumerate here even the more important only of the useful applications of galvanism. When it was discovered that a wire through which an electric current circulates is capable of magnetising iron immediately, the electric telegraph became a possibility which was not long in being realized most completely, by the distinguished Wheatstone. When such a wire, however long, circulates at one of its extremities round a piece of soft iron, the iron instantly becomes a powerful magnet capable of attracting another piece of iron. So that if I stretch a wire from London to Edinburgh, and if at the latter place this wire circulate round a piece of iron, and then, in London, I send a current of electricity into that wire, the piece of iron at Edinburgh instantly

becomes a magnet, and will draw towards it another piece of iron in its neighbourhood. Such is the principle of the electric telegraph. The motive-power, set up in London and carried on, in an instant, to Edinburgh, being once given, it was the affair of the mechanic to transform this motion into any shape he might think proper, and so establish a system of signals.

The electric clock is based entirely upon the same principle; and by means of this ingenious apparatus and a sufficient number of wires, the Observatory of Greenwich might give the exact Greenwich time to every town, or even to every house, in Britain at once.

In the electric light we have another useful effect of the galvanic current. It is produced when the two wires of a powerful battery terminate in charcoal points, which are held in proximity one to the other. As the electric current passes from one of these points to the other it produces an intense light. When it was attempted to light shops and streets by means of this powerful luminosity, it was found too intense to be borne with impunity by the eyes. On the contrary, it is extremely useful for illuminating large public works carried on at night, or for signalling through the dark, &c. For signalling, Professor Way's mercurial light appears to be preferable, on account of its steadiness. It differs from the other only in that the electric current flows over a thin vein of running mercury instead of from charcoal.

M. Jacobi, in Russia, M. Froment, in France, and many others, have constructed a great variety of machines worked merely by electricity. Some of these are certainly very ingenious. I have seen in Froment's workshops almost every description of machine, from pumps and mills to pianos and organs, all working admirably by means of a single electric current. It is hoped, no doubt, that the day will come when this force will be able to compete with steam; but that day has not yet arrived! However ingenious the disposal of the electro-magnets, not only the question of cost, but that of power, has hitherto been in favour of steam. In the latter case, we burn coal to produce the steam; in the former, we consume zinc in the battery to produce the current: but, as we have already burnt coal to produce the zinc, our readers will understand that competition is impossible until we have discovered a battery of great power and slight cost. Such is the problem which at present occupies more than one electrician.

How would it be if we produced electricity by burning coal? Such has, indeed, been recently effected. It is known that, when the poles of a magnet are made to revolve before the poles of another magnet at rest, an electric current is set up. Now, imagine a set of enormous horseshoe magnets fixed in a stand, and a wheel loaded with a number of solid iron cylinders revolving before them, and the motion being produced by a small steam-engine. Such is the apparatus that, for some time past, has darted the electric-light over the ocean waves at South Foreland, under the superintendence of Mr. Holmes; and such an one did I see in active operation at Neuilly, near Paris, about two years ago. The current thus produced is a very powerful one, and the cost resides in the amount of fuel consumed. But, even in these advantageous circumstances, it has been found that electricity cannot compete with steam as a motive-power. However, there is no cause to grumble. How many things has electricity realized that steam can never realize?

The method generally used for blasting rocks, or firing mines, by means of a slow-match, is not only dangerous, but uncertain. Now, many years ago, Franklin had an idea that this operation could be advantageously performed by the electric current. Although this appeared simple enough at first, it was some time before the idea could be turned to account practically. That the thing is thoroughly practicable, however, was amply seen when the submarine cable was laid between Dover and Calais: a cannon placed upon the cliffs of Dover was shot off by the electric spark of a

battery at Calais. But this wonderful experiment could only be performed with a battery composed of a hundred and forty Bunsen's elements. At present, Mr. Statham and Vicomte du Moncel have invented apparatus, by means of which mines can be exploded with a very much smaller battery. When no great obstacles lie in the way, it is doubtful whether we need have recourse to them; for blasting rocks, even under water, can be effected by passing an extremely fine and short piece of platinum wire through the body of the charge, contained in a water-tight cartridge. When the current passes through this wire, the latter glows with an intense red-heat, and explodes the charge.

Rheumatic and other patients have received benefits from the electric current flowing from a weak apparatus, so as to deliver a series of mild shocks to the parts affected; and recently electricity has been applied in an ingenious manner, to extract poisonous metals, such as mercury, lead, &c. from the human body. To effect this, the patient is placed up to his neck in slightly acidulated water, in a zinc bath, isolated by gutta-percha, and being isolated himself from the sides of the bath by a gutta-percha seat. Holding in one hand the positive pole of the battery, gold, silver, mercury, &c. flow from the pores of his body, and fix themselves on the sides of the bath, which constitutes the negative pole. These experiments were tried in New York in 1852, and communicated to the Academy of Medicine at Paris in 1853, by MM. Vergnès and Poey. A patient that had taken mercury fifteen years before the experiment had a considerable quantity of that metal extracted from his body in this electric bath.

It has been proposed to extract silver, gold, and mercury, from their ores in a similar manner. Becquerel, in France, has undertaken to treat this subject, and has, indeed, resolved the problem in a scientific point of view; but the process has not yet been put in operation practically.

I pass over hundreds of experiments, some of which have already had their practical results, while others promise to become useful hereafter. I shall conclude this paper, by relating briefly an experiment of my own. Reflecting upon the powerful decomposing chemical force with which we are furnished by the electric current, it occurred to me that I might be able to render sea-water potable, by decomposing and extracting its salt, by means of a moderately powerful battery. The experiments were made in Ostend a few years ago. My apparatus consisted of three vessels containing sea-water; the centre one contained the water to be operated upon, the two others communicated with the two poles of the battery. The three vessels were connected by two bent Ω tubes filled with sea-water. As the only battery I could procure in Ostend was rather weak, I passed the current through the water for about fourteen hours, after which one of the outside vessels had become acid and the other alkaline. The sea-water was then filtered through charcoal, and was nearly drinkable. It would have been, I doubt not, quite potable had the battery employed been more powerful. As it was, I found it difficult to extract the last particles of salt; and the water, after subsequent trials, still presented a slightly brackish taste. I have not had an opportunity of repeating this experiment since; but, from the results obtained, I think it probable that sea-water may be rendered potable by means of the electric current.

## PASSING EVENTS: THE CONSERVATIVES AND RETRENCHMENT.

Last month we had occasion to point out that the end and crown of all Mr. Gladstone's financial measures was peace, and, in virtue of his noble purposes, we took the liberty of dubbing him the Peace-minister of Britain. Since we last wrote, important events have happened in the British world of politics, which prove that his title to the name is not undeserved. Mr. Gladstone began his march towards the goal that is so near his heart, in windy and cloudy weather, amidst the cold looks and the discouraging prophecies of all but a few of his own class. Already, the wind has changed, the sky is clearing, and omens of future victory have begun to meet him on his way. The unpopular creed of Manchester is growing into the favourite religion of the Liberal party; and retrenchment of expenditure may, possibly, before long, become a general cry, even with educated Englishmen.

Such is the natural result of the ingenious and wonderful budgets of the last few years. So long as indirect taxation distributed the burdens of national extravagance over the highest and the lowest classes alike, those who virtually were responsible for the amount of our expenditure scarcely knew and scarcely cared what price the country was paying for the measures that seemed to them so necessary. Our foreign policy was settled by a polished and comparatively speaking opulent minority. The upper classes alone held the strings of the purse, while the masses helped to fill it. The generosity of the English gentry and the middle classes is too well known to need praise or apology here. Nor can the most cynical observer doubt that the feeling of national insecurity, during the last six years, has been a real and sincere one. The danger was considerable; and, had vast sacrifices been necessary to avert it, vast sacrifices would have been willingly made by all parts of the community, and by none so gladly as by those who have been the foremost to proclaim the wisdom of war-taxes. But of all ills, the greatest perhaps that can befall a nation is that of having its foreign policy carved out for it by its upper classes only. The discomforts of war and of that state of armed expectation, which is nearly as bad as war, are lightly felt by the luxurious, the educated, and the refined. Strong sentiment, patriotic exaltation, the noble instincts of pride, ambition, and devotion, all assist them to bear the moderate pressure put upon them at such times. The war—if war it be—is probably a war which it has been in their power to accept or to decline. The consciousness that they are fighting, or preparing to fight, for a cause of their own choosing, gives them strength, patience, and even pleasure. But beneath the level to which the suffrage reaches—far below the reach of Parliamentary influence or power—lie the great masses, who in peace time have few comforts, and in war time have many miseries. The political virtues of the "great unenfranchised" will not be lightly spoken of by those who have watched all through this last spring the brave endurance of the Lancashire operatives. Yet, whatever the extent of their political virtues, it is not so easy for "the people" to accept cheerfully the privations imposed upon them by the unhesitating patriotism of those above. Few of the many writers and orators who clamour so eagerly for a spirited Foreign policy, are aware, indeed, of what these privations are. The rich man consents of his own free will to give up luxuries: the poor man, despite himself, is compelled to retrench in necessaries. Nor does it alleviate the keenness with which such hardships are felt by the poorer classes, to know that the country which expects of them perpetual self-control, and occasional self-sacrifice, denies them a share in her counsels. However far-sighted and honest the policy adopted, the only thing they have to do with it is to dis-

charge the bill, in the shape of increased prices on articles of necessary consumption and in diminished wages. Such a state of things is neither good for the nation nor for the temper of its labouring classes. They have a right to say —what some day they will say as impetuously as those who now pretend to speak for them—"Give us a veto on "your policy, or else take the financial "burdens of that policy upon your-"selves."

By throwing the strain both of the war expenditure of the day, and of the great financial changes inaugurated in the Budget of 1860 upon the Income tax, Mr. Gladstone has succeeded in bringing home to the minds of the upper, as well as of the lower classes, a sense of the blessings of economy. The country, at least, will henceforward know what offensive and defensive armour costs. Nor does the lesson seem likely to be wasted. The "milch cow" of the landed interest begins to feel that she is being overmilked, and turns round to look her milkers in the face. This change has been accomplished suddenly and deftly. Six weeks have scarcely elapsed since Mr. Gladstone was a solitary missionary preaching in the wilderness; and lo! the gospel of economy is now proclaimed openly upon the housetops by men of every shade of opinion. Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Disraeli take their place among the prophets, and the secret cause of their sudden conversion is not obscurely indicated in the fact that, while both sing the praises of retrenchment, one of them incidentally inveighs against the late inopportune repeal of indirect taxes. How long is it since Mr. Disraeli has been impressed with the impropriety of taxing the country to maintain "bloated armaments"? A year ago, judging from his own language, he certainly believed that our great military expenditure was fully justified by the state of Europe and of Britain. Towards the end of April, 1861, he distinctly defended "bloated armaments," and officiously upheld what he imagined to be the views of one portion of the Cabinet, against what he thought the economising tendencies of the member for the University of Oxford. It was a time when scandal whispered in all political circles of imaginary dissensions between the Prime Minister and his Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then Mr. Gladstone's unpatriotic failings and Lord Palmerston's patriotic virtues were Mr. Disraeli's theme. "It is not difficult," he retorted, in answer to a homily of Mr. Gladstone's, "to point "out the author of this expenditure, "and I believe that, in acting as he has "done, he has been governed by a high "sense of duty, and that he does not "shrink from the responsibility of the "course he has pursued. No doubt it "is the Prime Minister of England." Thus spake Mr. Disraeli on the 29th of April, 1861. On the 9th of May, 1862, we have arrived at a very different condition of affairs. Expenditure now is "extravagant," and armaments are "bloated." So long as the naval defences and the military preparations of the kingdom were to be at the expense of paper manufacturers and trade, Mr. Disraeli was all for arming and preparing. As soon as it seems clear that the Income-tax is to carry us through this "exceptional period" of national excitement, Mr. Disraeli is anxious for the "exceptional period" to be over. He deftly strips himself of all his old principles and views, and sets himself to run a race of strict economy with his great financial rival.

The increase in the naval expenditure of Britain and of France in the last twenty-five years has been so startling, that no one who has observed it can fail to regret the sad necessities—if, indeed, they be necessities—in which it has originated. Twenty-five years ago, the total amount spent on the British navy was 4,788,761*l.* In 1859, it had mounted, by successive stages, to 11,072,243*l.* The French marine estimates rose in a like manner from two and a half, to eight and a half millions; and the annual wealth of the world, accordingly, owing to the mutual jealousies or suspicions of Britain and of France, for many years has been lessened by twelve millions of pounds. The labour of nearly 80,000 English

sailors is consumed in our Royal navy alone: not counting the naval reserve. In France half that number are employed in the task of watching over the honour of the French flag. The French, indeed, suffer more acutely than ourselves from this embarrassing rivalry. The whole merchant trade of that country is paralyzed by it. The system of maritime inscription, devised by Colbert in an evil hour for the commercial prosperity of France, virtually keeps every sailor, fisherman, shipwright, and naval workman at the disposal of the Government for the whole of his life. Upon the terrible Government inscription list all are entered who either have served on any sea-going vessel for eighteen months, or who are employed as labourers in the ship-yards. They are liable at any moment to be impressed; and, once classed among the maritime reserves, none can be removed from it without making a written declaration that they have abandoned for ever the sea and all maritime pursuits. No officer of the merchant service can hope to arrive at the position of captain who has not spent twelve months on board a man-of-war. No naval contractor can ever be sure that the greater number of his hands may not be taken from him by official requisition, at the very moment when he is most in want of them. The prospect, therefore, of maritime hostilities makes itself felt all through the length and breadth of the French seaboard. A hardy, industrious, and seafaring people by nature, the sea-coast population of France is being taught to hate the sea. They are driven to agriculture and other inland occupations, in which, though wages are lower, they will have the happy compensation of knowing that no official interruption is possible. It is true that, with the increase of French commerce, the strength of the maritime inscription increases too. It does not increase, however, as it would under more favourable circumstances. The beneficial effect of the certainty of a long peace upon the trade of France would be incalculable. The interests of the two countries, therefore, are the same in fact. Peace and retrenchment are the desire of every French fisherman, shipbuilder, shipwright, and trader. Enough has been done in their eyes to vindicate the honour of the French eagles. It remains to be seen whether this impoverishing contest of resources is to last as long as there is a bare possibility of war between the two nations: a possibility which, from the nature of things, must last as long as the world itself. Can the naval expenditure of both countries be simultaneously cut down? "Whatsoever nation," says Bentham, "should get the start of the other, in making the proposal to reduce and fix the amount of its armed force, would crown itself with everlasting honour." "There is a vacant niche in the Temple of Fame," says the statesman, who, of all statesmen living, would have been most after Bentham's own heart, "for the ruler or minister who shall be the first to grapple with this monster evil of the day."

Mr. Cobden is of opinion that the self-defence of this country is carried on upon an exaggerated scale; that our colonial possessions are an expensive encumbrance to us; and that the code of maritime international law which we uphold is full of dangerous quicksands, on which the peace of the country may any day be wrecked. Mr. Disraeli most assuredly cannot agree with three articles of faith which are distinct condemnations of three fashionable Conservative opinions. He has, however, something in common with Mr. Cobden; and Manchester, with surprise, may admire its own ideas in the mouth of Buckinghamshire. If the leader of the Opposition, and his party, are anxious to take up the cause of retrenchment, everybody will hail with pleasure the accession of such a crowd of interesting converts. While we cannot but suspect that many patriotic virtues flower and bloom on the healthy soil of Opposition, which wither as soon as they are transplanted to the ministerial *parterre*, we may say at once that we shall discuss the question, without *arrière pensée*, on the assumption that Mr. Disraeli is sincere.

The prospect of a continuation of our present expenditure is so disagreeable, that, if Lord Derby or his friends have

a nostrum for ensuring perpetualpeace, we shall be only too happy to hear of it. Mr. Disraeli's recipe consists in a closer adherence to the policy of the French Emperor. Our self-defence, he thinks, is adequate and complete. There is no longer any fear in this country of invasion. There is no desire for aggrandizement. If, therefore, we are still arming, we must be arming to maintain an offensive and anti-Gallican influence at the Council Boards of Europe. Between the ambassadors of the two nations at the various capitals of the Old and of the New World alike, there is dissension, not harmony. Disunion between Britain and France on the subjects of Italy and America—such is the fruit of a Whig Administration. Instead of an *entente cordiale*, we have suspicion and dissimulation. In place of all this, the leader of the Opposition offers us the happy prospect of a Conservative Cabinet, and —we are bound to assume—harmony with France.

It is a serious question how far an offensive and defensive alliance with France is either possible or desirable. France, by her restless temperament, her pride, and her keen love of novelty, is fitted to play a part on the Continent in which no one who knows the character of Englishmen can expect that they will join her. The French nation, as far as politics are concerned, appear to possess the faculty, which is so peculiar to Southern races, of carrying theory boldly into action. It is an expensive taste to cultivate. This country, fortunately for her pocket, has less of a decided mission for reforming or reconstituting Europe. But, while our popular habits lead us to abstain from the interventions and expeditions of which France is fond, we can afford both to admire the courage and sympathize with the liberality of the French foreign policy. Whatever Napoleon III. may be at home—beyond his own frontiers, at least, he is the champion of progress and of liberal opinions. The approbation with which the results achieved by him are viewed in Britain is strongly tempered, even in Liberals, by dislike and fear of the man. But the Conservative party must perforce be the last to appreciate a policy which is so diametrically opposed to their own. In foreshadowing a possible union between a Conservative and a French Cabinet, Mr. Disraeli, accordingly, speaks of he knows not what. These sounding promises are little better than a *fanfaronnade*. Their author ought to know by this time that the Conservatives have it not in their power to offer us what he professes they can. There is as much in common between Napoleon III. and the party to which Mr. Disraeli belongs, as there is between the iron and the silver age. Mr. Disraeli's antiquated statesmanship is an appanage of the past. With all its faults—restless and aggressive as it may not unnaturally be deemed—the foreign policy of the French Emperor belongs to the present and to the future. All Conservative ideas are based upon a horror of Continental change. But the Imperial programme is built upon a generous confidence in the truth of Liberal principles, and in the necessity for a reconstitution of Europe. The Derbyite party is ready to do battle for Austria, reaction, and the treaties of 1815. The Emperor has crushed the two former and torn the latter. Darkness and sunlight cannot be more thoroughly dissimilar than the European views of Lord Malmesbury and of the Cabinet of the Tuileries. Mr. Disraeli—who may not be unwilling to hold out the hand of friendship to Sir George Bowyer and the Catholics—considers, indeed, that the temporal power of the Pope should not be interfered with, and grounds his theory of a French *entente cordiale* upon the extraordinary hypothesis that the French Emperor is of a similar opinion. In reality, the eldest son of the Catholic Church is more anti-Papal than the leader of the Protestant Opposition. Shackled by the difficulties of his own position at home, Napoleon III. is not anxious to precipitate matters on the Tiber, nor can he be expected to invite upon the head of himself and his dynasty the undying anger of the Roman priesthood. But Mr. Disraeli must be strangely blind if he does not see that the Imperial Revolutionist has decided on the Pope's downfall, though he is

fully determined to bide his time. The mills of the gods grind slowly at the Tuileries, but they grind exceeding small. In advocating the recall of the French regiments, Lord Palmerston's Ministry are not therefore urging a measure which the Emperor regards with antipathy, but simply a step which seems to him to be premature. As for Mr. Disraeli's *à priori* theory about the Pope's independence, it may safely be consigned to that serene haven where the lunar traveller in "Orlando Furioso" found the charter by which Constantine first granted it. Lord Palmerston, by one happy gesture, disposed of the strange suggestion that His Holiness enjoyed more freedom under the protection of foreign bayonets than he would do in exile or in retirement. He may leave to the common sense of the public to judge whether, in adopting the opinions of the French ultramontane bishops, Mr. Disraeli and his followers are likely to gain much favour with the French Emperor himself. Past experience tells us that a Conservative Cabinet, in times of European unrest, is not unlikely to be brought into collision with the French empire. After the recollections of 1859, it is curious that we should be informed that the Tories must return to office if we wish to be at peace and unity with France.

What the leader of Opposition offers, amounts, then, in plain terms to this — that he is prepared to throw the weight of Britain into the scale to prevent the formation of a united Italy. But to maintain Pio Nono in the Vatican is to keep alive the seeds of a religious war in Europe, to perpetuate the discontent of all Italians, and to leave standing a continual motive and excuse for the interference of Austria beyond the Po. The foreign policy which proposes to effect this may be moulded upon the most famous precedents, but it can hardly, by the utmost stretch of fancy, be thought either peaceable or cheap.

When he turns to America, Mr. Disraeli's programme is equally to be condemned from his own point of view. There, as in the Old World, he selects some temporary interest which it is the passing object of France to protect, and reproaches us for not abandoning all our political principles in order to protect it also. The gossip about M. Mercier and Lord Lyons, which he has reproduced in the House of Commons, may be dismissed here, with the more pleasure, because it has been twice formally contradicted by the Premier. But, if M. Mercier or Lord Lyons have been at variance, it would not ease our position, as Mr. Disraeli suggests, to follow France into those pro-Southern proclivities, which the growing distress in her southern provinces has long been tempting her to display. When Conservatives insist that Lord Lyons should defer more completely to M. Mercier, they either mean nothing, or else, they mean that we should have been prepared to lend more thorough moral support to the Secession. It may be asked again—is this programme a programme which would ensure us peace or financial economy? The great American war, which has attracted the attention and impoverished the commerce of two hemispheres, is, at last, as many believe, drawing to a conclusion. It does not leave us where it found us. The conduct of a large portion of the English press, the insane blindness of even the most noble of English statesmen, have, by this time, succeeded in exasperating thoroughly the North. From the beginning, the wish that the South might be victorious has found vent in ill-natured prophecies of discomfiture to the Union party; and it must be remembered that, in times of national convulsion, continual discouragement, or predictions of coming failure, may well seem, to a distracted people, to be acts of distinct unfriendliness. We have been neutral in word, but not in will. The consequence is, that we have placed ourselves in real danger of a proximate collision with the restored Union. If we have to fight for Canada we shall know whom to thank. With this gloomy prospect staring us in the face, we are told virtually, if not in so many words, that we should have followed more completely the lead of the French Emperor in the American question. To have

done so would have been to have purchased a momentary unanimity with France at the fearful price of the animosity of the New, and of the scorn of the Old World. While we should have for ever sacrificed the good will of America, we should have reaped but little benefit on the side of France. To have encouraged Napoleon III. to raise the blockade of the Southern coast, on account of its many irregularities, would have been in reality to trade upon his domestic difficulties. There is a cotton party as there is an ultramontane party in France. In joining, however, in this cry, we are not doing our best to assist the Emperor. We are only swelling his embarrassments.

It is not an essential part of his policy to assist at the break-up of the great American empire, which hitherto has usually shown a strong inclination to side with the French, even against ourselves. The Emperor has special and exceptional reasons for interference at the present moment which we have not. The trade of France is smaller than our own, and a commercial crisis in the cotton trade falls most heavily upon a manufacturing population which has few resources except the miserable one of complaint. It is a natural consequence of the French system, that when the people are out of work the Government is blamed; and the failure of cotton reacts not merely on the popularity but upon the stability of the Executive. The present conflict between the Federals and the Confederates damages the French-American trade as much as it damages the trade between America and England; and the discomfort at Rouen and Mulhausen has been fully as great as in any of our Lancashire towns. Nor is it only the import of cotton that is affected by the war. The French silk trade is subject to great fluctuations originating chiefly in the same cause. The silk trade is *the* national trade of France. Silks to the value of 160 million francs, out of the 460 millions exported from that country, go to America. On the one hand the French silk trade has been, for many years, in a very critical condition. It has never recovered the worm-disease of 1853; which, on the contrary, has been assuming, year by year, the most terrible proportions. On the other hand, it is peculiarly the trade of poor men. Power-looms are very little used; it being impossible, in the opinion of the Lyons manufacturers, to produce rich plain silks in perfection except by hand. The looms themselves are the property of poor owners; and, as hand-looms weave much more slowly than power-looms, a larger number of workmen are kept in pretty constant employ than, at first sight, would seem reasonable, considering the amount of result produced. While the weaving is carried on by home hand-looms belonging to the poorer classes, the silk-growing, too, is chiefly in the hands of peasants. A very large and needy class are, therefore, dependent entirely upon the trade. Though there has been more activity this spring in the Lyonnais than could be looked for, the prospects of the next silk crop are said to be unfavourable. The Emperor is therefore keenly interested in a speedy termination of the Transatlantic contest. But he is by no means interested, as much as Mr. Disraeli supposes, in the triumph of the South. His end would be perfectly answered by their reduction, provided that the embers of revolution are not permitted to smoulder in the interior, and to disturb the cotton crop for one year more.

The leader of the Opposition has fallen into the error of confounding accidents with essentials. French policy seems, for the moment, to be in favour of the maintenance of the Vatican and the disruption of the Union. In reality, the phase is a passing one in both cases. Exceptional circumstances prevent France from following her natural bent in the opposite direction. Mr. Disraeli seizes on the superficial exceptions and forgets the great truth, that the foreign policy of France, as a whole, in spite of many shortcomings, is not reactionary, but liberal from first to last.

With such a policy, how can those sympathize who are wedded to the treaties, the constitutions and the diplomacy of the past generation? Another Italian war, a contingency which, though remote, is not impossible, would bring the Conservatives to the same political confusion as that which overtook them three years ago. Would they fling Austria or Venice this time to the winds? Would they espouse the cause of Victor Emanuel or of Antonelli? It is evident which they must do, if they are to be led by the counsels of their chiefs. Nor is the Italian question the sole question that may put them to a cruel choice. It is a crucial test of their real political tendencies, but it does not exhaust the book of future chances. On all great occasions, is it too much to prophesy that they will be found in the opposite camp to Cæsar? They will foment, though they may not have the courage to join, anti-French alliances. They will believe and act as if national honour consisted in upholding the prejudices of old times. They will be friends with the crowned heads and not with the nationalities; with the priests and not with the people. They will again (as they have done before) allow Europe to drift into war for the want of a bold declaration that Britain is on the side of justice and of right. They will paralyze the sword of nations whose missionary genius is more fervid than our own. In the East, they will adhere to that miserable policy of obstruction which considers British interests in the Adriatic a sufficient reason for interfering with the natural decay of barbarism, and, so to speak, for fighting against God. By way of rendering their foreign position more untenable, they will at once insist upon maintaining an invidious attitude on the seaboard of the Mediterranean, and refuse to accept the wise changes in international law, which would render that invidious attitude unnecessary. They will close their eyes to all the *commercial* advantages of increased good feeling between this country and the Continent, and adhere to the reserved and suspicious tone, which has ended by isolating us far more from the rest of Europe than fifty British Channels need have done, if we had been wise. Such, briefly, is the vista which a Conservative Government opens before our eyes. Is this the policy, we have a right to ask, of Retrenchment? O Conservatives! is this Peace?

From such a policy, we should turn with relief even to the alternative offered us by men of less education and refinement. The programme of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright is not a popular one, but it would be the wiser programme to accept, if the choice were limited to these. Under the shadow of the Great Exhibition, which this last month has been erected, the industry of nations is collected together for the second time in eleven years. The building that so many have come to see is bristling with cannons and implements of war. Have the eleven years brought us nothing but a sad disbelief in the possibilities of general tranquillity? What future lies before us in the next eleven years to come? We need not go far for an answer which will be sufficient to satisfy everything except an idle curiosity. We shall have the future that we carve out for ourselves. Britain will secure the quiet of the world as she shapes her own foreign policy. In looking back on the late decade, it is not difficult to see, or to fancy one can see, many steps, which, had they been taken, might have averted the two great conflicts by which the prosperity of the period has been broken. It is in vain to cast the Russian and the Italian war in the teeth of philanthropy. They are only a reproach to the sagacity and to the courage of British statesmen. Wars are the result, partly of human prejudice and passion, but mainly of political indecision and mismanagement. Then, and then only, when we have exhausted every attempt to make our foreign policy a wise and a temperate one, shall we have a right to attribute its disastrous consequences to the folly and wickedness of mankind.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1862.

## THE FREE WEST.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN AMERICA.

### LOUISVILLE TO CAIRO.

All railroad systems are perplexing to a stranger; but the American is about the most. What with State divisions, and impassable rivers, and competing lines, and the enormous distances you have to travel over, it would be hard to steer one's course aright through the railroad labyrinth, even if you had available time-tables to steer by. But what makes the matter worse is that not, except at the railway stations, and very seldom there, can you find any time-table at all. There is no revealed evidence as to American railroads, and so you have to base your faith on natural laws, and support it by "undesigned coincidences" from the reports of hotel-keepers and fellow-travellers. Still, as in other matters, knowledge so derived is not conclusive, and you may possibly argue falsely.

I myself am a case in point. On the walls of my hotel at Louisville, there was a glowing advertisement, that the shortest route to Cairo, St. Louis, Kansas, and the Pacific Ocean, was by the Ohio and Mississippi and the Illinois Central, and that the express train started nightly at eight o'clock. The report was confirmed by collateral testimony on the part of the bar-keeper; and, trusting to it, I started on my road, under the belief that—barring accidents—I should be carried to my destination without unnecessary stoppage. The train was, in truth, an express one; and, throughout the night, I slept luxuriously in the sleeping cars, rocked to sleep, not unpleasantly, by the swaying motion of the train as we dashed onwards through the level country.

But joy in this instance did not come with the morning. It is not pleasant at any time to be woke up at 5 A.M.; still less to be tumbled out, chilled, half-awake, and out of humour, on the platform of a lonely roadside junction; and, least of all, to be then and there informed that the branch train does not leave for fourteen hours. The fact is, according to the appropriate American phrase, "I had not made good connexions;" and the result of my error, was that I had to spend a livelong broiling day at Odin Junction. In the "Dame aux Perles" of the younger Dumas, there is a long account of how the artist-hero, in his hunt after the pearl-clad Duchess, was detained for some awful period (if I remember rightly, by want of funds), at a junction on the plains of Gallicia. The story had well-nigh faded out of my memory; but, as I stood there shivering on the platform of Odin city junction, the whole scene rose to my mind, and I recalled with dismal distinctness how the luckless Oscar loitered about that dreary lonely station, where there was nothing to read, nobody to speak to, nowhere to walk, nothing to do, nothing even to watch for, except the arrival and departure of the trains. There may seem no great hardship in being kept a day in a strange place where,

at least, you can spend some hours in strolling about and making yourself acquainted with it; but the fatal peculiarity of my case was that, when you had walked once up and down the platform you literally knew the whole country as well as if you had lived there for years. It is impossible to conceive a country more hopelessly, irredeemably flat and bare, and unbroken. As far as the eye could stretch, the rich green pasture land of Illinois stretched away, unbroken by a single tree, like the surface of a vast billiard board. I believe, because I have been told so, that when you stand on the sea-shore, you can see fifteen miles of sea ahead; if so, from the platform of the station, which was raised a foot or two from the ground, you must have seen fifteen miles of plain in any direction. In the far distance on either side of the line there rose a grey belt of trees, where the settlers had not yet carried out the clearings; but this belt, and the telegraph poles, and a score or two of scattered houses, were the only objects which rose above the dead surface. The narrow single track of the railroad seemed to be drawn out, like a line of wire, till it dwindled out of sight, the two furthest points visible at either end being in a straight line with the spot on which I stood; and, for miles and miles away, you could see the railway trains after they had left the station.

In half a dozen years there will probably be a large town at Odin Junction, and already, as the inhabitants told me, the city had made a surprising start. But, as yet, it requires an American's faith in the doctrine of development to foresee the greatness of Odin. At present you can number its houses on one hand. There is the station, the hotel, one settler's house alongside, and two shells of houses—all wooden, by the way—in the process of building. Within a walk, you see about as many more scattered over the fields. And this is all. The odd fact, however, about this, as about all new American settlements, is, that it has not to develop from a village into a town, but that it starts into existence as the fragment of a town. So here in Odin (why the junction should be named after the Northern hero god, I cannot guess) there is an hotel large enough for a town of a thousand inhabitants. The one complete settler's house is as pretty and comfortable a cottage "orné," with its snow-white walls and green shutters, and neat out-houses, as you would see in Cincinnati; and the two houses in the course of building will be, when finished, of a like size and look. The ground is already marked out for the church and school-house, and you can see that the buildings are all arranged so as to form the main street, with the railroad running through it. When that is finished, there will run out Walnut and Chesnut Streets parallel to it, intersected by the numbered thoroughfares, and the houses now built or building will take their places naturally in Odin city.

It must not be presumed, however, that the whole of these reflections were made upon the platform. Odin Junction, like many other things in America, turned out better on near inspection than at first sight. The hotel, like all hotels in the Free States, was clean and comfortable, and, as the owners were Germans, the cooking was wholesome. Somehow or other, the day passed lazily. We breakfasted at six, dined at twelve, had tea at six, and supped at eight. All these were strong substantial meals, each the counterpart of each other, and consisting of steaks, eggs, ham, cakes and coffee. Our table consisted of one or two travellers, detained like myself, of the railway officials, guards, clerks, and porters, of the workmen who were putting up the houses hard by, and of the landlord's family. Eating takes up a good deal of time, and digesting takes up a good deal more, and watching the new house-building was a quiet and not laborious amusement. The builder was an Englishman, who had emigrated young, had been a cattle-driver in Kansas, had made money there, set up a store in St. Louis and failed, and was now beginning life again as an old man, and as a carpenter. He had never touched a tool, he told me, for twenty

years, and had never learnt carpentering; but he had a knack that way, and, when he came to Illinois, and found there was no carpenter near Odin, he turned to the trade, and seemed sanguine of building most of the city. He had orders, he said, already for twelve houses on hand. Most of the inhabitants in Odin were Germans, and preferred talking German to me, when they found I understood it; but the children talked English, and hardly understood their mother-tongue.

There was one beauty, and one beauty only, about the scenery. On that flat pasture prairie land, and beneath that burning sun, the shadows cast by the passing clouds swept to and fro in deep dark masses. In our hilly, wooded, hedge-divided country, you cannot see a cloud's shadow thrown in its full glory, as you could here, hour by hour.

Watching them pass lazily, I speculated on a thought that has often crossed my mind of late, What must be the effect on a nation's character of being born and reared and bred in a country like this, where there is nothing grand about its scenery; where, even such beauty as there is, is so protracted and extended, that it becomes monotonous by repetition? One effect it has had already, and, I think, inevitably. The one "grand" thing about American scenery is its vastness; and so, to the American mind, mere size, simple greatness, has an attraction we in the Old World can hardly realize. There is much that is ludicrous about the expression of this feeling, and English critics have taken hold freely of its ludicrous side; but I am not sure that there is not also something grand about it. When a settler here boasted to me of the future greatness of Odin, the boast struck me at first as absurd; but I thought afterwards that it was this belief and pride in future greatness which had settled and civilized the new world whereon I trod. And so the day passed by, and night came on, almost at once, as it does in these southern countries, after the sun's setting.

A long night again, and then another early waking, this time not on a platform, but in the middle of a swamp. Some eight miles above Cairo the whole country was under water, and the line was flooded. However, alongside the embankment, in the midst of a forest standing knee-deep in water, there was a flat platform-shaped barge, with a steam engine in the middle, which, in some mysterious way—I am not engineer enough to explain—propelled the raft, for it was nothing else. We were a long time getting off, for the train was loaded with medical stores on their road to Corinth, in expectation of a battle. It was hard work getting the unwieldy cases down the steep embankment; and harder still, dragging on board the coffins, of which there were numbers, sent by friends far away, to receive the remains of soldiers who had died at Pittsburg Landing. Whatever may be the faults of Americans, they work hard when they are about it; and in course of time the raft was loaded till it sank flush with the water's edge. Fortunately, the water was not deep; and, moreover, I have impressed upon myself the advice which an American friend gave me, when I set out on my journey, that the one thing needful in American travelling is implicit faith.

I presume that in ordinary times a road runs through the forest over whose track we sailed. At any rate we followed an opening through the trees. Our raft, which was about as unwieldy in steering as the *Monitor* (judging from what I saw of that much-vaunted miracle), had a way of jamming herself in between trunks of trees, and then had to be strained round by ropes back into the current. At other times she got aground, and had to be punted off with poles; and, when she was clear afloat, she would run foul of floating trunks of trees, and swing round the way she wanted not to go. Happily the current was so rapid that it carried us over every difficulty; and, somehow or other, dodging our heads constantly as we passed under the overhanging branches, we made way slowly. It was a pretty scene enough in the bright

fresh morning, when the leaves wore the first green tint of spring, and the shadows of the great trees were reflected in the water beneath the rays of the rising sun. So winding our way through the forest swamp, we came out on the Ohio river, and there shipped ourselves and our freight on board a steamer which bore us down the rapid river to where its waters join the Mississippi, at the city of Cairo.

There are some places in the world which when you get to, your first thought is, How shall I get away again? and of these Cairo is one. There is a Yankee legend that, when the universe was allotted out between heaven, earth, and hell, there was one allotment intended for the third department, and crowded by mistake into the second, and that to this topographical error Cairo owes its terrestrial existence. The inhabitants boast with a sort of reckless despair that Cairo is also the original of the valley of Eden, in which the firm of Chuzzlewit & Co. pitched their location; and a low hut is pointed out, which Dickens is said to have had in his mind when he described the dwelling where Mark Tapley immortalized himself. The description of the Chuzzlewit journey down the Mississippi is utterly inconsistent with this hypothesis; but I felt it would be cruelty to deprive my Cairo informant of the one pleasant reminiscence which the city could afford. The Mississippi and the Ohio meet at an acute angle, and on the low, narrow neck of land which divides the two, stands Cairo. The whole town is below the level of the river, and would be habitually under water were it not for the high dykes which bar out the floods. As it is, Cairo is more or less flooded every year; and, when I was there, the whole town was under water, with the exception of the high jetty which runs along the Ohio. On this jetty—the one great street of the town—the railroad runs; and fronting the railroad are the hotels and stores, and steamboat offices. On the further side of the jetty stretches a town of low wooden houses, standing, when I saw them, in a lake of sluggish water. Any thing more dismal than the prospect from my windows, out of which I looked over the whole town, can hardly be conceived. The heat was as great as that of the hottest of the dog-days with us, and the air was laden with a sort of sultry vapour we hardly know of in England. A low mist hung over the vast waters of the Mississippi and the Ohio, and stole away over the long unbroken line of forests which covered their fruitless banks. The sun burnt down fiercely on the shadeless wooden city; and, whenever there came a puff of air, it raised clouds of dust from the dry mounds of porous earth of which the jetty is formed. The waters were sinking in the lagoon, and the inhabitants paddled languidly in flat-bottomed boats from house to house, looking to see what damage had been done. A close fetid smell rose from the sluggish pools of water, and fever seemed written everywhere. Along the jetty alone there were signs of life, and even that life was dismal. Long trains of empty luggage-vans were drawn up on the rails, in which the poorer settlers had taken refuge when they were driven out of their dwellings by the flood; and in these wretched resting-places whole families of women and children were huddled together miserably. The great river steamboats were coming up constantly from the camp at Corinth, bringing cargo-loads of wounded and sick and disabled soldiers, who lay for hours along the jetty, waiting for the means of transport northwards. There were piles, too, of coffins—not empty ones, but with the dead men's names inscribed on them—left standing in front of the railway offices. The smoke of the great steamboat-chimneys hung like a pall over the town; and all day and all night long you heard the ringing of their bells, and the whistling of their steam, as they came in and out. The inhabitants were obviously too dispirited to do what little they could have done to remedy the unhealthiness of their town. Masses of putrid offal, decayed

bones and dead dogs, lay within eye-sight (not to allude to their proximity to the nasal organ) of the best dwellings of the city. The people in the street seemed to loaf about listlessly, and the very shopmen, most of whom were German Jews, had barely energy enough to sell their goods. And in all Cairo there was not a newspaper printed—a fact which in an American city speaks volumes for the moral, as well as physical, prostration of the inhabitants. The truth is, that Cairo is a depôt for transhipping goods and passengers at the junction of the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the great Illinois central railroad. There is money to be made here, and therefore people are always found to come and settle at Cairo for a time; but the time, either by choice or stern necessity, is always a very short one. At first the wounded soldiers from the army before Corinth were sent up here; but the mortality amongst them was found to be so great that the hospitals were closed, and the sick shipped up the river to Louisville and St. Louis, far away as they are from the scene of action.

### RACINE CITY.

It had been my purpose to go on, from Cairo, to the camp of the Western army, and the battle-field of Pittsburgh Landing. Shortly, however, before my arrival I found that very stringent orders had been issued by General Halleck against allowing civilians to visit the army; and any attempt to obtain a pass would have necessitated a reference to head-quarters, and consequently a delay of many days at Cairo. There was ague in the bare idea, and so, unwillingly, I turned my steps northwards to the Free States of the West. A long day, and a longer night (counting time by sensation, and not by hours), brought me to the shores of Lake Michigan. I had travelled, straight almost as the crow would fly, from the south to the north of the State of Illinois, along the line of which General M'Clellan was President, not long ago, with less satisfaction to the unfortunate shareholders than, I trust, he will afford ultimately to the American people. One day's scenery on a Western railroad is the counterpart of another. A track of forest, a vast space of open prairie land, a marshy lagoon, a broad river, a cluster of wooden houses, called a city, and an endless series of fertile fields, surrounded with snake fences—these are the elements of the scenery through which you pass. Arrange the picture, day by day, in different order—fill it up with herds of cattle, teams drawn by oxen, long stretches of rough, unmade roads, and scattered homesteads—dot, here and there, at long intervals, a fine stone mansion, a hotel, or seminary, or charitable asylum—throw over all a clear, bright sky and a gorgeous sunlight—and you will have before you the journey I took to-day, or yesterday, or which I am going to take to-morrow. So, too, day after day, the company you meet with in the cars, and the incidents of your journey, are inevitably the same. You take your seat in a long open car, about the length of two English railroad carriages fastened together and with all their compartments knocked down. The seats are comfortable enough, except that it is wearisome having no back high enough to lean your head upon; and—what is a real luxury in a long journey—you can walk up and down in the broad passage between the seats. Every half-hour or so, a boy passes through the car with a can of iced water, from which you can have a drink for nothing; while at other times he brings apples, oranges, and toffee for sale, together with a bundle of papers and magazines. It is an odd "trait," by the way, of national character, that, if the sale of his books is flat, the newsboy will come and lay down a copy of his magazines or illustrated papers alongside of every passenger in the cars, and leave it with him for half an hour or more. You may read it meanwhile; and, if you return it to the boy, on his coming round again, he will thank you all the same. Most of the passengers, of course, return their copies; but, every now and then, some one, who had no intention of purchasing

beforehand, becomes interested in a story he has taken up, and buys the magazine. There is nothing to hinder any one from appropriating the book without paying for it; but in this, as in other small matters, it is the habit to repose great confidence in the average honesty of the public, and that confidence is rarely found to have been misplaced. Three times a day, you are summoned, at some roadside station, by sound of gong, to a meal, which is called breakfast, dinner, or supper, according to the hour, but which is the same everywhere, and at all times. You eat plentifully of beefsteaks, ham, poached eggs, pastry without end, and cakes; drink milk, or tea, or water—never beer or any spirituous liquor; and then take your seat again, and sleep, or talk, or read, till the next feeding-time arrives. At the intermediate stations, you only stop for a few seconds. The moment, almost, the train has stopped, you hear the standard cry of "All on board!" and then the train is again in motion. Indeed, all the arrangements for taking tickets, letting passengers in and out, and for loading and unloading luggage, are more simple and more perfect than those in use on any of our European railroads; all of them being based very much on the assumption that, as a rule, the passengers don't mean to cheat the conductors, and the conductors don't mean to cheat the company.

Every traveller in every foreign country must have remarked how very like at first everybody you met was to everybody else; but in America this sensation wears off less rapidly than in other lands. Especially in the West, this uniformity in the dress and appearance of your fellow-passengers is wonderfully striking. If you took a railway-train in England, entirely filled with second-class passengers—increased largely the proportion of commercial travellers, and of that class we hear so much of and see so little of at home, the "intelligent mechanic"—utterly eliminated anybody who looked poor, according to our English idea of poverty, and added an unusual number of pretty young girls and faded women—you would form an average car's company in America. I don't mean to say—far from it—that you never meet people in the cars here who might ride in our English first and third classes; but there are certain classes whom you never meet, or think of meeting at home, except in a first or in a third-class carriage, and to these classes, there is nothing corresponding to be found in the living freight of an American car. There is not much conversation; the carriages are too noisy, and there is too little privacy for confidential communications. What talk there is, is all about the war, or politics, or on the local trade. Everybody, however, is quiet, well-behaved, and civil, almost without exception; and there is little or nothing of that offensive selfishness so often displayed amongst English railway travellers, in the attempt to make oneself comfortable at the expense of everybody else's discomfort. The common politeness too, shown to women, is very remarkable. It was pleasing to me, also, to observe how kindly the wounded soldiers, of whom we took up and put down numbers during our journey, were helped about, and looked after, by their fellow-travellers, and how eagerly the story of their battles was listened to by the knot of passengers collected round them. There was an old man, seated in front of me, who had just been down to Shiloh to fetch home his son, a lad of seventeen or so, who had fallen sick after the battle of Pittsburgh. I shall never forget the pride with which the old man listened to his son's story over and over again, and how, as new passengers came in, he kept suggesting anecdotes to the boy, which he wished the new comers not to lose the hearing of.

Meanwhile, I have been a long time getting to Racine city. Very few of my readers will probably be aware that there is such a city as Racine in the world, still less where it is placed. It must be a map of pretty recent date to have the name inscribed on it. It will be sufficient, however, to say, that it is on the western shore of Lake Michigan, sixty

miles north of Chicago city; and, if the reader does not know where the lake and the city are, he can find them by looking. There is nothing remarkable about Racine, or worthy of description; and it is for that very reason—pardon the paradox—I wish to describe it. Years ago, there was a man who invented a machine which turned out hexameters, (real Latin ones, not nondescript ones of the Clough or Longfellow cast). There was no meaning in them, but the words placed in the machine were so arranged, that, in whatever order they happened to turn out, they placed themselves in hexameters. Now, if you had wanted to give a specimen of a machine-made hexameter, you would not have picked out a line in which, by some strange chance, there was a faint glimmering of sense or poetry, but one with the true ordinary meaningless monotony. Now, all Western cities seem to have been turned out by a city-making machine, warranted to produce a city of any size at the shortest notice; and, therefore, in describing the cities of the West, any average one will stand for all—the more average a one the better. Private circumstances, moreover, caused me to see a good deal of Racine, and, indeed, made my stay so pleasant there that I shall always think gratefully of the dull little town on the shores of the great inland sea.

Racine stands upon the "Root" river. Whether the town is named by translation from the river, or the river from the town, is a moot point on which the historians of the place are divided. Some persons suggest that the connexion between the names of the town and river is purely accidental, and that the city was named after the French tragedian. It may well be so. There is no limit to the eccentricities of American nomenclature; and there probably are a dozen towns in the United States named after Racine, and Rousseau, and Corneille. Whatever doubt there may be about the reasons to which the name of Racine is due, there is no traditional uncertainty about its birth and origin. There are men of middle age, now living in Racine, who have lived through the whole life of the city, and who yet came here as full-grown men. A quarter of a century ago, when General Jackson, as President, suppressed the State Bank of the Union, hundreds of new banks sprang into existence, and flooded the country with an extemporized currency. Then followed a period of wild speculation, chiefly in the lands of the North-western territories. Steamboats were then first coming into full use, and through the chain of the great lakes, hundreds of thousands of emigrants, from the Eastern States, were carried by steamboats to the western shores of Lake Michigan. The banks failed; there was a commercial crisis; the speculators were ruined; but the emigrants remained. The prairie land was fertile and required no clearing; the Indians were few and peaceable; and communication with the civilized world was cheap and expeditious. In a few years the country was colonized far and wide, and towns sprang up on every side. It was then that Milwaukee, and Chicago, and Racine were founded. "Veni, vidi, ædificavi," should be the motto of Western settlerdom, so rapid is the growth of cities in the West. From some cause or other, of the three sister cities, Racine has been the least prosperous. Chicago has gone a-head so fast, that Racine has been altogether distanced in the race, and bears the reputation in the West of a sleepy humdrum place. To an Englishman, however, its quarter of a century's growth shows wonderful enough.

Along the shores of the lake there stretches a low steep sandy cliff, and upon its summit stands the city of Racine. Looking out on the great lake, there is little at first to tell you that you are not standing on the shore of the ocean. There is no trace of tide, and the air brings with it no savour of the salt sea; but the horizon on every side is bounded by water alone. Great ships with snow-white sails may be seen passing into the far distance; and, when the wind blows from the lake, the waves roll in upon the coast with a deep roar

and splash, as though they had been driven across the ocean. The Root river, with its dock and warehouses, and schooners and swing bridges, has a sea-port air about it, which, if not the real marine article, is a wonderful imitation of it. Along the brow of the cliff runs the Main Street of Racine; and, as usual, a series of streets, parallel with, and at right angles to Main Street, completes the town. The whole place looks very new—newer far than it should be, after some six-and-twenty years of existence. Houses in this part of the world are short-lived. As fast as a settler makes money, he pulls down his house and builds up a new one. All Western cities hold to the earth by an easily snapped cable. If a householder gets tired of his position, he puts his house on wheels and decamps to another quarter. The lake has of late made inroads on the cliffs of Racine, and, when I was there, many of the residents on the cliff were moving their houses bodily to a safer locality. What with frequent fires, and the passion for house-building, there are probably few houses in Racine which remain such as they were when they were first built; and the settlers are now far older than their houses. So the Main Street of Racine is one of the most straggling and irregular of streets. Every now and then there is a block of office buildings, which would not be out of place in Broadway or in Cannon-street; next door, there is a photographic establishment, consisting of a moveable wooden hut; then, in the aristocratic extension of Main Street, a sort of sub-urban avenue, there is every style and grade of building. The favourite order of architecture is a kind of miniature model of the "Madeleine," at Paris, in wood. Even the office where the local dentist tortures his patients is entered beneath a Corinthian portico, supported by fluted wooden pillars of six feet in height. But amidst these wooden dwellings, each standing in its own garden, there are to be found stone mansions, such as you might see in Palace Gardens, or in the more aristo-cratic terraces of Upper Westbournia. Then there is a public square, a park, a court-house, and a dozen churches and chapels, and meeting-houses of every denomination. The town is rather at a stand-still at present, in the matter of internal improvements, as, by different jobs and speculations, the corporation has contrived to run itself about 80,000*l.* into debt. The street-lamps, therefore, are not lit, though there is a gas factory in the town; and the roads are left pretty much as Nature made them. However, better times are expected for Racine. In a few weeks a line will be opened connecting it directly with the Mississippi; and then it is hoped that it will compete successfully in the grain trade with its rival Milwaukee, and that the harbour, on which 12,000*l.* have been expended by the town, may become the great port for the Eastern trade.

It is curious, as you stroll about the streets of Racine—or, for that matter, of any other small Western town—to notice the points of difference between it and an English county town. The differences are not very marked ones. You never see in England a high street like the Main Street of Racine; but each single house might stand in an English street without exciting notice. There are some slight features, however, about the town which would tell you at once you were out of England. The footpath is made of planks. The farmers' carts, with which the street is filled, are very skeletons of carts, consisting of an iron framework, supported by high narrow wheels, on which a small box is swung, barely large enough for the driver to sit upon. Big names are in fashion for desig-nating everything. The inns are 'Houses,' or 'Halls'; the butcher's is the 'Meat Market'; the dentist calls himself a dental operator; the shops are 'Stores,' 'Marts,' or 'Emporiums'; and the public-houses are 'Homes,' 'Arcades,' 'Exchanges,' or 'Saloons.' There is nothing, indeed, corresponding to the old-fashioned English public-house. The bar-rooms, of which there is a large supply, are externally like common shops, except that the door is covered by a wooden screen, so that the drinker

is not exposed to the gaze of the passers in the street. Here, by the way, as elsewhere in the States, you never see a woman even in the poorest of bar-rooms. The shops themselves are about as good, or as poor, as you would find in a town of the like size (Racine has 12,000 inhabitants) at home. What is un-English about them is the number of German labels and German advertisements exhibited in the shop-fronts.

The amusements of Racine are about as limited as if it stood in our midland counties. Judging from the posters of ancient date which hang upon the walls, a passing circus, an itinerant exhibition of Ethiopian minstrels, and an occasional concert, are all the entertainments afforded to the inhabitants. Some of the street-advertisements would be novelties to English townsfolk. A Mrs. Frances Lord Bond is to lecture on Saturday evenings on spiritualism; a fancy fair is to be held for the Catholic convent of Saint Ignatius; and a German "choral-verein" is to meet weekly for the performance of sacred music. Then, even in this remote and far-away corner of the States, there are the war advertisements. The Mayor announces that a great battle is expected daily before Corinth, and requests his townspeople to provide stores beforehand for the relief of the wounded. The Ladies' Aid Committee informs the ladies of Racine, that there will be a sewing meeting every Friday, in the Town Hall, where all ladies are requested to come and sew bandages for the Union soldiers —every lady to bring her own sewing-machine. Then there is the requisition of the Governor, calling for recruits to fill up the gaps in the ranks of the Wisconsin regiments who were cut to pieces on the field of Shiloh.

Of course, a town of the importance of Racine must have a press. In more prosperous times, there were three dailies published here; but times are bad, and the dailies have collapsed into weeklies. These are the *Advocate*, the *Press*, the *Democrat*, and a German paper, the *Volks-Blatt*. As a sample of a Western country newspaper, let me take a copy I picked up of the *Racine Advocate*. It is of the regular four-page, unwieldy English size, and costs six shillings annually, or five half-pence a single number; and is headed with a poetical declaration of faith, that,

> "Pledged but to truth, to liberty, and law,
> No favours win us, and no fear shall awe."

The advertisements, which occupy two of the four pages, are chiefly of patent medicines, business cards, and foreclosure sales. The local news, as in all American country papers, is extremely bare; and there are no law reports, or accounts of county meetings. The politics of the paper are staunch Republican and Anti-Slavery; and the leading articles are well written, and all on questions of public, not local, politics, such as the Confiscation Bill, General Hunter's proclamation, and the taxation question. There is a short article, headed "LL.D. Russell," which I will venture to say is contributed by an Irishman. "It was "with no little satisfaction," so the *Advocate* states, "that the loyal people of "the North saw the announcement that "'Our Own Correspondent' had engaged "passage back to England. . . . We pity "the readers of the *Times*, who have "got to unlearn all they have been "taught to believe of us for a year past. "We'll venture the prediction that, in "less than six months, the *Times* will "discharge the LL.D., and make him "the scapegoat of its malice and *traitor-*"*bought* attacks on the Federal Govern-"ment."

With the exception of this outburst on the subject of Mr. Russell, the language of the *Advocate* is sensible and moderate enough. There are letters from the War copied from New York papers, and lists of the killed and wounded in the Wisconsin regiments; but fully one page of the paper is occupied by short tales and poems. When I say that their headings are, "How the Bachelor was won," "A Girl's Wardrobe," "Gone before," and "Katie Lee," the reader will have no difficulty in realizing to himself what the description of intellectual varieties afforded by the

*Advocate* consists of. If he cannot do so by the light of his own experience, let him read any number of the *Family Herald*, and he will do so at once without crossing the Atlantic. Before I leave the Racine *Press*, let me mention one incident I learnt about it, which is characteristic of the old, as well as of the new, country. The Racine *Advocate* built a handsome block of buildings which quite eclipsed the office of the *Press*. Unfortunately, the *Press* discovered that the windows of the *Advocate's* new printing-room could be shut out from the light if a taller store was built alongside; and so the *Press* is building an office next door to the *Advocate* in order to block up its windows. Country editors, it seems, remain the same race of men in Racine as in Little Peddlington.

Society in Racine is still in its primitive stage. Dinner parties are unknown, and balls are events of great rarity; but tea parties, to which you are invited on the morning of the day, are of constant occurrence. Probably there is as much scandal and gossip, and as many sets, here as in an Old-World country town; but there can hardly be the social divisions which exist with us. If you inquire the names of the owners of the handsomest houses in the town, you will find that one perhaps began life as a stable-boy, another was a waiter a few years ago in the hotel of the town, and a third was a bricklayer in early life. On the other hand, some of the poorest people in the place are persons who were of good family and good education in their former country. A short time ago the two least well-to-do members of the Racine community were an ex-member of a fashionable London club and a quondam English nobleman. This very mixture of all classes, which you find throughout the West, gives a freedom and also an originality to society in Racine, which you would not find under similar circumstances in England. If I were asked whether I should like to live in Racine, my answer would be an emphatic negative; but, if the choice were put to me whether I would sooner live in Racine or in an English county town, I am afraid that nothing but patriotism would induce me to decline Racine.

### ON THE PRAIRIE.

We have all laughed, or by this time ceased laughing, at the story of the Irishman who brought a brick from the Pyramids to show his friends what the Pyramids were like. Yet I know not that the Prairie could be described better to those who have never seen it, than by bringing home a spadeful of prairie sod and telling the spectators to multiply that sod in their minds by any multiple of millions they choose to fix upon. In truth, there is nothing to describe about the prairie, except its vastness, and that is indescribable. I suppose most of us in our lifetime have dreamt a dream that we were wandering on a vast boundless moor, seeking for something aimlessly, and that, in this dreary search after we knew not what, we wandered from slope to slope and still the moor stretched before us endless and unbounded. Such a dream, I, for my part, recollect dreaming years ago; and, as I drove the other day for a mile-long drive across the prairies of Northern Illinois, it seemed to me that the dream had come true at last.

East, west, north, and south, on the right hand and on the left, in front and behind, stretched the broken woodless upland. Underneath the foot a springy turf, covered with scentless violets and wild prairie roses. Overhead a bright, cloudless sky, whence the sun shot down beams that would have scorched up the soil long ago, but for the fresh soft prairie breeze blowing from the Far West. Low grassy slopes on every side, looking like waves of turf, rising and falling gently. Not a tree to be seen in the far distance, not a house in sight far or near, not a drove of sheep or a herd of cattle; no sign of life, except the dun-coloured prairie chickens whirring through the heather as we drove along. Nothing but the broken, woodless upland. So we passed on, coming from time to time

upon some break in the monotony of the vast dream-like solitude. Sometimes it was a prairie stream, running clear as crystal between its low sedgy banks, through which our horses forded knee-deep, and then again the broken, woodless upland. Sometimes it was a lone Irish shanty, knocked up roughly with planks and logs, and wearing a look as though it had been built by shipwrecked settlers, stranded on the shore of the prairie sea. Further on, we came upon a herd of half-wild horses, who, as we approached, dashed away in a wild stampede; then upon a knot of trees, whose seeds had been wafted from the distant forests, and taken root kindly on the rich prairie soil; now upon an emigrant's team, with the women and children under the canvas awning, and the red-skirted and brigand-looking miners at its side, travelling across the prairie in search of the land of gold. And then again the silent solitude and the broken, woodless upland.

These breaks, however, in the monotony of the scene are signs of the approach of civilization—warnings, as it were, that the days of the prairie are well-nigh numbered. The friends with whom I travelled were engaged in pushing a railroad right through the heart of the prairie over which we crossed. To my English ideas, the line in progress looked like the realization of the famous line which went from nowhere in general to nowhere in particular; but American experience has proved that a prairie railroad creates its own constituency. In three or four years' time, the prairie over which I travelled will be enclosed, the rich soil will be turned up, and will bring forth endless crops of wheat, till, as a settler said to me, the prairie looks, at harvest time, like a golden carpet; and large towns will be raised on the spot where the Irish shanty stands at present. Every year the traveller has to go further and further West to find the prairie; but its extent is still so vast that generations, perhaps centuries, must pass away before the prairie becomes a matter of tradition. Settlers in the country tell one that it is necessary to live for some time upon the prairie to feel its charm, and that, when its charm is once felt, all other scenery grows tame to one. It may be so. I believe, without understanding it, that there are people who grow to love the sea, and feel a delight in seeing nothing but salt water round them for days and weeks and months together. So, for some minds, the endless sameness of the prairie may have a strange attraction. For my own part, the sense of vastness about the prairie was rather overpowering than impressive; and I plead guilty to a feeling of relief when we got out of the prairie into the tilled fields, and country villages, and pleasant woods, which spread along the banks of the Mississippi river.

### UP THE MISSISSIPPI.

Of many pleasant river sails it has been my lot to make, my two days' sail up the great Western river, is, I think, the pleasantest. I came upon it some 1,600 miles from its source, far away in the North West, where it forms the frontier line between the States and Wisconsin and Iowa. The spring freshets this year had been unusually high, and the floods were only beginning to subside, so that the expanse of water was grander even than it is in ordinary times. The flat mud-bank islands which the river forms year by year, from the deposits of its rich soil, were covered with water; and in many places, from bank to bank, the waters spread for three miles or more. How the steamer found its way amidst the countless channels, between the thousand islands, all covered with the rich rank forests, and all the counterparts of each other, is a mystery to me still. If ever there was a river worthy of the name of the "Silent Highway," it is the Mississippi. The great saloon steamers glide along so noiselessly that, to me, used to the straining and creaking of an English steamboat, it seemed difficult to believe that the vessel was in motion. The great shallow flood roll salong without a swell, almost without a ripple. The

silence of the great forests along the banks is unbroken by the sound of birds or of any living thing. For miles and miles together not a village or house is to be seen, and the river flows on as silent, and as solitary, as it must have flowed when De Soto first struck upon its course two centuries ago, and hailed it proudly as the "Father of many Waters."

On either side the river rise the high cliffs, or bluffs as they are called here, of reddish sandstone. At a distance, the great masses of the rock, twisted into all fantastic shapes by the action of the water ages and ages ago, look like the ruins of some old Norman castle. Sometimes the river rolls at the very foot of the overhanging cliffs. At others, a low swamp land, covered with close-set forest trees, lies between the river and the cliff. But to me the great beauty of the scene lay in the richness of the colouring. The green woodlands of England are tame and dull compared with the green forests of the Mississippi in the first burst of summer; and the towering masses of rock, the patches of bare sandstone, and the hill-sides of the steep gullies that run into the river, shone out with a depth and gorgeousness of colour that I fancied was not to be found under a Northern sun. As for sunsets, you should see them on the Mississippi, when the river, in one of its hundred twists and twinings, bends for a time Westwards. Then you seem to be floating down the stream towards a vast canopy of fire and flame and golden glory. You may behold a sunset there, such as the fancy of Turner might have pictured, and sought in vain to realize!

Trade is dull on the Mississippi now. At this early summer season the boats would have been much crowded but two years ago, by hundreds of Southern families flying from the deadly heat of New Orleans; but now we had scarce a score of passengers on board. There was not much life upon the river. Two or three times a day, perhaps, we passed a steamer going southwards; and sometimes we came upon a string of huge lumber rafts, punted cautiously along by gangs of wild-looking boatmen. Every hour or so we came to some small town on the river side. They were all like each other, differing only in size. A long street of low houses, stores, and wharves fronting the river; a large stone building, generally a hotel which had failed; a few back streets running towards the bluff; perhaps a row of villas on the hill side, and very often a railway depôt, are the common characteristics of a Mississippi town. The one beautiful thing about them is their position, nestling as they do at the foot of the cliffs; and this a beauty which even the ugliness of the towns themselves cannot destroy. There are still many traces hereabouts of the French settlements: Prairie du Port, Prairie du Chien, and Oubugne, are names which bespeak their own origin. Along the river there are several French villages, or rather parts of villages. They are a queer race; "Tumbos," as I heard an American settler call them—half Indian, half negro, and half French. In this admixture of half-breeds, the French element has kept the mastery; and they still speak a broken French, and are all devout Catholics. They also retain the passion of the French peasant for his land. No price will induce a half-breed to sell his land, but he is content with possessing it without seeking to improve it. Indeed, the development of the half-bred race has not been such as to strengthen the cause of the advocates of amalgamation between the white and the coloured race. They are a wild, handsome race in look, though not physically of sturdy growth. As far as I could learn, there is no particular prejudice against them among the American settlers any more than there is against the Indians. Both races, half-breeds as well as Indians, are so obviously dying out, that the feeling of the Americans towards them is rather pity than jealousy. The half-breeds are an inoffensive people; but they are dirty, ignorant, and indolent. They live chiefly by fishing and hunting, and die away gradually in the villages where they are born. At Prairie du Chien, or

"doo-shane," according to the popular Western pronunciation, stand the ruins of a large barracks. It seems strange, in this land of railroads and steamboats and great cities, to learn that these barracks were erected but thirty years ago, to protect the soldiers of the United States against the Indians in the great Black Hawk war. The barracks are useless already, for the Indian has retreated hundreds of miles away. By these ruins, I came upon the first party of Indians I had seen. There were four of them; two men—father and son—with their squaws. They were very dirty, very ragged, and painted with all kinds of colours. They had bows and arrows with them of the rudest kind; but I suspect their chief livelihood was derived from begging. They told us, in broken English, that they were very miserable, which I have no doubt was true; and the only trace of dignity I could see about them was, that they took the small alms we gave with absolute apparent unconcern. The one piece of luggage belonging to the party was carried by the younger squaw, and that—alas! for Indian romance—was a teapot of Britannia metal.

### THE CAPITAL OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of half-breeds or Indians, it is certain that it needed a far other race to produce the city of Chicago. Of all American commercial cities, it is, to my mind, the handsomest. Thirty years ago, not a house was standing here, except a mud fort. Now, Chicago, with its miles of wharves and warehouses, its endless canals and docks, its seventy churches, and its rows of palace-like mansions, is probably, in size and importance, the third city in the States. There is some uniformity about the buildings in the streets, from the fact that they have all been built almost at the same time; and the monotony of the straight rectangular streets is somewhat relieved by the canals which cut across them in every direction. When you have made, however, the stock remark, that, within a quarter of a century, a trans-Atlantic Liverpool has been raised upon the swampy shore of Lake Michigan, you have said pretty well all that is to be said about Chicago. If a poor neighbour becomes a millionaire, you think it a remarkable occurrence, and possibly you regard him with envy; but I don't think, judging from my own ideas, that you are struck with a reverential awe. So, in like manner, when you have once realized the idea of how Chicago has grown out of nothing in no time, you have about exhausted the subject. Barges, and drays, and steam-boats, and factories, are much the same all the world over. Goethe is constantly reported to have said, (though I own, I never came across the saying in any of his writings), that there was more poetry in a spinning-jenny than in the whole Iliad of Homer. It may be so, but Goethe never tried to write a poem about a factory; and so I defy anyone, except a land-agent, to expatiate on the beauty and glories of Chicago. To me it is remarkable and noteworthy, chiefly as the centre of the new world, which is growing up with a giant's growth, in these free States of the North West. A commercial panic, a change in the route of traffic, might destroy Chicago; but no human power could destroy the great corn-growing region of which, for the time, it is the centre and the capital.

When Prince Napoleon passed, the other day, through this Western country, he said to a fellow-traveller that, in not many years to come, the valley of the Mississippi would be the centre of civilization. The remark was probably dictated, in part, by the natural politeness of a Frenchman; but in part, also, by the far-sightedness of a Napoleon. It must be an unobservant traveller who goes through this region without the thought being forced upon him, that the West is destined to play a part, and no insignificant part, in the world's history. For days and days together, for hundreds and hundreds of miles, you pass through States larger than European kingdoms. Everywhere railroads are building, towns are growing up,

and, above all, the wild soil of the prairie is being turned, almost without an effort, into the richest of corn-growing countries. Rapid as the progress of railroads is, the growth of the soil is more rapid still. In many parts of the West there are said to be three years' crops of wheat stored up, waiting only for delivery till the means of transport are provided. Indian corn is so plentiful that it may be had for asking; and on the prairie there is pasture land for all the herds of cattle which the world can boast of. Centuries well-nigh must pass, even with the astonishing increase of population in these parts, before absolute want is known in the West by any class, or before the West ceases to be the granary of the New World, if not of the Old also. These are the economical conditions under which the West will rise into national existence. The political conditions are not less remarkable. The whole of these North Western States have been founded by individual enterprise. They owe nothing to Government aid, or support, or patronage. Every farm and town and state has been founded by the free action of settlers, doing as seemed best in their own sight. The West, too, more than any part of the Union, has been colonized by one uniform class. There have been no aristocratic families amongst the first colonists, as in Virginia and Maryland; no dominant religious leadership, as in the New England States. In the West all men are equal, as a matter of fact, not at all of abstract theory. The only difference between man and man is that one man is richer than another; but fortunes are made and lost so easily in this part of the world that the mere possession of wealth does not convey the same power or importance as it would in an older and more defined society. I quite admit that this dead level of society has its disadvantages. For a man of refined tastes, and imbued with the teachings of old-world civilization, the West must be a wearisome residence. It would be so, I feel, for myself. As the undergraduate said, when he was asked to describe the structure of the walls of Babylon, "I am not a bricklayer." Not being a bricklayer of any kind, social or political, I have no taste for living in brickfields; and the West is nothing more, as yet, than a vast political and social brickfield, upon which, and out of which, some unknown edifice is to be raised hereafter, or rather is raising now. Still there are some lessons which may be already learnt from the young history of the West, and one of them is the power of self-government. There is little power to compel obedience to law. Still less is there any superintending authority to tell men what they ought and ought not to do; but somehow or other there is a general security, respect for law, and a peaceable order, which seem to grow up without any forcing process. Wherever you have slavery, you have rowdyism also; but in the Free States of the West the rowdy proper is as unknown as the slave.

But the more pressing question, with regard to the West, is, what its influence is, and will be, on the civil war. We, in Europe, look upon the struggle as one between North and South, and can scarcely realize the fact that the West will in a few years be more powerful than the North and South put together, and is virtually the arbiter of the struggle between the two. Now, about one fact there is no doubt whatever, and that is that the West has thrown its whole power into the cause, not of the North, but of the Union. The development of the West requires two essential conditions—one, that it should have free access through the Lakes to the Atlantic; the other that it should hold the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. And the only way by which these conditions can be satisfied is by the whole country, between the lakes and the river, being held by one government, while the only government which can so hold it, as a matter of fact, is the Union. It requires no great amount of thought or education to understand these conclusions; and the West is sufficiently educated, by the free school system, and the more important teaching of political self-government, to

appreciate them fully. The West means to preserve the Union, and is as determined as the North, perhaps more so, though on different grounds. It is curious to note the difference of tone in the West and in the North about the war, as expressed both in the press and in conversation. Here there is much less of regard for the constitution as an abstraction, much less of sentimental talk about the Fathers of the country, or the wickedness of Secession. On the other hand, there is a greater regard for individual freedom of action, a greater impatience of any Government interference. The truth is, the enormous German element in the population produces a marked difference in the state of public feeling. To the German settlers, the fame of Washington inspires no particular reverence; the names of Franz Sigel, and Karl Schurtz, and Fremont carry more weight than those of Jefferson and Hamilton and Madison; and the traditions of the war of Independence are not as vivid as those of '48 and the campaign of Schleswig-Holstein. They are attached to the Union because it has proved a good Government to them, or rather has allowed them the unwonted privilege of governing themselves. The German element, it is true, is absorbed with wonderful rapidity into the dominant American one; but still, in the process of absorption, it modifies the absorbent.

In like manner, it is easy to trace a difference of feeling about the abolition question in the Free West and in the North. With the New England States, abolition is a question of principle and of moral enthusiasm. In the North, the abolition feeling is checked and hampered by the national reverence for the Constitution. Even amongst the most ardent professed abolitionists in the North, there are few logical or sincere enough to admit that the maintenance of the Constitution *may* be incompatible with the abolition of slavery; and Wendell Phillips is the only abolitionist I have met with who faces this dilemma boldly, and asserts that, if it should arise, then the sooner the Constitution perishes the better. Now, in the West, the abolition feeling is infinitely more practical, though of less elevated character. There is but little of sentimental sympathy with the sufferings of the negro, and perhaps little enthusiasm for abolition, as an abstract measure. Two propositions, however, about slavery have established themselves fully in the Western mind. The first is, that slavery in the West is fatal to the progress of the country; the second, which has been adopted chiefly since Secession broke out, is, that the existence of slavery at all is fatal to the peace and durability of the Union. Given these propositions, the West draws the conclusion, that slavery must be abolished; and, if abolition should prove inconsistent with the Constitution, then the master-piece of Washington must be modified. To do the Germans justice, too, they are, with the exception of the poorer Catholics, anti-slavery on principle. In the school in which they learnt democracy, the doctrine of the "Rights of Man" was not qualified by a clause against colour.

These remarks of mine must be taken as expressing rather the general tendency of what I have seen and heard in the West, than as a description of the state of public feeling at the moment. Like all America, the West, though in a less degree perhaps, is in a state of political earthquake. Politics and parties and principles vary, from day to day, with the events of the war. The one point on which all are agreed is, that the insurrection must, and will, be suppressed; and the war, in every railway car and tavern and house you enter, is the one topic of talk and interest. You cannot forget the war if you would. Every carriage you enter in your travels through the West has sick or wounded soldiers in it, going home to be nursed, and, if I can judge their faces right, to die. So far the West has done the best part of the fighting, and, if needed, will fight on to the end.

I trust it may never be my fortune to settle in a new country; but, if it should be, may it be in the free West, on the Mississippi river!

# THE REAL WORLD OF BERKELEY.

BY PROFESSOR FRASER, OF EDINBURGH.

Perhaps the world of sense, and our life in it, has lost some of its original freshness to the 'less exercised and more burdened minds' of these later generations. We are compensated, however, in the many new points for contemplating this scene in which we find ourselves, which past speculations provide. These invite us to look at things with the eyes of departed thinkers, and to realize the different conceptions by which they tried to make this strange world more intelligible to themselves. In this way our intellectual sympathies are expanded, our experience is made broader and richer, and, if we learn less about mere nature, we know more about man and God. We have in this, moreover, a moral exercise in candour and charity, by means of which, as the ages roll on, men are learning to appreciate freedom, with its attendant discord of opinion, as the best means for gradually discovering truth, in the partial and fragmentary way that truth is disclosed to finite minds. We are apt to take for granted that problems can be solved only at our own point of view, that they admit of being stated only in one fashion, and that, however our conclusions may be disputed, our premises must not be meddled with. The great magazine of thoughts about things—many of them very different in appearance at least from our own thoughts about them—which we find in the history of metaphysical opinion, is by far the most effectual instrument for breaking up these individual incrustations.

Although England is sometimes said to be poor in speculative genius, its stores are ample and rich enough to afford much nourishment of this sort. We find proof of this in various strata of Anglican opinion in the past. The philosophical ability, for example, of the dignitaries and other clergymen of the Episcopal Church of England and Ireland, in the period which immediately preceded and followed the appearance of Locke's "Essay," has bequeathed treasures which, besides the service already referred to, may be turned to more direct account in the inquiries and aspirations of this day. One of the earliest of these episcopal metaphysicians was Joseph Glanvill, rector of Bath, and chaplain to King Charles, author of the "Vanity of Dogmatising," who heralded the inductive philosophy with his favourite doctrine of 'confessed ignorance the way to science.' Cudworth, More, and the other Cambridge Latitudinarians are a group of independent theological thinkers to whom we owe the earliest philosophical defence of theological toleration. The "Essay" of Locke called forth Lee, the rector of Tichmarsh, Lowde, the rector of Settrington, and Norris, the recluse rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire—the English disciple of Malebranche. A brother rector of Norris, in the same county, Arthur Collier, produced some of the most subtle speculations of his time in metaphysics and philosophical theology. Then we have Samuel Clarke, whose correspondence with Butler and Leibnitz involves almost all the interesting questions in abstract speculation; Jackson, the rector of Rossington, famed for his controversies with Law; and Perronet, the vicar of Shoreham, one of the most ingenious defenders of Locke. The name of Butler, even if it stood alone, would distinguish the episcopal bench in England in the history of eighteenth-century philosophy—a period in which the Irish hierarchy could produce King, and Browne, and Berkeley. This list, which might be largely increased, carries us back in imagination to a period long before that in which English thought was modified by Kant, Hegel, and Comte, or by Coleridge and

Hamilton. The intellectual atmosphere of that day was mainly formed by Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke, with elements introduced by the great cotemporary metaphysicians Malebranche and Leibnitz. Some thoughtful student of the vexed questions and the questioners of our nineteenth century may, perhaps, like to join us for a little in the less exciting companionship which the names above enumerated suggest.

The republication, a year or two ago, of an almost forgotten tract by Bishop Berkeley [1] draws our attention first to the most subtle intellect in the company—to contemplate the interior of the beautiful intellectual temple to which this incidental work may be regarded as a side-porch. It is true that admission to it is reported to be difficult, and the objects which it offers to observation are said to call for a mental vision more than usually acute. It is allowed that no modern metaphysician has equalled Berkeley in the ability to unite a simple, transparent style, and the easy play of a graceful imagination, with deep and uncommon thoughts; yet the history of his doctrine illustrates the insufficiency of even the best-chosen words for the circulation of metaphysical ideas, as well as the manner in which speculative teaching may be perverted from its original design, when it becomes a watchword in controversy, or the symbol of a sect. Berkeley is popularly conceived as an unpractical dreamer, and a patron of sceptical idealism, who denies the existence of what we see, and hear, and handle. He is supposed to have thus maintained (as Beattie, the Scotch metaphysician, alleges) that to be false which every man must necessarily believe every moment of his life to be true, and that to be true which no man since the foundation of the world was capable of believing for a single moment. Now, the real Berkeley was no idealist at all, i. we mean by the word one who lives in a world of illusory fancies of his own creation, and not in the world of facts which we find around us. His beautiful life was earnest and practical in a very high degree. His theory of life is pervaded by an intense sense of reality, in the forms of the social and the Divine. Separated from the paradoxical language in which it was originally delivered, it may help us when we are struggling with the current intellectual perplexities of our own day, regarding the historical development of natural order, and the relations of human and Divine agency to the natural system. It was a practical philosophy of religion and society that Berkeley meant to teach, and his universe is a *social* universe, supremely regulated by God.

The reader who tries to think the thoughts of Berkeley as they really were, must remember that he was an independent thinker, and not properly the disciple of any philosophical sect. His apparent paradox foreshadows a deep and liberal religious philosophy of physical science and its methods. Its germ appeared in 1709, in the "Theory of Vision," and it reached its full growth in 1744, in the "Philosophical Reflections on Tar Water." His aim in the series which commences with the one and closes with the other of these books, was to lead philosophers back from metaphysical abstractions to *experience*, and at the same time to deepen and enlarge the experience of the unreflecting multitude, by guiding them from the narrow world of *mere* sense to the truer and grander world of sense *looked at in the light of what we find within*. Most metaphysical systems seem to him systems of phrases rather than interpretations of facts. Like Locke, his aim and point of view are human, concrete, and experimental. He makes the objects—or (as he and Locke call them) the *ideas* [2]

[1] The Theory of Vision Vindicated and Explained. By the Rev. George Berkeley, D.D. Lord Bishop of Cloyne. Edited with annotations by H. V. H. Cowel, Associate of King's College, London. London, 1860.

[2] "Idea" is with Locke and Berkeley the genuine name for *whatever we are conscious of*—whether in sense or imagination, whether fancies or feelings. The known universe of both is limited to their "ideas." Berkeley's theory of matter, as we shall see, is the completion of Locke's book of ideas. Berkeley recognises the marks of *reality* in *one class* of

—of which we are conscious his starting point. These he tries to interpret more truly than Locke did, and in so doing ascends from the changing type in Sense, to the archetype in the heights of Divine Science—thus including Locke, and Plato, and, in his last years, the Neo-Platonists themselves, in his comprehensive embrace. But Berkeley, the most subtle thinker of the Lockian era in these islands, did not mean to be an abstract metaphysician. Instead of that, he meant all his life to struggle against abstractions, on behalf of our practical faith in the reality and free agency of his fellow-creatures and of God. He was no visionary dreamer, but the most conspicuous man of his time in doing all human and philanthropic work in a large and generous way — work which he intended his scheme of religious philosophy only to quicken and interpret.

Even the external incidents of Berkeley's life are not to be overlooked by those who try to see the real world in the light in which he saw it. The son of an Irish gentleman, and born in 1684, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, at a time when—through the influence of Molineux, the celebrated friend of Locke,[1] and the father of his own pupil and friend—the "Essay on Human Understanding" was of great authority in the university. The mind of this Dublin student was formed in the opening years of last century, in sympathy with that antagonism to the verbal metaphysics of the schools which was common to Locke and Malebranche, with the steady reference to sense-experience which distinguished Locke, and with the aspirations of Malebranche, and, through Malebranche, of Plato, after those Divine Ideas of the true and the fair, of which the things of sense are dim and distant adumbrations. Before he reached his thirtieth year, he had published the three books that contain the famous theory about the World of Sense which inspired his subsequent intellectual course. Like Des Cartes, Spinoza, and Hume, and in contrast to Locke, Reid, Kant, and Hamilton, the metaphysical "discoveries" of Berkeley were given to the world in early life. Indeed, in his later writings he ceased to discuss the doctrine popularly associated with his name, which he then quietly assumed and employed in his theological philosophy.

What interested him in this so-called paradox, and in fact animated his life as a philosopher, is very distinctly avowed in the Preface (not published in later editions of his works) to his immortal Dialogues on Matter. Take the following declarations. His aim, he says, is "to divert "the busy mind of man from vain re- "searches . . . to conduct men back "from paradoxes to Common Sense, in "accordance with the design of nature "and Providence—that the end of "speculation is practice, and the im- "provement and regulation of our lives "and actions . . . to counteract the "pains that have been taken (by meta- "physicians) to perplex the plainest "things, with the consequent distrust "of the senses, the doubts and scruples, "the abstractions and refinements, that "occur in the very entrance of the "sciences . . . to lay down such prin- "ciples as, by an easy solution of the "perplexities of philosophers, together "with their own native evidence, may "at once recommend themselves for "genuine to the mind, and rescue phi- "losophy from the endless pursuits it "is engaged in; which, with a plain

Locke's *ideas*—those given in sense, and is thus able to dispense with Locke's reasonings on behalf of reality. Out of this recognition Berkeley's system naturally grows.

[1] The name of William Molineux of Dublin, (1656—98), is familiar to the students of the works of Locke, as the affectionate and admiring correspondent of the English philosopher, in an interesting series of letters, commenced in 1692, and terminated in 1698, by the death of Molineux, immediately after his return to Dublin from a first visit to Locke in Essex. A study of this "Correspondence" throws light on many passages in the "Essay on Human Understanding." The son of Molineux, afterwards Berkeley's pupil, was in part the subject of it. As another incidental link between Locke and Berkeley, it may be noted by the way that the chief philosophical work of each is dedicated to the same person—the Earl of Pembroke.

" demonstration of the immediate Pro-
" vidence of an All-seeing God, should
" seem the readiest preparation, as well
" as the strongest motive, to the study
" and practice of virtue . . . If the
" *principles*," he adds, " which I en-
" deavour to propagate are admitted for
" true, the *consequences* which I think
" evidently flow from them are, that
" Atheism and Scepticism will be utterly
" destroyed, many intricate points made
" plain, great difficulties solved, several
" useless parts of science retrenched, spe-
" culation referred to practice, and men
" reduced from paradoxes to Common
" Sense. And although it may, perhaps,
" seem an uneasy reflection to some, that,
" when they have taken a circuit through
" so many refined and unvulgar notions,
" they should at last come to think
" like other men, yet methinks this
" return to the simple dictates of nature,
" after having wandered through the
" wild mazes of philosophy, is not un-
" pleasant. It is like coming home
" from a long voyage. A man reflects
" with pleasure on the many difficulties
" and perplexities he has passed through,
" sets his heart at ease, and enjoys
" himself with more satisfaction for the
" future."

Berkeley's subsequent course of theological and philanthropical activity was the outgoing of the motive which gave birth to his hypothesis about the real world in which he found himself—an hypothesis which he describes as no hypothesis at all, but a " revolt from " metaphysical notions, to the plain dic-" tates of nature and of common sense." In the decade of his life (1713-23), which followed the publication of his philosophical manifesto, we find him sometimes in London, the loved associate of Pope and Steele, Arbuthnot and Addison, and much in France and Italy. His three juvenile books carried his name beyond his native country. We have all heard of his interview with Malebranche in Paris, and its tragical catastrophe, which touches the imagination more perhaps than any other incident in modern philosophical biography. His life in Italy and Sicily produced charming pictures of those classic lands, contained in letters which make the reader regret that fate has deprived us of all but a few. Except a curious tract on Motion, and an economical essay occasioned by the South Sea disaster, this ten years added nothing to literature from Berkeley's pen. In his fortieth year, he was made Dean of Derry, and the chief event of the following decade was the promulgation and attempted execution of a plan for spreading Christian civilization in North America. In 1725, he published a " Scheme for " converting the Savage Americans to " Christianity, by a College to be erected " in the Summer Islands, otherwise " called the Isles of Bermuda ;" to accomplish which, he spent several years following on the other side of the Atlantic, in self-sacrificing devotion to the greatest missionary idea and enterprise of last century, which could not be realized by an age over which the philanthropic diffusion of good and elevating influences, and the sentiment of universal human brotherhood in Christ, had little power. Baffled in the West, Berkeley returned to Ireland in 1732, to oppose the narrow theories of 'minute philosophers,' by applying the now mellowed philosophy of his youth in the illustration of Christian Theism—to consecrate his office as Bishop of Cloyne, in promoting the prosperity of all sects and classes in his native country, according to the enlightened and original maxims of his 'Querist'—and to indulge the lofty contemplations of his last great philosophical book, which so happily confirms by example its own closing words. " Truth," says Berkeley, in terminating the curious speculative windings of his 'Siris,' " truth is the cry of " all, but the game of a few. Certainly, " where it is the chief passion, it does " not give way to vulgar cares, nor is it " contented with a little ardour in the " early time of life ; active, perhaps, to " pursue, but not so fit to weigh and " revise. He that would make a real " progress in knowledge, must dedicate " his age as well as youth, the latter " growth as well as the first fruits at

"the altar of Truth." In 1752, his long-cherished love for Oxford induced Berkeley to repose his old age in meditative retirement in the most academic retreat in Europe; which he enjoyed only a few months, leaving his body in the Chapel of Christ Church College, and his name associated with the great English university.

The intensity of Berkeley's social and religious convictions and sympathies is expressed all through his life. No philosopher of that generation so habitually recognised OTHER MINDS, as the real powers which regulate all the changes that appear in sense, and also in the whole natural system of which sensible changes afford us a faint glimpse. A perpetually provident Supreme Spirit, and present human spirits, subordinate to the Supreme, are *his* real world. His world is a living world, uttering an intelligent language — the Divine language of Nature, and the artificial languages of men. This profound recognition of Mind as *the* reality appears in his earliest metaphysical book, published at five-and-twenty — 'The "Theory of Vision, or Visual Language; "showing the immediate Presence and "Providence of a Deity." To determine what we are immediately conscious of in the act of seeing, is the problem of that book. What is the real thing that is present in visual sense? When we open our now educated eyes, we seem at once to apprehend in sense 'the choir of heaven and furniture of earth.' But when we do so, according to Berkeley, we are not merely 'seeing;' we are also tracing the relations of arbitrary signs. We are, to all intents, interpreting a language. We are reading a book. We *see* only a variegated expanse of colour present in consciousness. It is through experience of the various organic sensations connected with seeing that in infancy we learn by degrees to associate as signs the variations of colour of which we are conscious with the distance, size, and shape of the coloured bodies. The organic sensations are the 'arbitrary signs' of the sizes, shapes, and distances which they represent. Thus, by means of what we see, we may know and believe a great deal more than can be seen; in the same way as the intelligent reader of the pages of a book, or the intelligent listener to the words of a discourse, is made, by means of 'arbitrary signs,' to understand a great deal more than his senses actually present in sense-consciousness. The *principle* of the divine language of vision and of the artificial languages of men is the same. When certain organic sensations are present to us in vision, we learn, by custom, to associate the meanings —or some of them—which the Supreme Mind has arbitrarily but constantly associated with these sensations. We also learn, by custom, when the spoken or written words of human language are put before us, to interpret the meanings which human beings have arbitrarily but constantly associated with them. The language of vision is a part of that language of God, of which all physical science is an attempted interpretation; Greek, German, and English, are some of the languages of men, which they interpret in their social intercourse.

It is Berkeley's favourite doctrine, that we have in this way, "at least, as "clear, full, and immediate certainty of "the being of the infinitely wise and "powerful Spirit, as of any human soul "whatsoever besides our own;" that, "even as we are convinced of the ex-"istence of other human beings by *their* "speaking to us, so we have the very "same evidence of God's personal pre-"sence, viz. *His* speaking to us"—in the language of vision, and in every other variety of that natural language which is formed by the constancy of the arbitrary arrangements of nature. "God "Himself," says Berkeley, "speaks every "day, and in every place, to the eyes of "all men. We have as much reason to "think the universal agent, or God, "speaks to our eyes, as we have for "thinking any particular person speaks "to our ears. . . . We can see God with "our fleshly eyes, as plainly as we see "any human person whatsoever, and "He daily speaks to our senses in a

"manifest and clear dialect"—that of natural law or order. This language of God is equivalent to "a constant crea- "tion, betokening an immediate and "perpetual act of power and provi- "dence. . . . It is true," he adds, "that "only things that rarely or irregularly "happen strike vulgar minds, whereas "frequency and custom lessen the ad- "miration of things. Hence, a common "man, who is not used to think or make "reflections, would probably be more "convinced of the being of God by a "single sentence (in human language) "once heard from the sky, than by all "the experience he has had of this "visual language, contrived with such "exquisite skill, so constantly addressed "to the eyes, and so plainly declaring "the nearness, wisdom, and providence "of Him with whom we have to do."

Is not, we may here ask, the essence of practical Theism fully realized through this faith in the presence always and everywhere of the signs of mind and moral order? Is not religion a pure and loving communion with God and men, which no more than secular life requires a solution of unsearchable speculative mysteries? We can eat and drink and subdue the material world for the purposes of daily life, while we are ignorant of the metaphysical origin and essence of the bread we eat or the machine we employ; and in like speculative ignorance regarding the past and future of this world of sense, we may surely maintain purity of heart and religious intercourse with the Supreme Mind, that is symbolised by its constant order. If this be so, may we not further ask, why men disturb themselves in theology by vexed scientific questions about the creation and historical development of that material world, which, for all that reason can determine, may be a language in which the Supreme is eternally revealing Himself? Our faith as Theists is not dependent on our speculations regarding the Eternity of Matter, or on our discoveries regarding the laws of the orderly historical development in time of those things of sense of which Providence is the soul. The present practical significance of this and every other Revelation of Supreme Intelligence, rather than the date at which the Revelation commences, or the question whether it had any commencement at all, is surely the proper object of inquiry to the pious mind, enlightened by meditation. That mind is ready to consign to science all questions of evolution or development—how long a natural language has been issuing from the depths of Being, and whether it has always been uttered in the same form of speech. Perpetual moral *Providence* in the material system, and not the absolute *creation* of matter, is the object of religious faith. The speculations of Berkeley which commence with the language of vision, and close in "Siris," in a spirit of philosophical tolerance for ancient Theism, with its *anima mundi*, perhaps suggest this issue. But it was only dimly discerned by Berkeley himself, whose most celebrated speculation was meant to relieve his favourite conclusion of a perpetually pervading Providence in the universe from an embarrassment in its premises, which he attributes to men whose experience of the facts of sense was clouded by their own abstract speculations.

The simple faith of men is, in Berkeley's eye, perverted by abstractions about Substance and Cause, very unlike the matter-of-fact substances and causes that we encounter in our daily experience. Phantoms of an Unconditioned then as now carried men of a speculative mind away from significant facts to insignificant words. Berkeley saw the illiterate mass of mankind, that walk the high-road of plain common sense, and are governed by the dictates of nature, for the most part easy and undisturbed. To them nothing that is familiar is unaccountable or difficult to comprehend. They complain of no want of evidence in the senses, and are out of all danger of becoming sceptics. But no sooner do we depart from sense and instinct, to reason, meditate, or reflect upon the nature of things, than a thousand scruples spring up in our minds concerning matters

which before we seemed fully to comprehend. In order to 'satisfy our convictions of reality,' metaphysicians must retrace their steps, and, abandoning their manufacture of artificial abstractions, try to read their human experience of this strange universe in all its fulness, and to interpret it exactly as it offers itself.

Berkeley saw one huge abstraction —the Unconditioned of those days— interposed by metaphysicians between himself and the real world of living intelligences, human and Divine, with which we have intercourse through the signs given to us in sense. With the metaphysicians this huge abstraction had become the one real thing, and the scepticism of the age was nourished by their difficulty in finding reasons to vindicate a belief in its existence. What was this metaphysical phantom? It was the world of sense or matter, *as defined by metaphysicians*, which they put in place of the real world of sense, *as it is actually presented in experience.* A definition that does not tally with facts here gratuitously involves us in a thousand perplexities. Locke and the philosophers took for granted that *what we are conscious of in sense* is not at all *the real thing.* They told men that they could be conscious in sense of an idea or resemblance only of the real thing, which itself exists *behind* its merely ideal representation in the consciousness.[1] Of the very reality we could never be conscious at all. A world of merely ideal representations is, they said, all we can be conscious of when we see, and hear, and handle. Nothing that is real can ever be an object of sense-experience. By dint of reasoning they tried to work their way to a reasonable belief in the reality which lies behind what we see, and hear, and handle; but all the reasoning that was offered seemed not enough for the purpose. Thus our early faith in God and in other minds began to languish. Instead of *interpreting* words (in the languages of God and men) already given in sense, they had to hunt beyond sense for the very *words* themselves, if in sense no words can ever be presented to us. "This," says "Berkeley, "is the very root of scep-"ticism; for so long as men think that "Real Things subsist without the mind, "and that their knowledge is only so "far forth real as it is *conformable* to "Real Things, they cannot be certain "that they have any knowledge at all. "For how can it be *known* that the things "which are perceived are conformable to "those that are not perceived or exist "without the mind?" We can test, in short, the representations of imagination by the presentations of sense. But if sense itself is essentially representative, how can we verify *its* representations?

On this metaphysical assumption of a *double* object in sense-experience, human consciousness can never be face to face with any real outward object. Let *something* real, something from which science may start on its course of interpreting natural signs, be only given to us, and then, by interpretation (*naturæ interpretatio*), we can work our way to a reasonable belief in the existence —past, present, and future—of many *other* objects which never come within our conscious experience. But how can we extend the victories of science, or even maintain our elementary convictions, if we must *begin* by taking for granted that no real facts at all ever pass through our sense-consciousness? Why not boldly deny that there is a double object in sense? Let us at least try whether our life on this planet does not become more simple and intelligible to us, and our belief in surrounding moral agents more deep and enlightened, on the common-sense recognition of only a *single* object—on a return, in short, to Facts, from verbal reasonings and metaphysical theories which have darkened them.

This was, in spirit, the suggestion of two philosophers of the eighteenth century, whose names are not commonly associated as harmonious fellow-labourers. These are Berkeley, the common-

[1] Locke, for example, reiterates the dogma that our ideas of the *primary* qualities of matter are *resemblances* of these qualities.

sense metaphysician of Ireland, and Reid, the common-sense metaphysician of Scotland. Reid says that in early life he embraced Berkeley's theory of matter. It may be doubted whether he did not (unconsciously) continue in this faith to the last.

Berkeley, and those who are sometimes called the Scotch metaphysicians are agreed in the abolition of the Mediate Realism which puts a real object *behind* the ideal object supposed to be given in sense. They both virtually say, 'Why not let go *one* of the two counterpart objective worlds, and accept the one which remains as the real thing, which we then meet face to face in our sense-experience?' Both seek by this means to restore the languishing faith of philosophers in that which is beyond sense. Both have thus helped to inaugurate a new conception of the nature of my sense-given medium of intercourse with minds external to my own.

But, while Berkeley and the Scotch metaphysicians discard the dogma that the real world is *behind* the only world of which we are conscious in sense—the dogma of two correlative worlds, an external and real, and an internal or ideal and representative—they differ (or seem to differ) as to which of them is to be put aside. Berkeley sweeps away, as an inconsistent or unintelligible abstraction, the supposed unthinking or archetypal world behind, and finds the material reality in *our very sense-ideas themselves*. By interpreting phenomena in the system of our sense-ideas—whose orderly and significant changes reveal, like the handwriting on the wall, the existence and activity of other minds than ours—we become *en rapport* with these other minds. We are able, as it were, to *look into other conscious experience than our own*—like our own more or less, and yet not ours; but we cannot look into, or even imagine that which is given in sense, when withdrawn from all sense-consciousness. Our sense-ideas which thus appear and disappear—obviously under the regulation of other minds than our own, as we may reasonably infer from the *manner* of their appearance and disappearance—are broadly distinguished from the mere fancies which are formed and controlled by the minds in which they appear. The ideas of sense are more strong and lively than those of imagination. They are not excited at random, but in a regular train or series, the admirable connexion of which attests the wisdom of its author.[1] Our sense-ideas *are* our material world, and the rules according to which *they* are excited in us are the laws of nature. The existence of *this* matter cannot be denied. Its very *esse* is *percipi*. It is the only material world which common-sense demands. A supplementary real world *behind* the Things or Real Ideas which we experience in sense is a baseless hypothesis—a mere crotchet of the professional manufacturers of abstractions, which unsophisticated human beings would laugh at, if they could only be got to discern its meaning, or rather its want of meaning. Such is the spirit of the immediate realism of Berkeley.

Turn now from Berkeley to those Scotch metaphysicians who are said to be at the opposite intellectual pole. The Irish and the Scotch philosophers of Common-sense agree in recognising *that*

[1] Berkeley put frequent stress on the difference as experienced by us between the real ideas of sense and those ideas that are excited in the imagination. These last, he adds, "are more properly termed ideas or images," *i.e.* of the things (sense-ideas) "which they copy and represent." See "Principles of Human Knowledge," XXIX.—XXXIII. &c. In this connexion the reader may refer to a tract by Berkeley's great contemporary Leibnitz: "De Modo Distinguendi Phenomena Realia ab Imaginariis," in which Leibnitz describes marks peculiar to the "well ordered dream" of real life, as distinguished from dreams commonly so called. Take the following extracts:—"Potissimum *realitatis* phænomenorum indicium, quod vel solum sufficit, est *successus prædicendi phænomena futura ex præteritis et præsentibus* . . . . Imo etsi tota hæc vita non nisi somnium, et mundus adspectabilis non nisi phantasma esse diceretur, *hoc, sive somnium sive phantasma, satis reale dicerem, si ratione bene utentes nunquam ab eo deciperemur* . . . . Nec quicquam prohibet *somnia quædam bene ordinata menti nostræ objecta esse*, quæ a nobis vera judicentur, et *ob consensum inter se quoad usum* veris equivalent . . . . Quid vero si tota hæc brevis vita non nisi longum quoddam somnium esset nosque moriendo evigilaremus?"

*of which we are conscious in sense* as the real thing. But they differ in the account they give of *what that is.* Berkeley would arrest scepticism about all beyond sense, by surrendering as a nonentity the supposed *unthinking* world behind our sense-ideas, to which the predicate "real" had been exclusively applied, and by energetically vindicating the applicability of the terms "real," "thing," "matter," &c. to our sense-ideas themselves. The Scotch metaphysicians take the other alternative, and with a like motive. Instead of surrendering the unconscious world supposed by the philosophers to lie behind our ideas of sense, they surrender the ideas of sense themselves, and sturdily assert that in sense we are conscious of a world that is independent of all ideas and of every conscious act. Both rest our only faith of vital interest—that namely in OTHER MINDS human and Divine—on the assumption that in sense we are conscious of something that is real. If external objects are perceived immediately, we have, according to Reid, the same reason to believe in *their* existence that philosophers have to believe the existence of (sense) ideas. But sense-ideas themselves, Berkeley would say, are real, and no other sort of *external* reality than that of *minds* is needed, or can even be imagined by us.

Thus, in this nineteenth century, the state of this ancient question is changed. Abandoning *à priori* theories and reasonings about what is beyond our sense-experience, we are invited to read the facts of that very experience itself in a reflective manner. We have not to hunt up evidence that there is a real world *behind* phantoms of which we are conscious. We are asked to accept as the reality, *those of the supposed phantoms which appear in sense* - consciousness itself. The very phenomena therein given —call them "ideas," or "things," as we please, and assume that they are, or are not, dependent on mind—are real enough to connect us with a system of universal order, and with other minds. This orderly system of sense-appearances we are invited, as we can, to interpret; and physical science, in responding to the invitation, finds that each real appearance is virtually a sign of other real appearances, past, distant, and to come, and thus a revelation of the Mind with which they are collectively charged. The problem of human intellect, in its relations to the world of sense, is, to *interpret the meaning* of the sense-given world, and not to *vindicate the existence* of what is already given in fact. The more concrete students of nature try to unravel its subordinate laws, and thus discoveries are accumulated in the physical sciences. The more speculative minds try to determine the most general proposition in which sense-presented reality may be defined as a whole. They ask whether this "matter" —these solid, extended, coloured, and odoriferous sense-appearances—is merely a collection of objects that appear and reappear in the system of nature only when *I* am conscious of them. Are they thus only ideas—real or sense ideas, it is true, but still ideas, inasmuch as their very essence consists in our being conscious of them? Are they, on the other hand, more than one order of my ideas? Are they phenomena—in themselves quite independent of my mind, and of all minds, human and Divine—which are maintained in dependence on an *unthinking* substance or cause?

Berkeley and the Scotch metaphysicians seem to differ in their answers to these questions. Their difference may be resolved into a dispute about the metaphysical meaning of the words "matter" and "sense-idea." Are the phenomena which are presented in sense, and by means of which I enlarge in physical science my knowledge of the Supreme Mind, and hold intercourse with other minds—are these merely phenomena *in me,* although evoked and regulated by other minds; or are they things *independent of me,* yet still ultimately regulated by other minds? Berkeley *assumes* that "perceived by me" implies "existence in me," or, existence in the form of a mere mode of my consciousness, and accordingly he concludes that every sense-*phenomenon* is a sense-*idea.* Reid *assumes* the independent existence, in an unthinking Substance, of what I

see, hear, or handle, and of the Natural System which the immediate objects of perception enable me imperfectly and tentatively to interpret. Are we not more faithful to experience when we abandon *both* assumptions, and accept MATTER as the otherwise unknown system of phenomena or appearances, through whose orderly changes we are able to have intellectual intercourse with other human minds, and with that Supreme Mind of whose mysterious existence these phenomena are a finite and partially intelligible expression?

In the Real World of Berkeley, each man's own consciousness is the type of the only *sort* of world that is external to him. Other minds, with their respective sense-ideas and interpretations of the same, their actions, their feelings, and their fancies, *are* his outward world. He finds, experimentally, that he does not himself regulate the order of his own sense-ideas; and he may reasonably infer that he is not their original archetype, nor their only type. Other finite minds supply other and similar types, and the Divine Mind is the One Archetype of all. The social realism of Berkeley is at the opposite pole from the ideal egoism of Fichte, with which, though only nominally connected, it is commonly identified in principle, and distinguished from it only in as far as the German is regarded as the more consequential reasoner. Berkeley never abandons those principles of common-sense and probability, through which the mass of mankind recognise other minds, in the many orderly trains of sense-appearances that indicate the voluntary movements of human beings like ourselves, and discern the Supreme Mind in that universal order of the ideas of sense which endows us with 'a sort of foresight.' The material world of Berkeley is produced *in each man* by a constant Divine action; which is to say, in other words, that sense-ideas are so and in such order produced in each, as that each may, on every ground of common-sense, infer, that certain sense-ideas are to follow, or that certain others have already happened, or that other conscious agents like ourselves are thinking and acting and feeling in a particular way. These "inferences" constitute every man's physical and social knowledge. Each separate intellect, with its individual *line* of conscious experience, is a *microcosm*, made up of the interpretations which it puts upon the appearances given to it in sense by God the Supreme Intelligence, according to His arbitrary natural laws; and these, as we find, are more or less modified or interfered with in their application by the free actions of human agents like ourselves. The universe of matter is, to each mind, its own interpretation of its own sense-appearances.

But is this constant fermentation of sensations, or sense-ideas in created minds, with the consequent intellectual fermentation induced in each, as each tries, with more or less success, to interpret their meaning—is this infinity of microcosms the *only* cosmos? Does it exhaust all that we mean when we speak about the universe of matter? Does it satisfy, for example, the glories of present and possible disclosures in geology or astronomy? Is the solar system, as now disclosed to modern science, only an advance made by the modern astronomer in the interpretation of certain ideas which appear in the sense-consciousness of men? Does *it* appear and disappear with the appearance and disappearance of astronomers? Is the material world annihilated and recreated, as there are created minds having experience or not having experience of sense-ideas? Is there no "sense-ideal" *permanence*, that is independent of the fluctuations and imperfection of finite minds? Is there no Macrocosm by which these millions of microcosms may be measured—no supreme and archetypal system of ideas, to which men's highest and most successful attempts to interpret scientifically and practically their respective sense-consciousnesses are at least a distant approximation?

It is here that Berkeley passes from Lockianism to Platonism, connecting the human or empirical ideas of Locke with the Divine or Eternal Ideas of Plato. All his works teem with allusions to an Archetype, of which the

sensible ideas of finite minds, and the intelligible ideas grounded upon them, are only an imperfect type. But that Archetype is not *unthinking substance behind sense*, to which we have nothing corresponding in our intelligent experience. It is *the very thoughts of the Supreme Mind*, to which we may infer from the "ideas" manifested in the order of nature, that *our* mental experience is more or less in analogy. When we interpret the material world in accordance with the laws of nature, and thus succeed in extracting from its apparent chaos the cosmos of human science, we may describe ourselves as so far virtually thinking the thoughts of God. The Divine Ideas expressed in the laws of nature are, through our physical discoveries, becoming, in the form of similar ideas in ourselves, a part of the experience of man. Every Scientific discovery puts us more in sympathy with the divine meaning. The *method* of discovery, indeed, raises a deep question. How are finite minds, on the occasion of their sense-ideas, to be brought into intellectual harmony with the Supreme Mind? How may our physical science be conformed to His? How may our microcosms be rendered more macrocosmic? Is it merely by adding to the number and variety of their sense-ideas—by increasing the *amount* of their experience of objects that are always changing? or may we, on the other hand, assume a latent intellectual sympathy between the created and the Uncreated mind, which is to be elicited in the former through reflective intercourse with the things of sense? Is scientific discovery the development in a finite mind of elements of Divine Reason common to all mind; or is it only a tentative guess, confirmed by a fragmentary experience, of what in that case can be only a *probable* community of meaning between the human discoverer and the Supreme Author or Thinker of that which is thus only tentatively discovered?

These deep questions underlie our philosophical speculations about the methods by which sense-appearances are to be *interpreted*. They go to form the problem of any 'philosophy of the physical sciences.' It can hardly be said that Berkeley has raised them, although they are immediately suggested by many of the contemplations, especially of his old age. These present his Theological Theory of Matter as a link in the chain of that modern theory of scientific method, and of the nature of physical causation, which commenced with Bacon, and which, not excluding Malebranche, has engaged, among others, Hobbes, Glanvill, Locke, Hume, Leibnitz, Brown, Comte, Mill, and Whewell. That the changes in nature are, as revealed to us at least, only arbitrarily related to one another—as the sign with the thing signified—is common to them all. They are agreed that we can interpret nature only as a system of arbitrary signs, and that we cannot produce a demonstrative science of natural changes. And if, with Berkeley, we see in universal nature only the operation of free intelligence, the difference between the changes which are due merely to natural law and the changes which we attribute immediately to the agency of men, is not a difference between necessity and free-will, but between the signs of perfect and imperfect mind. The events of human history and biography are less capable of prediction than those of natural science, because they are the product of a less steady and reasonable will. We can predict neither changes in matter nor changes in men with perfect insight, because we have only an imperfect comprehension of the minds on which they respectively depend. Matter itself exists eternally in the Divine mind. It is constantly created, after a fixed order of plan, in those sense-ideas of men, which are the occasions of the physical sciences in which man endeavours to realize those Thoughts of God that are themselves the Eternal material archetype. The antagonism of Faith and Science disappears, as each deepening insight into natural law is felt to bring our thoughts into nearer harmony to those Divine Thoughts of which our otherwise strange surroundings in this world of sense are found to be the expression.

# VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE DAY AFTER A FROLIC.

Vincenzo awoke late next morning, in a lamentable condition of body and mind; giddy, sick, aching from head to foot, and thoroughly disgusted with himself. He sat upon his bed, took his poor throbbing temples between his hands, and tried to recollect. Bastian and the prefetto were the only images which came out clear and distinct from the nightmare of the last night. That he had misbehaved to both, he had not a shadow of a doubt; but he had no clue by which to discover in what manner, or to what extent. All the rest, from the eclipse of the prefetto, down to the present moment, was a pell-mell of indistinct scraps, of which he might have only dreamt, for aught he could tell; and as to the part he had possibly played in this misty interlude, if not a dream, it was a perfect blank.

One thing alone was certain—that he had shamefully disgraced himself. What would the Signor Avvocato say, when his godson's misdeeds came to his ears? What would Miss Rose... and the purse! Oh, heavens!! The recollection of the purse, forgotten to that moment, went like a shot through his heart and brain. Lost past hope of recovery. It was just what he deserved —he was not worthy of it, or of any kindness from such an angel as Miss Rose.

The small room, or, rather, closet, in which he had passed the night, was stiflingly hot and close. He got up and opened the only window. A bit of glass hung beside the window. He looked into it, and started. What a hideous face he saw! All the lower part of it besmeared with the burnt cork, which had given him a moustache and chin-tuft. A jug and basin were on the table, but not a drop of water in either. He looked for some signs of a bell—there was none. No other resource for him but to open the door and call; which he did, after flinging on his cassock.

His summons was answered immediately, by the same man who had waited at dinner the day before.

"How do you feel this morning, sir?" asked the waiter, without the least attempt to hide the smile called up on his broad countenance by the rueful figure before him.

"Like one who has made an ass of himself overnight," answered the penitent lad.

"A little headache, probably? A strong cup of coffee will remove that in no time."

"First of all," said Vincenzo, "I want plenty of water, so that I may wash myself. And, if I could also have some soap to get rid of these stains on my face, I should be obliged to you."

The waiter promised he should have what he required, and soon returned with a large jug of water and a fine new cake of soap. Vincenzo eyed the soap with some perplexity, and said—

"I am afraid that soap won't do for me, my friend; for, truth to say, I have not a farthing of money. Can't you give me some old common bit?"

"You may use this all the same," said the obliging waiter. "First of all, the soap belongs to me, and you are welcome to it; and then, the Marchesino left orders that you were to have whatever you asked for, and he would pay all expenses. When you are ready for your coffee, be so good as to call Battista."

Vincenzo was touched by Del Palmetto's thoughtfulness—more touched than he would have deemed himself

capable of being by any attention from such a quarter. But, indeed, Del Palmetto's behaviour to him, as far as he could remember the events of the preceding day, had left on Vincenzo's mind an impression altogether to the credit of his late foe.

The waiter's double declaration having now removed all his scruples about the soap, he used it unsparingly in his ablutions; and, having put as much order as he could into his attire, he called for Battista, who presently brought him the promised coffee.

"Has any one come for me from the seminary?" asked Vincenzo.

"Not that I know of," replied the waiter. An answer which confirmed Vincenzo in his preconception, that his sins must be so entirely past forgiveness in that quarter, that the sinner himself was deemed unworthy of any notice. This issue had nothing very appalling in it to one who had yearned after it with all his soul for the last two months.

"No; nobody has called save the Marchesino," went on Battista. "He has been here twice, but you were asleep both times; and he would not allow you to be disturbed. He said he might call again, but he could not be sure, as he had much to do, in consequence of the regiment having received orders to leave the town before noon."

"And what o'clock is it now?" inquired the lad, swallowing his coffee.

"Half-past eight."

"And what time was it when... I went to bed last night?"

"It was still daylight," said Battista; "a little past eight, perhaps."

"I was very unruly downstairs, was I not?"

"Not so very bad; rather funny, and a little noisy, to be sure; but your friends were not far behind you, I can tell you."

"If I recollect right," said Vincenzo, "there was some music after dinner."

"Yes, a fellow with his organ came and played in the court, and you took a fancy to dance, and so did the other three. The Signor Marchesino—oh! he is a merry gentleman—went and fetched Margaret, the cook, and oh! dear, it was as good as a play to see you, in the Marchesino's uniform, whirling her round and round like a top." The scene must have been droll enough in reality, for Battista burst into a laugh at the mere recollection.

"Were there many people looking on?" asked Vincenzo, with a long face.

"Many people!" repeated Battista. "Bless you, the yard was as full as it could hold;" then, noticing the deep blush on his listener's face, Battista's eloquence of description came to a full stop; and he added, good-naturedly, "there's no disgrace, you know, in taking a glass too much once or so in a man's life. Such a thing may happen to the best of us."

Vincenzo, left to himself, had an intense longing to go out and inhale a little fresh pure air; that which came in from the courtyard was neither fresh nor pure; on the other hand, he was afraid of missing Del Palmetto's possible visit, and with it all chance of recovering the purse. In this state of perplexity he mechanically took up the two new rolls, which the waiter had brought with his coffee, and had had the delicacy to leave behind; and, as he was thrusting them into the pocket of his cassock, he felt an obstruction, which had not been there the day before: he turned the pocket inside out, and lo! what should appear but the purse which he had been so anxiously pursuing?

The lad cut a caper of childlike delight, kissed the treasure; then, wrapping it carefully in the piece of paper in which it had already been enveloped, he hid it in the deepest corner of the pocket of his cassock, wondering all the while how it had come there. Had the Marchesino willingly returned it? Vincenzo, in thinking so, judged that young man too generously. The fact admitted of a more common-place explanation. At the time Del Palmetto exchanged clothes with the seminarist, he still possessed recollection enough to take the disputed article out of his uniform pocket, and transfer it to that of the cassock he assumed; but later—that is, when he took back his coat, and re-

stored the black robe to Vincenzo—Del Palmetto had left the clearness of his memory at the bottom of many succeeding bumpers, and so the purse remained in the cassock-pocket. Vincenzo had proved more lucky than wise.

Feeling now almost elated, and with no further reason to wait for Federico, our lad sallied forth into the street; and, keeping as close to the houses as possible, took the shortest way out of the town; that is, went out of it at the end opposite to that by which he had come. Leaving Ibella behind him, he followed the main road for a little; then struck to the left, into a well-known meadow, and stretched himself at full length on the thick soft grass, under the shade of some wide-spreading walnut trees. It was happiness to breathe the pure air, to feel the cool grass beneath him, and to look at the blue canopy of heaven above. It seemed as though the immensity of the azure dome reduced his troubles to very small proportions. He tried hard to think and deliberate upon some course of action; but he was not equal to any mental exertion, he felt too lazy; all that he could do, was to enjoy the agreeable sensation of physical well-being which stole over him.

After a time, this sweet heaviness resolved itself into a sound sleep, from which he was suddenly startled by a blast of trumpets, accompanied by an outburst of loud shouts. It was the squadron of Del Palmetto's regiment leaving Ibella, amid the hurrahs of a considerable portion of the population, cheering and fraternizing with the soldiers. Vincenzo would fain have joined in the cheers and the good wishes, at least said farewell to Del Palmetto, but the crowd deterred him. In his present circumstances, he knew that the safest course for him was to avoid attracting notice. He ensconced himself behind the large trunk of one of the trees; and, from that hiding-place, saw the whole troop defile, Del Palmetto on his beautiful Moretto, his big sword drawn. Lucky Del Palmetto! How Vincenzo envied him! What would he not have given to be in the Marchesino's place, at least to be one of those brave fellows going to the war.

When the last of them had passed, the youth resumed his horizontal position on the grass; and, following up the new train of thought called up by the sight of the soldiers, he asked himself, why he should not enlist also, and fight for his country? Why not, in fact? Enlisting and going to the seat of war had been the *dénouement* of all those schemes for liberty he had been weaving during these two last months. But how was he to enlist? to whom apply? these were practical difficulties which could only be solved, if solved at all, by application to such acquaintances as he had in the town—the obliging waiter, for instance—but, at that moment, such a step was impossible. After the little enviable notoriety he had acquired, to parade the streets of Ibella, in broad day, in search of such information, was out of the question. He had, indeed, already made up his mind, should he be driven to the dire extremity of returning to the palace, not to traverse the town until he could do so unseen—that is, after dark.

Like many another older and wiser person, Vincenzo's cogitations ended with a resolution to trust to the chapter of accidents. Some one might pass—a military man, for instance—with the look of one able to give the information required, and from whom Vincenzo would feel inclined to ask it. While thus keeping watch for such an individual, Vincenzo drew forth one of the fresh rolls he had pocketed, and munched it leisurely. It was the hottest hour of the day, and passers-by were rare—a labourer now and then, or an artisan going to his work; a tardy market-woman, trudging behind her donkey; or dusty muleteers driving a string of dusty mules.

As the shades of the trees began to lengthen, the townsfolk who had accompanied the troopers began to return; and, for a whole hour there was plenty of movement, and of dust in clouds, on the highway. They were all people belonging to Ibella, whom Vincenzo had best

let alone. Later, and later still, when the sun's rays struck the road aslant, some pertinacious promenader from the town ventured as far as the meadow in which our skulker lay—an old lady with her maid, a paterfamilias and his sons, a couple of priests, a merry set of young men—none with a face in which Vincenzo could descry any knowledge of military matters.

Two uniforms at last loomed in the distance. The seminarist's heart gave a great thump—two sergeants, arm in arm, by Jove! They came up opposite to the lad's hiding-place, stood there a moment, as if undecided whether to go on or not, and then turned back. Vincenzo sprang up, and was about to cross the meadow, when he spied dangers ahead, and had to squat down in a hurry. Three priests —one known to him but too well, and to whom he was known but too well, the prefetto of last night—were sailing down the road, cutting him off from the sergeants. Crouching on all fours behind a tree, he had the pleasure of watching the soldiers gradually dwindle down to mere specks in the distance.

He had probably lost his last chance. Vincenzo's heart began to misgive him, that he should be obliged after all to swallow the bitter pill of taking refuge at the palace, and becoming the laughing-stock of all Rumelli. To be an object of ridicule to one's acquaintances is a heavy punishment at any age, particularly so to a boy; but Vincenzo, to do him justice, quailed less at the thought of his own humiliation than at the idea of the Signor Avvocato's anger, and Miss Rose's disgust and displeasure. Little exhilarating as was the prospect, it did not prevent his feeling hungry, or eating his last roll; after which he set himself to wait patiently for the now not very distant moment when twilight would make it easy for him to steal into Ibella unnoticed, and ask a word of advice from Battista as to enlisting. Should that hope fail him, then there would be nothing left for him to do but turn his steps towards Rumelli.

Presently the tramp of a horse, and the sound of a deep bass voice singing a popular air, attracted his attention; and, looking in the direction of the highway, he saw a man on a tall horse, riding leisurely along. The song, no other than the, at that time hackneyed, hymn of Pio Nono, augured well for the inquiry Vincenzo was meditating. He accordingly crawled to the side of the road to get a closer view of the horseman, that he might judge whether the singer's physiognomy kept the promise held forth by the choice of the song. There was not much that was prepossessing in the little that could be seen of the rider's looks: a hawk nose, and a pair of hungry grey eyes, being the only features that emerged from the wilderness of black hair, and double-pointed beard, in which his face was framed. His appearance, indeed, vividly recalled to Vincenzo those similitudes of brigands, which he had seen doing duty at the entrance of waxwork exhibitions: they were not a whit more forbidding than the man before him. The Calabrese hat, encircled by a broad green band, in which was stuck a plume of cock's feathers, finished the resemblance. To complete the stage effect of the costume, a large red cross was embroidered on the left breast of the short military tunic he wore; and a long cavalry sword dangled from a white leather belt buckled round his waist.

The red cross was encouraging. Vincenzo had heard that the volunteers in the present holy war of independence had adopted that sign in imitation of the crusaders of old. The red cross outweighed the ill-favoured countenance—and, therefore, ere the rider passed, the lad stood up, and, raising his three-cornered hat most respectfully, said, "Good evening, sir; will you allow me to ask you a question?"

The horseman halted, surveyed the speaker, then answered, "Certainly, my young reverend; put as many queries as you like. Pray, what may it be you wish to know?"

"Can you tell me what it is necessary to do, in order to enlist for a soldier?"

"Enlist!" repeated the horseman, in

surprise; "is it for yourself, or for some friend, that you want the information?"

"For myself," replied Vincenzo.

"Where do you come from?" asked the stranger.

"From the . . . . from a seminary," stammered Vincenzo.

"Oh! oh! I see how it is," said the rider, dismounting, and leading his horse to the edge of the road, that it might have the benefit of some mouthfuls of grass during the colloquy. Vincenzo stared in amazement at the tall, long-legged, lanky figure striding towards him: the very figure of a Don Quixote—but Vincenzo had never read Cervantes.

"I see how it is," repeated the man, sitting down, and looking his young interlocutor full in the face; "you are a victim of the Jesuits."

"Indeed, I am not," protested the youth.

"No use denying it; I read it in your eyes," insisted the other. "They tell me that you are an innocent boy driven to desperation by that wily sect, but who won't admit it, so great is the terror they have managed to inspire him with. I know their ways; but never fear; the reign of the Jesuits is over. Pio Nono and Colonel Roganti are too many for them. Surely, you have heard of Colonel Roganti, haven't you?"

Vincenzo confessed in all humility that he had never heard of Colonel Roganti.

"Is it possible?" cried he of the double-pointed beard; "never heard of the man who has filled the world with his name, who has fought Austria and the Jesuits all his life long? Then, what do they teach you in your seminary?"

"They don't teach modern history there," pleaded the youth.

"I thought so; just like them," sneered the colonel. "Well, I am the man," (with a great thump on his chest,) "I have already got together six thousand picked men at Novara, my head-quarters; I want six thousand more before I begin operations; and, to find them, I ride about rousing the country, preaching the holy war, enlisting, recruiting, playing the very devil. You are a lucky dog to have met me; that you are. I have just the very thing for you—a vacant chaplaincy in one of my regiments."

"Thank you very much," said the lad, overflowing with gratitude, "but I am no priest; I have only got the minor orders."

"What does that matter?" said the colonel; "you have got the tonsure and the cassock; that is enough and to spare."

"But I can't say mass; I can't confess, or preach; I can't do one of the things that a chaplain is expected to do. Let me be a soldier, will you?"

"Be it so, then," assented the colonel, whose sense of fun was so greatly tickled by the naive earnestness of the youth that he had much ado not to laugh. "Which shall it be—infantry or cavalry?"

Vincenzo meditated for an instant; then modestly said, "Infantry."

"Very well—now let me give you a word of caution. A soldier, understand, has no will of his own—passive obedience is his motto, blindly to do what he is bidden, his duty. For instance, suppose you see me act, or hear me speak, in a way that may seem questionable; well, your duty is to hold your tongue, and take it for granted that all I do or say is for the good of the country. Otherwise, farewell discipline; and, this being a time of war, discipline must be strictly enforced. It would cost me a pang to have you put in irons or shot; but I would have it done, if necessary, for the sake of discipline. I am for fair play, and so I warn you."

"Thank you," said Vincenzo, full of a deep, almost solemn emotion; "I may sin through ignorance, but not from want of good-will. I know that the first duty of a soldier is self-abnegation, and I am determined to do my duty to the best of my power. Indeed, my wish will be to give you every satisfaction, sir."

"Sensibly and honourably spoken," observed the colonel; "now then, nothing more remains to be settled between us than that you give me your hand, and repeat after me the form of your

engagement. I, . . . your name and age, if you please?"

"Vincenzo Candia, aged seventeen," prompted the youth, adding, "Perhaps I ought to make known to you that I have no money."

"Never mind the money," said the colonel; "we shall find plenty at head-quarters. Now, repeat carefully after me —I, Vincenzo Candia, seventeen years old, engage myself, of my free will, to serve as a soldier all through the present campaign, under the orders of his Excellency Colonel Roganti." Vincenzo repeated this formula word for word. There, you are enlisted, and now *en route*," said the great man, rising and throwing his long legs across his Rosinante. "We shall not go far this evening, and a morsel to eat and a bed wait for us at the first resting-place." Vincenzo was quite ready to proceed, and followed his new commander in silence.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BEGINNING OF THE EXPERIENCES OF A RAW RECRUIT.

The day was on the wane, and in another half hour it would be dark enough to shelter Vincenzo from observation. After all, he cared little now whom he might meet; he was in the service of H. Majesty, and under the protection of one who would not allow him to be molested. In his candour and inexperience, the imaginative boy had no more doubt of the reality of his enlistment than if King C. Albert had enlisted him in person. And, had any one come and told him at that moment that the man whose every word he had listened to, and believed to be true as Gospel writ, was no colonel, but a quack and a cheat, bent on drawing capital from the boy's honest face, and evident respectability, the odds are that Vincenzo would have laughed to scorn accuser and accusation, and acquired new faith in the charlatan.

Vincenzo felt and looked grave, as a conscientious youth well may, and ought to do, who has taken the first important, nay, decisive step, in life, and is fully alive to its responsibilities. His thoughts dwelt long and fondly on the inmates of the palace. Perhaps he should never look on their faces again—a knot formed in his throat at such a possibility—perhaps he was destined before long to fall in battle! Well, let it be so; *they* should have no cause at least to be ashamed of him. In the meantime, he must not leave them any longer in the dark as to his present fate: he was sure they must feel uneasy about him—Miss Rose in particular, aware as she was of the errand on which he had gone to Ibella. He would write the first opportunity that offered—beg them to forgive him, tell every thing, not forgetting to say that he had found the purse, and had it safe in his pocket; that would please Miss Rose—and, as he walked, he began mentally to indite his epistle.

"Vincenzo," called the horseman.

"Sir," replied the youth, as if awakening.

"Now that you are a soldier, and that I am your colonel, you must address me by the title of my military rank."

"Yes, colonel," said the recruit.

"What are you thinking of?" resumed the elder.

"Of many things," answered Vincenzo, in some embarrassment.

"Of home, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir . . . colonel, I mean; at least, if not exactly of home—for I am an orphan, and have no home—of that which stands me in lieu of one."

"A disheartening subject for a soldier to dwell upon," remarked the colonel; "but, if you cannot help thinking of home, think of it in connexion with the day of your return, wearing a great star on your breast, and alike the pride and envy of all your old intimates."

"I will try to follow your advice," said the lad, submissively.

"Do you know the hymn of Pio Nono?"

"Yes, colonel."

"Can you sing it?"

"Yes, colonel."

"Well, then, let us sing it together." They did so, and the colonel, after ex-

pressing great satisfaction with Vincenzo's voice and performance, added, "I never begin operations—recruiting operations, I mean—without first singing this composition, and in future I shall always expect you to join me. It draws the audience up to the proper pitch for my purpose. Men, my good boy, must be taken as they are. The peasants I have to address, the best stuff for my corps, are most of them ignorant, material creatures, and must be dealt with like children. I shrink from no means, however personally unpalatable to me, so long as they are honest, by which I hope to attain my aim, my sole aim—the deliverance of my country. For this end, of which I never lose sight, I distribute, wherever I go, copies of Pio Nono's hymn, and portraits of him printed on cloth, that can be worn round the neck, like scapularies. I give you this explanation, not alone to prevent your possible misconception of my actions, but also to let you know that it will be part of your duty to assist me in the dissemination of both these articles; trifles in themselves, but having a weighty effect, I assure you, on the simple mind of country folks. I charge a penny for the hymn, and twopence for His Holiness's portrait—less than the first cost; but those who are able and willing, may, of course, be asked to give more. My commission includes the power to receive offerings for the benefit of the country. The country, I need scarcely inform you, is equally in want of money and men. Is not money the great sinews of war?"

There was in these, and such-like confidences, something jarring to the lad's feelings, something degrading in the notion of having to go about, and, as it were, beg, even though the good of the country was the motive. But then, if a man of the colonel's importance, station, and experience (near at hand he looked full fifty), saw no objections to such proceedings, why should a youngster, who was nobody, be more squeamish? Add to this argument, that the general propositions laid down by his chief, seemed, to Vincenzo's judgment, fair and sound. There was no denying that men must be taken as they are, and no means be shrunk from, provided they were honest, by which the salvation of the country might be wrought out. Neither was there any denying, that the country was in want of money, nor that money was the great sinews of war. These were truisms that no one could impugn. Vincenzo came out of this debate with himself with a strengthened conviction that he had a clear duty before him, and that, the greater his antipathy to that duty, the more reason for his discharging it conscientiously, and like a man.

An opportunity of testing this *bonâ fide* conclusion was not long in presenting itself. Ten o'clock was striking at some town, or village, or whatever it was, near at hand. They had long left the highway for a cross-road, and Vincenzo was entirely out of his depth as to local geography, when the colonel stopped at an isolated house, a roadside inn, in full activity; that is, full of light, and sound, and bustle—"the tail of a wedding," as the hostler graphically explained. Having, with his own eyes, seen to the proper accommodation of his nag, and himself removed the saddle, the long-legged man put a small valise, hitherto unremarked by Vincenzo, under his arm, and then led the way to a large room on the first-floor, which had an open gallery stretching along the full length of its front. There was a great gathering of people there, most of them farmers and peasants, eating, drinking, and talking.

After giving his instructions to the waiter, the colonel stationed himself at one of the empty tables in the centre of the room, the small valise by his side, filled a glass for himself, and one for his companion, brimful with wine, stood up, and, waving his glass, cried, in a stentorian voice, "Here's a bumper to Pio Nono; long live the Pontiff Reformer!" Nearly every head in the room turned to look at the speaker. He, with another flourish of his hand to the company, disposed of the contents of his glass; then, profiting by the half silence produced by

his toast, he struck up the hymn, Vincenzo joining in it, as in duty bound.

The singing, it must be allowed, was capital; it was listened to in relative silence, and with evident pleasure. That it was a seasonable diversion, reviving the flagging spirits of many a guest, was certain from the salvo of bravos, and loud clapping of hands, which saluted its conclusion. The experienced colonel struck the iron while it was hot; he bowed, and made the following pithy speech:—

"Gentlemen desirous of procuring the hymn that has just been sung, also scapularies coming direct from Rome, bearing the likeness of His Holiness, and blessed by him, can be supplied with them very cheaply. My young pupil and friend here will hand the one and the other round for inspection." (Vincenzo, on hearing these words, felt the blood rising to his face.) "No one is obliged to buy; but those who do, will be doing a good turn to their own souls, and also to their country. The times, gentlemen, are difficult, and money is the great sinews of war. Offerings to be appropriated to the equipment of volunteers will be received with gratitude!"

A mist rose before Vincenzo's eyes as the colonel consigned to him the valise, with its lid now thrown open, and directed him to carry it round. He set his teeth fast, and resolutely performed the task. Meanwhile, the tall man was favouring a limited, but select, circle of admirers, who had gathered round him, the hostess foremost, with a few choice scraps of a fancy biography. "A most interesting boy . . . a victim of the Jesuits; it required all *my* energy to rescue him from their grip. No father, no mother, no relations. You can have no conception of what he has had to endure. I found him starving, literally starving. I'll stand by him; protect him to the last. I am not rich, but never mind; so long as I have a morsel of bread he shall have the half of it. No lack of benevolent people, thank God, to help me in my charitable undertaking."

These broken confidences serve to initiate us into the secret motives, which had induced the *soidisant* colonel to attach Vincenzo's fortunes to his own—namely, to endorse his own roguishness on the lad's youth and honest looks, and turn the interest aroused by them, and by a forged tale of persecution and destitution, into a well-supplied mint for himself.

Presently, the unconscious object of this puffing returned to his large associate with a handful of small coin; and, pale and worn out with emotion—what he had been doing was so very like begging—he sank into a chair in a corner. But the colonel, with a covetous glance at the money, desired the youth to come by him, and have something to eat. A plentiful supper by this time was served on the little table in the centre of the room. Vincenzo felt faint and hungry enough to need but little encouragement to eat; but, much as he relished his meal, he would have relished it still more without the exaggerated parental fondness lavished on him by the colonel, and the obtrusive marks of sympathy and interest showered on him by the landlady and company—a sympathy and interest so pointed as to be scarcely justifiable, even in the case either of a convalescent, or of one who had had a very narrow escape from some great peril.

These attentions were the more puzzling and unaccountable to Vincenzo, for being interspersed with hints and references to something which the speaker clearly took for granted had happened—such as, "Cheer up, my boy, and don't think of the past; it is all over—they won't come now, and take you from your friend—you are quite safe with him; he will protect you—don't spare the chicken, have another leg—the supper is *gratis et amore Dei*, you know—would to God we could do more!"

Such snatches of speeches as these were Sanscrit to Vincenzo, and made him feel ill at ease. However, he turned to account the good will of his hostess, to ask her to procure him writing materials—a commission which she readily undertook, but which must have had its difficulties from the time it took to

accomplish. Pen, ink, and paper, were found at last, and carried by the obliging hostess to the little room allotted to Vincenzo, next to that of his chief and guardian.

The youth felt dizzy, wearied, and sleepy; the bed looked very tempting; but he roused himself valiantly, and resolved not to go to rest until he should have achieved his epistles. Who could tell whether he might find time to write them on the morrow? The task proved easier the further he advanced in it; the rising tide of feeling, as he poured out his heart on paper, helped him on wonderfully. The letter to the Signor Avvocato proved rather long, that to Miss Rose consisted of but a few lines. They ran thus:

"Dear Signorina,—For all that relates to my late disgraceful conduct, my sincere repentance, and my present prospects, I must refer you to my letter to your good father. I venture to write to you only to say that the purse is safe with me—not, however, through any merit of mine; for I must confess, with sorrow, that its recovery is due to a mere lucky chance. I keep it as a precious deposit, to be returned to you at our first meeting, if God grant me so much happiness, when I hope to have so behaved as to deserve your forgiveness, and the confirmed possession of the promised dear gift. Should I never see you again I feel sure that your kind heart will not disapprove of the way I shall have disposed of it; that is, should the knowledge ever reach you."

To make this last phrase clear to the reader, it is necessary to add that, as he finished writing it, Vincenzo drew the purse from his pocket, and wrote, in his clearest hand, on the outside of the paper on which it was wrapped, "May 27th, 1848. Should I fall in battle, I, the undersigned, beg, as a last favour of those who may find my body, to bury with it the inclosed purse. Vincenzo Candia." This done, he put the note for Rose, open, into that for the Signor Avvocato, directed and sealed this last, placed it under his pillow, and went to bed.

The colonel was no early riser, fortunately for Vincenzo; who thus had a pretty long sip of the Lethean waters, even till seven in the morning, when a twofold summons, from the knuckles and the double-bass voice of the occupant of the next room, came to warn him that it was time for him to rise and make ready for departure. The night had not cooled the landlady's interest in the youth, as shown by the substantial breakfast she had provided for him, her constant exhortations to eat heartily, and be of good cheer, and also by sundry greasy parcels, with which she crammed his pockets. Vincenzo was a good deal touched by all this great demonstrativeness, but also a little bored. Of course he did his utmost to veil this, while he gave full vent to his really grateful feelings.

"By-the-by," said Vincenzo, as he was bidding adieu to her, "can you inform me where is the nearest post-office?"

"At the next village," replied the hostess, naming it, "a short quarter of an hour's walk, the third shop after you pass the baker's; you can't help seeing the baker's; it has just been fresh painted. Though, now that I think of it, why not leave your letter with me? The letter-carrier for Ibella passes this way at eleven o'clock every day, and always calls in here. It will be a saving of time, if your letter goes at once to Ibella."

"Thank you very much," said Vincenzo; "but—"

"You may trust it to me, I assure you," insisted the warm-hearted woman. "I would rather go on foot with it to Ibella myself than disappoint you of its being forwarded."

Vincenzo gave her the letter, though with a lingering reluctance; even had he been sure that the letter would be lost, he could not have had the heart to hurt the good soul by any appearance of distrust. By this time Rosinante was at the door, and Don Quixote in the saddle—a few more last thanks and good wishes, and the travellers disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"A thoroughly kind-hearted woman, and a staunch patriot to boot," said the colonel; "I have taken a note of the house and the innkeeper's name; both shall be mentioned to his Majesty the first time I see him. No one does a good turn to Colonel Roganti, but finds, sooner or later, his due reward."

Vincenzo wondered how his chief had managed to discover the landlady's patriotism. As to the goodness of her heart and kindness, no one was better able to bear witness to both than Vincenzo, or more disposed to give her all the credit she deserved.

*To be continued.*

## STEPS OF A STATESMAN.

BY W. SKEEN.

THERE are few passages of English history more curious or instructive than the measures adopted by Sir Robert Peel for effecting the transition in our commercial system from protection to free trade. They were deeply laid, cleverly contrived, long masked, and, when the proper time arrived, executed with extraordinary promptitude and courage. There have been instances before of individual tergiversation, of abandonment of previously professed principles, of desertion of party; but these occurred for the most part in revolutionary times, when public opinion itself swayed violently and rapidly from side to side; and even then the deserters rarely carried over to the hostile camp more than their own swords. It was the rare fortune of Sir Robert Peel, not simply to change the political principles he had professed from his first entrance into public life, but so to time his change as to carry with him the more influential members of his own party; to find, in his own lifetime, his bitterest opponents compelled reluctantly to admit the wisdom of his course; and, finally, to go down to the grave amid a nation's tears, honoured as a confessor to truth rather than as an apostate to principle. Much of this is, no doubt, owing to the fact, that he hit on the right moment for his new policy—that the nation was changing at the time, and he had the sagacity to discern, and the courage to head the movement. Even if that were all, it would be no mean praise; but it is not all. Not only was Sir Robert Peel the first of his party—we may add, the first of public men—to discern the great revolution that was then fermenting deep down in the national heart; but to him belongs the merit of quietly, but effectually, encouraging the movement, while he affected to oppose it; of removing obstacles out of its path, as well as of finally securing its success. Whether in these deep and secret courses he conformed in all respects to the obligations of good faith—whether he did not abuse the confidence reposed in him by the party who still acknowledged him as their head, while he was scheming the overthrow of their most cherished policy—we must leave our readers to decide, after we shall have laid before them some of the more salient features of his management.

In 1841, the ministry of Lord Melbourne was *in extremis*. It had never shown the symptoms of a healthy existence, and it expired at last of financial inanition. One experiment after another was attempted to replenish the exhausted treasury; and, one after another, they all unaccountably failed. One vigorous effort was made, which proved to be the last flicker of the lamp before it expired in the socket. Customs duties had been increased with the effect of only diminishing their aggregate produce; it was at last resolved to see what would come of reducing them. In the spring of that year, the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer

announced his scheme of finance to be a large reduction of the duties on foreign timber, an equalization of the duties on colonial and foreign sugar, and a fixed duty of 8*s.* per quarter on foreign wheat.

The announcement was received by the Protectionist party with mingled anger and alarm. The Anti Corn-Law League had then commenced that course of agitation which was afterwards of so much service in the overthrow of monopoly. Public attention was beginning to be roused to the consideration of politico-economical questions, and the Protectionists felt that, without a vigorous opposition, there was every prospect that the financial scheme of the Government would be adopted. It was determined that strenuous efforts should be made for its defeat; and the heads of the party met in conclave to mark out the ground on which the battle should be fought. There did not at first sight seem to be much room for hesitation on this point. The most offensive feature in the scheme was the corn duties, and it was most natural that the opposition should be concentrated against it as confessedly the key of the position. If the corn duties could be defeated, the other portions of the Budget would not be worth struggling for; whereas it by no means followed that the rejection of the other duties would save the sliding scale. There was another reason for adopting this course. It must have been apparent to the most obtuse member of the party that the Corn-Law struggle was only in its infancy, and that, before the strife began in earnest, it would be materially for their advantage to have a decisive declaration from Parliament in favour of the existing system. It might even be well—though none of them could have anticipated the coming desertions—that their leaders should be committed to an approval of their policy, from which there should be no retreat hereafter. What would arise from repeated discussions we now know better than could then have been foreseen; but obvious policy dictated that every member should, as soon and as decisively as possible, be pledged, in the face of the country, to a Protectionist policy, by negativing the main article in the Whig budget—the substitution of a low fixed duty for a high sliding scale.

But there was one man who had made up his mind that neither he nor his party should be so committed. There can now be no doubt that, even so early, Sir Robert Peel was more than half a convert to free trade, and that, with this secret conviction in his heart, he used his great influence to persuade his friends to evade the main question, and to join issue on the comparatively secondary point of the sugar duties. His arguments for this course were undoubtedly plausible. They could not be sure of victory in a fair stand-up fight between a fixed duty and a sliding scale, involving the vital question of a cheap or a dear loaf; but, if that contest were avoided, and issue taken on the collateral question of the sugar duties, the ranks of the Protectionists were certain to be reinforced by that influential section of politicians who were known as the friends of the negro, and who dreaded the reduction of the differential duties on foreign sugar, as a fresh stimulus to the curse of slavery. With the assistance of that section they were sure of success—without it, they were all but certain of defeat. So reasoned Sir Robert Peel, and his arguments and influence prevailed. He took care not to remind his party—and they were not quick-sighted enough to see—that by this course the controversy was only adjourned; that success at best could be only temporary, and that the struggle would be sure to be renewed on some future day at every disadvantage, when the doctrines of free trade would have made more progress, and all the members of the party would be free to choose new courses. Future security was sacrificed to present success.

That success, indeed, was brilliant and complete. Ministers were thoroughly beaten on the battle-ground forced on them. The anti-slavery men and the colonial party joined with the home Protectionists, and, by their united

efforts, the Ministerial scheme was shivered to fragments. The debates of that period, as read by our present lights, are full of curious interest. The amendment, as we have said, related to the colonial question alone. But the speakers were far from confining themselves to that point. Protectionists and Free-traders, Liberals and Conservatives, the colonist and the home-trader, the agriculturist and the manufacturer—all based their speeches on the question of the corn duties. The sugar question was before the House; but in men's hearts and on their lips, and colouring their whole cast of thought, was the Corn Law. They were too much in earnest to be logical; they spoke not so much according to the rules of debate as out of the fulness of their hearts; little was heard of the produce of Cuba or Brazil, but the House resounded with the fertility of the plains of Poland and of the prairies of America. One man there was, however, who all through this turmoil adhered closely to the question. Sir Robert Peel was fluent and eloquent, and brimful of statistical information, as was his wont; but his speeches related to sugar and not to corn. It was not that the question did not occupy as much of his thoughts as it did those of other men; but, while they thought only of expressing their emotions, he was intent on concealing his, and he managed it with consummate dexterity. It required no ordinary strength of purpose to remain steady amid the surging masses; to avoid being carried away by the strong excitement that was boiling and eddying around him. But his task was harder still; he had to affect to be borne along on—nay, to keep ahead of—the current, while all the time he moved not from his own position. His zeal appeared fully equal to that of the most impulsive of his followers; but it was wrapped up in vague and general phrases that afterwards, when his designs were unmasked and he stood forth to the world the chief and champion of free trade, defied the minutest criticism of his most rancorous foes to fix on a single phrase in which the great Protectionist leader had plainly and in so many words committed himself to the principles of protection. It was a marvellous feat of sleight of intellect; but, clever as the conjuror was, it could never have been accomplished unless the bystanders, like those before more regular performers, had been dazzled by the excitement of the scene, and their own readiness to lend themselves to the delusion.

So far all went well. Sir Robert's advice to his party was justified by success. The Whigs were beaten by the combination of interests formed against them; and, though no vote directly affecting the Corn Laws had been recorded, yet all, or at least all but one, accepted the division as a defeat of the opponents of the Corn Laws.

The struggle was now transferred from the House of Commons to the wider arena of the nation. A dissolution of Parliament took place; and the country was divided into two hostile camps, where free trade and protection again appeared to be pitted against each other. But again the same tactics were repeated on a larger scale. The broad question which occupied all men's thoughts was again evaded, and issue was again joined on the minor question. A manifesto was issued from Tamworth, under the modest guise of an address to the constituents of the Conservative leader; but it was well understood that the topics on which Sir Robert there dilated were intended as the cue to be taken up by his followers. In that address there was much about the weakness, the incapacity, the misgovernment of the Whigs; and much about the threatened breach of faith with the negroes and the West India planters. The enormity of a proposal for a fixed duty on corn was dwelt on too, but in terms that admitted of explanation. In the heat and bustle of the election, nothing could read more satisfactorily as a confession of Protectionist principles; but, scanned in calmer moments, it certainly did appear as if the fault of the proposers lay in adopting it as a desperate clutch for the retention of office, rather than in any wickedness inherent in the

scheme itself. This document answered its purpose, however. In the counties, no doubt, both electors and elected were too full of their own question to talk of anything else; but, in the towns and amid all doubtful constituencies, the wrongs about to be inflicted on the West Indians, especially the negro portion of them, were again put in the forefront of the battle, and all remonstrances were stilled by the assurance that it was necessary, if they would consolidate their victory, to keep together the party by whom it was won. And again success crowned this policy. A majority hostile to the Whigs was returned to the House of Commons, almost as large, and to all appearance more compact than that which rallied round Earl Grey at the first election after the Reform Bill.

Here, then, it might have been supposed the time had come for decisive action, and for bringing the whole weight of the newly acquired majority to bear on an authoritative declaration in favour of the sliding scale. But no; finesse was still to be the order of the day. Still Sir Robert Peel counselled caution; and it is needless to say how much his authority had been raised by the recent events. His genius had elevated them from their prostrate and hopeless condition of some eight or ten years before, to stand again on the threshold of office, with the nation at their back; and this was not the time to discard his counsels, if they wished to consummate their victory. So, by his advice, the *coup de grace* was given to the moribund Whigs, not by a direct attack on any portion of their commercial policy, but on the general and comprehensive ground of want of confidence. Again, therefore, the motion before the House expressed one thing, and the general current of the debate another. Again there was a fierce and vehement Corn-Law debate; but again there was a loophole left in the motion, by which any one who chose could escape from committing himself to Protectionist opinions. Of this Sir Robert Peel, and a few like-minded with himself, were not slow to avail themselves. The division took place: the Whigs were condemned by a decisive vote; and every Protectionist throughout the country fully believed that, with their expulsion, the poison of free trade was also expelled from the high places of the nation. Nevertheless, to those who could look more narrowly, it was plain that the ground of Whig expulsion was not that they had dared to tamper with the great country interest, but because of their general incapacity.

Now, however, the Protectionists could breathe in peace. They had defeated their opponents, as they and at that time the whole country believed, in fair and open fight. The nation, no less than the House of Commons, had pronounced in their favour. The Government was placed unreservedly in their hands. The foremost place was of right assigned to the man who had rallied them in defeat, disciplined them in opposition, and led them to victory; and his first steps as Prime Minister were all that the Protectionists could desire. He formed a Protectionist cabinet. There was not a man admitted into the ministry whose principles had the slightest suspicion of free trade even breathed upon them. One or two members did, indeed, afterwards boast that they had carefully abstained from ever either making a monopolist speech, or giving a monopolist vote; but these boasts, made at a time when such boasting was safe, brought little honour on the men who made them; for their dissimulation had been so complete as to impose on the closest observers. But Sir Robert did not content himself with the appointment of merely unsuspected persons. He went out of his way to proclaim his devotion to the agricultural interest. Whatever the other qualities of the late Duke of Buckingham may have been, no man ever dreamt of him as a statesman, or thought of his being entitled, from any services he had rendered to the State, to have a seat in the cabinet. But he was believed to possess the confidence of the country interest; he was popularly known as the farmer's friend; and, therefore, he was placed in one of

those cabinet offices where little or no work is required, and where his presence was regarded as a satisfactory pledge of the minister's intentions. Other appointments, equally significant, were made. The head of the old Tory interest in England was the late Duke of Newcastle. His grace was not, indeed, the wood out of which a Cabinet, or, indeed, any other kind of minister could be made; but the next best thing was done; his son and heir was pitchforked into the ministry. It may raise a smile to be told that the present duke, the impersonation of modern liberal opinions, should be considered as a pledge of stedfast adherence to the opinions of Sidmouth and Eldon; but the Earl of Lincoln of 1842 was a very different personage from the Duke of Newcastle of 1862. So with Ireland. The Protestantism and Protectionism of the Earl of Roden rendered him the darling of his co-religionists and co-politicians across the channel; but they were pitched on too high a key to suit the more sober English tastes. He was, therefore, inadmissible; but his son and heir, the late Lord Jocelyn, was cast in a milder mould, and his appointment was therefore equally satisfactory, and more business-like than that of his father would have been.

These appointments irritated the Free-traders as much as they gratified the Protectionists. By both parties they were accepted as pledges that the long reign of Liberalism was at an end, and that Tory and Protection dominancy was to be revived. Never was there a greater delusion. They were appointed for a very different purpose. They confirmed the confidence of the party at the time; they confused their counsels afterwards. The time was coming when the Protectionists, doubtful and distrustful, began to ask whither they were tending, and to mutter ominous words about the necessity of making a stand. But who was to head them? Their most trusted friends were, themselves, or as represented by their nearest relations, connected with this inscrutable Government. Could treason be meditated while such a staunch Protectionist as the Duke of Buckingham was by to see fair play? If there was danger threatened to the old English Constitution, as it was understood by their grandfathers, would not such sons of uncompromising Tories as Lord Lincoln and Lord Jocelyn be quick-sighted enough to discern the mischief, and faithful enough to sound the alarm? And even when the honest, but rather muddle-headed Duke of Buckingham, perplexed and annoyed by the tendencies of things all around him, without being able to lay his finger on any precise cause of complaint, testified at least his honesty of purpose by the resignation of his office, he was soothed and most effectually muzzled by the offer of the Blue Ribbon, which he was weak enough to accept. From him, therefore, no condemnation of his former colleagues was to be expected. The younger branches of this extreme party quietly retained their places, thereby seriously compromising in the eyes of their party the principles of those peers of whom they were the representatives. The Duke of Newcastle was, himself, above suspicion; but how acutely he felt the taint which his son's dereliction appeared, at least in his own eyes, to cast on his boasted incorruptibility, may be gathered from the stern and unforgiving feeling with which he ever after regarded him—a feeling which drove him from the representation of his native county, and ceased not even when the father drew near to the edge of the grave.

In this manner the position of Sir Robert Peel grew more and more assured. He was at the head of the most powerful, and at the same time the most compact party, that had been seen in England since the days of Walpole. The aristocracy bowed themselves to do his bidding; the representatives of the most powerful families in England were his colleagues and subordinates. The rank and file of the party regarded him as the chosen leader who had guided them out of their bondage into the promised land of office. It seemed as if his course were so clearly marked out

that he could not mistake it, and his power assured for the term of his life.

But he had not been long in office till this fair scene began to overcloud. His career began to be marked by various strange and eccentric movements, needlessly—so his followers thought—straying out of the Protectionist orbit, but yet so slightly, and on such plausible pretexts, that suspicion was crushed almost as soon as it was engendered. The herd so recently admitted into the fat pastures of place and power raised their heads for a moment or two, looked alarmed and sniffed around, but, unable to detect any palpable sign of danger, quietly dropped their heads again to browse in peace. We need say nothing here of the imposition of the income-tax. That impost was justified at the time, in the eyes of every good Conservative, by the contrast of its bold and decided character with the previous peddling of Whig financial incapacity. Had not their chief declared from the first that he could prescribe for the patient, but that he must first be regularly called in and receive the official fee; and was he not now in the most brilliant manner redeeming his pre-official pledge? That step, therefore, excited no alarm in the Protectionist mind; and yet we now know, from the confessions of the minister himself, that that measure was the keystone of all his subsequent policy. There were other measures of a less reassuring nature. There was the revision of the tariff, by which the customs duties were materially reduced on an immense number of articles, some of them closely affecting the agricultural interest. The English grazier was for the first time subjected to competition from abroad, by the imposition of protective instead of prohibitory duties on foreign cattle; but then butcher's meat had become so dear, and the duty was still fixed so high, no harm was meant to the grazier's profits! Then came an attack on that palladium of the constitution itself—the sliding scale; which was considerably lowered. This was alarming; but then, on second thoughts, the old scale was admitted to be rather clumsy in its operation. The height of its duties in ordinary times invited attack, and exposed the system to scandal; and, when prices at home ran high, the scale fell so rapidly as to deprive the farmer of any chance of profits. No; there could be no harm in a reduction of the sliding scale, which rather tended to a consolidation of monopoly, by giving up a prohibition that was valueless for a protection that could easily and at all times be worked! Then came another measure that did look ominous. It was proposed to treat wheat grown in our Canadian colonies as the produce of the subjects of the same Crown ought to be treated, and to admit it into this country wholly free of duty. To this the party, though with reluctance, assented. The colonists were our fellow-subjects after all; and, besides, if they were admitted to share in the privileges of the British farmer, they would be a reinforcement to the ranks of protection. So it was agreed to take in the Canadians as partners. But then came out the startling accompaniment to the scheme, that no effectual means were to be taken to prevent the produce of the United States from entering this country as of genuine Canadian growth. The Colonial Office had long ago given up the hopeless task of drawing a Custom House cordon across the long and exposed boundary between Canada and the States; and yet, if that were not done, the English farmer might be ruined by an inundation of wheat grown in the Mississippi valley, and entering England under the guise of its being the produce of the St. Lawrence. The party now really began to feel alarmed. They spoke of the measure as the rat-hole in the dyke that would in the end flood the province. Discontent and alarm pervaded their ranks; and from the flock of followers was heard the mutinous cry, "Peel or Stanley, who shall lead us?"

The answer of the Premier to that cry was, perhaps, the master-stroke of his whole policy. His cabinet had not been long formed when whispers of a disunion between those two eminent statesmen began to circulate. The mounting spirit of Lord Derby would

not, perhaps, have brooked a superior under any circumstances. His generous impulses were damped, and his imperious temper was chafed under the cool and wary, and in all respects anti-chivalric policy of his chief. More than once, acute observers in the House of Commons noticed the Secretary for the Colonies taking notes of an opponent's speech, with the evident intention to reply, and as often his being baulked of his purpose by the Premier starting up before him, and first catching the Speaker's eye. For all this, the fiery young nobleman was fain to take his revenge whenever a discussion on a private Bill allowed him decorously to take an opposite side from his cold-blooded superior. Old members of the House still tell of the sensation produced when, on one such occasion, Lord Stanley, with marked emphasis, and a vehemence that showed the feelings working within, warned the House against being led away by the solemn plausibilities of his right honourable friend, who was well known to be unrivalled in the art of so dressing up a case as to make the worse appear the better reason. Everything, in fact, foreboded an open rupture between these leaders, when the dexterous Premier, ever fertile in resource, bethought him of a plan for removing his rival from his path by transferring him to the House of Peers. The excuse, as usual, was of the most plausible kind. The authority of the Duke of Wellington in that House was, and was likely long to remain, without a rival; but age was creeping on him, and it was his own desire to be relieved from the responsibilities which fall upon a leader. There was no one then in that assembly qualified to take his place. Would not Lord Stanley undertake the task? The bait seems to have been too tempting to be resisted. To lead the House of Lords was not, indeed, equal to leading the House of Commons; but still it was a leadership. Besides, the transfer was only anticipating, by a few years, the change that would take place in the course of nature by his father's death. He therefore accepted the proposal; and, from that hour, Sir Robert Peel stood in the House of Commons without a competitor for the confidence of his own party. And that was the least of the advantage-ground. Among other points of difference between these ministers, the question of Protection was always prominent. The monopolists doubted Peel, but they were sure of Stanley. If the abolition then contemplated were to be pressed on the House while Stanley was a member, the Protectionists would have had a formidable leader round whom to rally. His removal to the Upper House did not, indeed, prevent him from resisting the fiscal revolution; but it deprived his resistance of more than half its weight. All he could do in the Upper House, compared with what he might have done in the Lower, was like the application of purchase-power to the short instead of the long end of the lever.

It will thus be seen how carefully Sir Robert Peel prepared his ground, and how cautiously he felt his way towards the change in the national policy he had long been meditating. He had gathered together a following such as rarely before, and never since, gathered round an English statesman—a following animated by a vehement attachment to one principle, but animated also by unbounded confidence in him, as the statesman who alone could assure to that principle success. With masterly adroitness he played off one of those emotions against the other. Without committing himself to a single definite enunciation of opinion, he contrived to persuade his followers that he shared their convictions, and longed for the consummation of their hopes; and he took advantage of their confidence to prevent them from committing themselves to any vote in favour of the principles which they took every other means to proclaim they entertained. The Free-traders were dislodged from office, and the Protectionists took their place, without one word being placed on the records of Parliament approving of, or condemning, the principle for which the two were battling. Having thus secured a clear stage for future discussions, he

proceeded in the same ingenious manner to mask, while he forwarded, his purpose, by calling to his assistance the most notorious of the Protectionist champions, calculating, on what afterwards occurred—that some would veer round along with him, and that those who would not move at his bidding would hesitate to denounce, and would be hampered by their connexion with him. Another step yet. Whilst Protection continued to be the rallying cry of the party, Protection itself was tampered with. There was nothing to alarm in the changes as they were successively presented. The farmers' friends could not deny that they were improvements on the old system. Little, indeed, would the nation have benefitted had the changes stopped there; but not the less they did the work for which they were intended. They accustomed the popular mind to the idea of change; the coherence of the fabric of Protection was loosened; the new duties could not command the respect with which men regarded the old; the thin end of the wedge was inserted, and it only waited for a favourable opportunity to be driven home.

That opportunity came even sooner than the minister anticipated. It seemed as if Providence itself were working in concert with the calculating statesman, and, by a sharp but needful stroke of discipline, opening up a way for the accomplishment of that design, to accomplish which all these stealthy feline movements had been made. The prospect of dearth, arising out of the bad harvest of 1845, and the total failure of the potato crop in that year, supplied the opportunity for which the minister was watching, and supplied it at the right time—when his measures were taken, his friends organized, his opponents scattered, dismayed, and uncertain, amid the general dereliction, on whom they might rely. At the decisive moment, indeed, he appeared to waver, and offered, by his own resignation, to make way for the statesmen who had just proposed a radical change in the Corn Laws to complete their work. But Lord John Russell soon satisfied himself that, whatever the Conservatives might do under the guidance of their own leaders, it was certain that they would not repeal the Corn Laws at *his* bidding; and he resigned the honour and the arduousness of the task into the hands of his great rival. This result also, it is not too much to assert, had been foreseen by the minister, as well as the additional power which his resignation, to be so soon recalled, unfettered by conditions, put into his hands. The power thus gained he strained to the utmost in the work. The repeal of the Corn Laws he regarded as the crown and glory of his public life; and, when it was accomplished, he felt that his task was done. He gave up office almost without a struggle on the day the measure was secured beyond the possibility of defeat; and from that time onward to his death he made no secret of the resolution he had formed never again to accept office.

It is curious to reflect what would have been the reputation of Sir Robert Peel with posterity, had the accident which deprived the country of his valuable life in 1851 happened in 1844. He would have gone down to the grave with "a wounded name" as the last of the monopolists; and yet there can now be no doubt that, from his first entrance on office in 1842, or even sooner, he had made up his mind and prepared his plans, though with so much secresy that it may be doubted whether he would have left behind him any record to explain his conduct or to vindicate his fame. Some of these plans we have thus endeavoured to enumerate. Judged by the standard of party morality, as it is usually understood in England, it is impossible wholly to justify them. That he deceived his party to their own advantage is a palliation rather than a defence. He judged for them more wisely than they could have judged for themselves; but they gave him their confidence, not as their prophet, but as their leader. Something may be said of the duty he owed his country as paramount to all his party could claim of him. And it must be admitted that even now, looking back

on the past with all the advantages of the light shed on it by subsequent events, it is not easy to see how the blessed result could have been otherwise secured. On this point it is instructive to mark the course taken by his Whig rival. Lord John Russell openly announced his purpose to break down monopoly, marched straight up to the fortress, summoned the garrison, and sustained a decisive defeat at the hands of the troops whom he had taken the pains to warn of his attack. Sir Robert Peel, having the same end in view, carefully concealed his purpose, smoothed down suspicion, made his approaches only by slow, gradual, and almost imperceptible steps. Like the sagacious elephant, he proved the strength of every plank on the bridge before he trusted on it his full weight. In approaching to his object he moved with the stealth of the wild cat, and had the prey fairly within his grasp before he made the decisive spring. We admire even where we cannot wholly approve. He damaged his reputation for frankness; but he saved his country.

## FIVE-AND-THIRTY.

GEORGE LAMBERT, you have woo'd me long;
You singled me from out the throng
By every sleight of speech and song,
To make me yours.

I cannot tell why you should care
To win me; for I am not fair;
My bloom is not so fresh, my hair
So bright, as yours.

And truly, when at first I saw
Your eyes were on me, and the law
Magnetic had begun to draw
My own on yours,

I found therein no lordly grace
To make a grown-up woman place
Her love on such a boyish face
As this of yours.

'Tis said in sadness, not in blame;
For women who are worth the name
Love more the wrinkled mouth of fame
Than lips like yours.

And even I, though I could see
That, when you sang, you sang of me,
Was never touch'd as girls would be
By songs of yours,

Till once, with too melodious breath,
You told how great Elizabeth,
Or such as she, had done to death
Young hearts like yours.

Then, I remember, in the pause,
When faces brightening with applause
Of which I only knew the cause
Were turn'd on yours,

I only silent sat, and thought:
I wonder'd if this thrill were nought,
Or if indeed my presence wrought
High change in yours.

For, with that song, the light I prize
Had come at last into your eyes,
And I could think them deep and wise,
Though they were yours!

So, when you met me otherwhere
And said the words that needless were
After so sweet a prelude, there
You thought me yours.

'Tis true, I said a woman's No,
And spoke of ages, and the slow
Still-widening fissure that would grow
'Twixt mine and yours;

But you, with that keen ear of youth,
That instinct of respectful ruth
For women, had perceived the truth,
And crown'd me yours.

Ah, shall I tell you how it was?
I am not all so feeble as
A girl whose yielding soul might pass
Straight into yours;

I weigh'd and ponder'd what I did:
Our hearts would not be always hid,
And there's a vein in mine, would thrid
The depths of yours,

And with its iron bind the clay—
The white unmoulded mass, that may
(I thought) become to mine a stay,
As mine to yours.

For, though my years are nigh the full,
And though a drooping lid may dull
In me the gleams that gazers cull
From eyes like yours;

Yet, being a woman, I am weak
Toward beauty, and the nurture meek
Whose symbols are a brow and cheek
As clear as yours.

Therefore, as some stern man, whose prime
Has caught the roughness and the rime
Wherewith a long tempestuous time
Would crust e'en yours,

Wears on his bosom, like a rose,
The wife whose childlike fondness shows
To him more charming than she knows—
So I wore yours.

You and your love, I thought, would be
The glad revival unto me
Of that serene simplicity
Once mine, now yours:

And I would build you up to all
The height of things heroical,
My stronger nature as a wall
Confirming yours;

Till you, half-feminine though brave,
And I, though worn, yet true and grave,
Would fit at last like hand and glaive—
And both be yours.

George Lambert, what a dream was this!
I wake to old analysis,
And question every smile and kiss
Of mine or yours,

And feel upon me such a stress
Of sad mature self-consciousness,
That I no more have heart to bless
This suit of yours.

George, what was that of "like to like?"
It seems to me that, as a shrike
Wounds callow birds, my lips must strike
The warmth of yours.

You want a life of richer tone;
A heart full-blooded as your own
Should loose its ample maiden-zone
To take in yours:

But I—I am too lean for love;
The day is past when I could move
With equal aspect, arm inwove
In arm of yours:

Too many sober thoughts attend
My age—how joy may have an end,
But sorrow never: could I blend
Such thoughts with yours?

Old scenes you cannot understand,
Old lives, are ever with me; and,
Perhaps, old memories of a hand
That was not yours.

"I should have seen all this before?"
I did; but winds of pride outbore
My craft, that should have hugg'd the shore,
To follow yours.

Forgive me then the words I've said;
If I had known its youth was dead
I would have crush'd my heart, instead
Of cleaving yours.

Forgive me: I am cold, but what
Have I to do with life? My lot
May make me yet a Bride; but not—
Alas! not *yours*.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

# RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFRY HAMLYN."

## CHAPTER LXIV.

THE ALLIED ARMIES ADVANCE ON RAVENSHOE.

How near the end we are getting, and yet so much to come! Never mind. We will tell it all naturally and straightforwardly, and then there will be nothing to offend you.

By-and-by it became necessary that Charles should have air and exercise. His arm was well. Every splinter had been taken out of it, and he must lie on the sofa no longer.

So he was driven out through pleasant places, through the budding spring, in one of Lord Hainault's carriages. All the meadows had been bush-harrowed and rolled long ago, and now the orchises and fritillaries were beginning to make the grass look purple. Lady Hainault had a low carriage, and a pair of small cobs, and this was given up to Charles; and Lady Hainault's first coachman declined to drive her ladyship out in the day-time, for fear that the second coachman (a meritorious young man of forty) should frighten Charles by a reckless and inexperienced way of driving.

Consequently Lady Hainault went a-buying flannel petticoats and that sort of thing, for the poor people in Casterton and Henley, driven by her second coachman; and Charles was trundled all over the country by the first coachman, in a low carriage with the pair of cobs. But Lady Hainault was as well pleased with the arrangement as the old coachman himself, and so it is no business of ours. For the curious thing was, that no one who ever knew Charles would have hesitated for an instant in giving up to him his or her bed, or dinner, or carriage, or any other thing in this world. For people are great fools, you know.

Perhaps the reason of it was that every one who made Charles's acquaintance knew by instinct that he would have cut off his right hand to serve them. I don't know why it was. But there is the fact.

Sometimes Lady Ascot would go with him, and sometimes William. And, one day, when William was with him, they were bowling quietly along a by-road on the opposite side of the water from Hurley. And, in a secret place, they came on a wicked old gentleman, breaking the laws of his country, and catching perch in close time, out of a punt, with a chair, and a stone bottle, and a fisherman from Maidenhead, who shall be nameless, but who must consider himself cautioned.

The Rajah of Ahmednuggur lives close by there; and he was reading the *Times*, when Charles asked the coachman to pull up, that he might see the sport. The Rajah's attention was caught by seeing the carriage stop; and he looked through a double-barrelled opera glass, and not only saw Charles and William in the carriage, but saw, through the osiers, the hoary old profligate with his paternoster pulling the perch out as fast as he could put his line in. Fired by a virtuous indignation (I wish every gentleman on the Thames would do likewise), he ran in his breeches and slippers down the lawn, and began blowing up like Old Gooseberry.

The old gentleman who was fishing looked at the rajah's red-brick house, and said, "If my face was as ugly as that house, I would wear a green veil;" but he ordered the fisherman to take up the rypecks, and he floated away down stream.

And, as Charles and William drove along, Charles said, "My dear boy, there could not be any harm in catch-

ing a few roach. I should so like to go about among pleasant places in a punt once more."

When they got home, the head keeper was sent for. Charles told him that he would so much like to go fishing, and that a few roach would not make much difference. The keeper scornfully declined arguing about the matter, but only wanted to know what time Mr. Ravenshoe would like to go, adding that any one who made objections would be brought up uncommon short.

So William and he went fishing in a punt, and one day Charles said, "I don't care about this punt-fishing much. I wish—I wish I could get back to the trout at Ravenshoe."

"Do you really mean that?" said William.

"Ah, Willy!" said Charles. "If I could only see it again!"

"How I have been waiting to hear you say that!" said William. "Come to your home with me; why, the people are wondering where we are. My darling bird will be jealous, if I stay here much longer. Come down to my wedding."

"When are you to be married, William?"

"On the same day as yourself," said William sturdily.

Said Charles, "Put the punt ashore, will you?" And they did. And Charles, with his nose in the air, and his chest out, walked beside William across the spring meadows, through the lengthening grass, through the calthas, and the orchises, and the ladies' slippers, and the cowslips, and the fritillaries, through the budding flower-garden which one finds in spring among the English meadows, a hale strong man. And, when they had clomb the precipitous slope of the deer-park, Charles picked a rhododendron flower, and put it in his button-hole, and turned round to William, with the flush of health on his face, and said—

"Brother, we will go to Ravenshoe, and you will be with your love. Shall we be married in London?"

"In St. Petersburgh, if you like, now I see you looking your old self again. But why?"

"A fancy of mine. When I remember what I went through in London, through my own obstinacy, I should like to take my revenge on the place, by spending the happiest day of my life there. Do you agree?"

"Of course."

"Ask Lady Ascot and Mary and the children down to Ravenshoe. Lady Hainault will come too, but he can't. And have General Mainwaring and the Tiernays. Have as many of the old circle as we can get."

"This is something like life again," said William. "Remember, Charles, I am not spending the revenues of Ravenshoe. They are yours. I know it. I am spending about 400*l.* a year. When our grandfather's marriage is proved, you will provide for me and my wife; I know that. Be quiet. But we shall never prove that till we find Ellen."

"Find Ellen!" exclaimed Charles, turning round. "I will not go near Ellen yet."

"Do you know where she is?" asked William, eagerly.

"Of course I do," said Charles. "She is at Hackney. Hornby told me so when he was dying. But let her be for a time."

"I tell you," said William, "that I am sure that she knows everything. At Hackney!"

The allied powers, General Mainwaring, Lady Ascot, Lord Hainault, and William, were not long before they searched every hole and corner of Hackney, in and out. There was only one nunnery there; but, in that nunnery, there was no young lady at all resembling Ellen. The priests, particularly Father Mackworth's friend Butler, gave them every assistance in their power. But it was no good.

As Charles and William were in the railway carriage going westward, Charles said—

"Well, we have failed to find Ellen. Mackworth, poor fellow, is still at Ravenshoe."

"Yes," said William, "and nearly

idiotic. All his fine-spun cobwebs cast to the winds. But he holds the clue to this mystery, or I am mistaken. The younger Tiernay takes care of him. He probably won't know you. But, Charles, when you come into Ravenshoe, keep a corner for Mackworth."

"He ought to be an honoured guest of the house as long as he lives," said Charles. "You still persist in saying that Ravenshoe is mine."

"I am sure it is," said William.

And, at this same time, William wrote to two other people telling all about the state of affairs, and asking them to come and join the circle. And John Marston came across into my room and said, "Let us go." And I said, "My dear John, we ought to go. It is not every day that we see a man, and such a man, risen from the dead, as Charles Ravenshoe."

And so we went.

## CHAPTER LXV.

FATHER MACKWORTH PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCH ON HIS GREAT PIECE OF EMBROIDERY.

And so we went. At Ravenshoe were assembled General Mainwaring, Lady Ascot, Mary, Gus, Flora, Archy and nurse, William, Charles, Father Tiernay and Father Murtagh Tiernay, John Marston, and Tommy Cruse from Clovelly, a little fisherboy, cousin of Jane Evans's — Jane Evans who was to be Mrs. Ravenshoe.

It became necessary that Jane Evans should be presented to Lady Ascot. She was only a fisherman's daughter, but she was wonderfully beautiful, and gentle, and good. William brought her into the hall one evening, when every one was sitting round the fire; and he said, "My dear madam, this is my wife that is to be." Nothing more.

And the dear old woman rose and kissed her, and said, "My love, how wonderfully pretty you are. You must learn to love me, you know; and you must make haste about it, because I am a very old woman, and I shan't live very long."

So Jane sat down by Mary, and was at home, though a little nervous. And General Mainwaring came and sat beside her, and made himself as agreeable as very few men besides him know how to do. And the fisherboy got next to William, and stared about with his great black eyes, like a deer in a flower-garden. (You caught that face capitally, Mr. Hook, if you will allow me to say so—best painter of the day!)

Jane Evans was an immense success. She had been to school six months in Exeter, and had possibly been drilled in a few little matters: such as how to ask a gentleman to hold her fan; how to sit down to the piano when asked to sing (which she couldn't do); how to marshal her company to dinner; how to step into the car of a balloon; and so on. Things absolutely necessary to know, of course, but which had nothing to do with her success in this case; for she was so beautiful, gentle, and winning, that she might have done anything short of eating with her knife, and it would have been considered nice.

Had she a slight Devonshire accent? Well, well! Do you know, I rather like it. I consider it aqually so good with the Scotch, my dear.

I could linger and linger on about this pleasant spring at old Ravenshoe, but I must not. You have been my companion so long that I am right loth to part with you. But the end is very near.

Charles had his revenge upon the trout. The first day after he had recovered from his journey, he and William went out and did most terrible things. William would not carry a rod; but gave his to the servant, and took the landing-net. That Ravenshoe stream carries the heaviest fish in Devonshire. Charles worked up to the waterfall, and got nineteen, weighing fourteen pounds. Then they walked down to the weir above the bridge, and then Charles's evil genius prompted him to say, "William, have you got a salmon fly in your book?" And William told him that he had, but solemnly warned him of what would happen.

Charles was reckless and foolish.

He, with a twelve-foot trout-rod, and thirty yards of line, threw a small salmon fly under the weir above the bridge. There was a flash on the water. Charles's poor little reel began screaming, and the next moment the line came "flick" home across his face, and he said, "By gosh, what a fool I was;" and then he looked up to the bridge, and there was Father Mackworth looking at him.

"How d'ye do, my dear sir?" said Charles. "Glad to see you out. I have been trying to kill a salmon with trout tackle, and have done quite the other thing."

Father Mackworth looked at him, but did not speak a word. Then he looked round, and young Murtagh Tiernay came up and led him away; and Charles got up on the road and watched the pair going home. And, as he saw the tall narrow figure of Father Mackworth creeping slowly along, dragging his heels as he went, he said, "Poor old fellow, I hope he will live to forgive me."

Father Mackworth, poor fellow, dragged his heels homeward; and, when he got into his room in the priests' tower, Murtagh Tiernay said to him, "My dear friend, you are not angry with me? I did not tell you that he was come back; I thought it would agitate you."

And Father Mackworth said slowly, for all his old decisive utterance was gone, "The Virgin bless you; you are a good man."

And Father Mackworth spoke truth. Both the Tiernays were good fellows, though papists.

"Let me help you off with your coat," said Murtagh, for Mackworth was standing in deep thought.

"Thank you," said Mackworth. "Now, while I sit here, go and fetch your brother."

Murtagh Tiernay did as he was told. In a few minutes our good jolly old Irish friend was leaning over Mackworth's chair.

"Ye're not angry that we didn't tell ye there was company?" he said.

"No, no," said Mackworth. "Don't speak to me, that's a good man. Don't confuse me. I am going. You had better send Murtagh out of the room."

Father Murtagh disappeared.

"I am going," said Mackworth. "Tiernay, we were not always good friends, were we?"

"We are good friends, any way, now, brother," said Tiernay.

"Ay, ay, you are a good man. I have done a wrong. I did it for the sake of the Church, partly, and partly—well. I was very fond of Cuthbert. I loved that boy, Tiernay. And I spun a web. But it has all got confused. It is on this left side, which feels so heavy. They shouldn't make one's brain in two halves, should they?"

"Begorra no. It's a burnin' shame," said Father Tiernay, determining, like a true Irishman, to agree with every word said, and find out what was coming.

"That being the case, my dear friend," said poor Mackworth, "give me the portfolio and ink, and we will let our dear brother Butler know, *De profundis clamavi*, that the time is come."

Father Tiernay said, "That will be the proper course," and got him pen and ink, fully assured that another fit was coming on, and that he was wandering in his mind; but still watching to see whether he would let out anything. A true Irishman.

Mackworth let out nothing. He wrote, as steadily as he could, a letter of two lines, and put it in an envelope. Then he wrote another letter of about three lines, and inclosed the whole in a larger envelope, and closed it. Then he said to Father Tiernay, "Direct it to Butler, will you, my dear friend; you quite agree that I have done right?"

Father Tiernay said that he had done quite right; but wondered what the dickens it was all about. We soon found out. But we walked, and rode, and fished, and chatted, and played billiards, and got up charades, with Lady Ascot for an audience; not often thinking of the poor paralytic priest in the lonely tower, and little dreaming of the mine which he was going to spring under our feet.

The rows, (there is no other expression) that used to go on between Father Tiernay and Lady Ascot were as amusing as anything I ever heard. I must do Tiernay the justice to say that he was always perfectly well bred, and, also, that Lady Ascot began it. Her good temper, her humour, and her shrewdness were like herself; I can say no more. Tiernay dodged, and shuffled, and went from pillar to post, and was as witty and good-humoured as an Irishman can be; but I, as a staunch Protestant, am of opinion that Lady Ascot, though nearly ninety, had the best of it. I daresay good Father Tiernay don't agree with me.

The younger Tiernay was always in close attendance on Mackworth. Every one got very fond of this young priest. We used to wait until Father Mackworth was reported to be in bed, and then he was sent for. And generally we used to make an excuse to go into the chapel, and Lady Ascot would come, defiant of rheumatism, and we would get him to the organ.

And then—Oh, Lord! how he would make that organ speak, and plead, and pray, till the prayer was won. And then, how he would send aggregated armies of notes, marching in vast battalions one after another, out into space, to die in confused melody; and then, how he would sound the trumpet to recal them, and get no answer but the echo of the roof. Ah! well. I hope you are fond of music, reader.

But one night we sent for him, and he could not come. And, later, we sent again, but he did not come; and the man we had sent, being asked, looked uneasy, and said he did not know why. By this time the ladies had gone to bed. General Mainwaring, Charles, William, John Marston, and myself, were sitting over the fire in the hall, smoking, and little Tommy Cruse was standing between William's knees.

The candles and the fire were low. There was light outside from a clouded moon, so that one could see the gleam of the sea out of the mullioned windows. Charles was stooping down, describing the battle of the Alma on the hearthrug, and William was bending over, watching him, holding the boy between his knees, as I said. General Mainwaring was puffing his cigar, and saying, "Yes, yes; that's right enough;" and Marston and I were, like William, looking at Charles.

Suddenly the boy gave a loud cry, and hid his face in William's bosom. I thought he had been taken with a fit. I looked up over General Mainwaring's head, and I cried out, "My God! what is this?"

We were all on our legs in a moment, looking the same way—at the long low mullioned window which had been behind General Mainwaring. The clouded moonlight outside showed us the shape of it. But between us and it there stood three black figures; and, as we looked at them, we drew one towards the other, for we were frightened. The general took two steps forward.

One of the figures advanced noiselessly. It was dressed in black, and its face was shrouded in a black hood. In that light, with that silent even way of approaching, it was the most awful figure I ever saw. And from under its hood came a woman's voice, the sound of which made the blood of more than one to stand still, and then go madly on again. It said:—

"I am Ellen Ravenshoe. My sins and my repentance are known to some here. I have been to the war, in the hospitals, till my health gave way; and I came home but yesterday, as it were, and I have been summoned here. Charles, I was beautiful once. Look at this."

And she threw her hood back, and we looked at her in the dim light. Beautiful once! Ay, but never so beautiful as now. The complexion was deadly pale, and the features were pinched, but she was more beautiful than ever. I declare I believe that, if we had seen a ring of glory round her head at that moment, none of us would have been surprised. Just then, her beauty, her nun's dress, and the darkness of the hall, assisted the illusion, probably; but there was really some-

thing saintlike and romantic about her, for an instant or so, which made us all stand silent. Alas! there was no ring of glory round her head. Poor Ellen was only bearing the cross; she had not won the crown.

Charles was the first who spoke or moved. He went up to her and kissed her, and said, "My sweet sister, I knew that, if I ever saw you again, I should see you in these weeds. My dear love, I am so glad to see you. And oh, my sister, how much more happy to see you dressed like that—"

(Of course he did not use exactly those words, but words to that effect, only more passionate and even less grammatical. I am not a short-hand writer. I only give you the substance of conversations in the best prose I can command.)

"Charles," she said, "I do right to wear weeds, for I am the widow of—(Never mind what she said; that sort of thing very properly jars on Protestant ears.). I am a sister of the Society of Mercy of St. Bridget, and I have been to the East, as I told you: and more than once I must have been into the room where you lay, to borrow things, or talk with English Catholic ladies, and never guessed you were there. After Hornby had found me at Hackney, I got leave from Father Butler to join an Irish sisterhood; for our mother was Irish in speech and in heart, you remember, though not by birth. I have something to say—something very important. Father Mackworth, will you come here? Are all here intimate friends of the family? Will you ask any of them to leave the hall, Charles?"

"Not one," said Charles. "Is one of those dark figures which have frightened us so much Father Mackworth? My dear sir, I am so sorry: come to the fire. And who is the other?"

"Only Murtagh Tiernay," said a soft voice.

"Why did you stand out there these few minutes? Father Mackworth, your arm."

William and Charles helped him in towards the fire. He looked terribly ill and ghastly. The dear old general took him from them, and sat him down in his own chair by the fire; and there he sat looking curiously around him, with the light of the wood fire and the candles strong on his face, while Ellen stood behind him, with her hood thrown back, and her white hands folded on her bosom. If you have ever seen a stranger group than we were, I should be glad to hear of it.

Poor Mackworth seemed to think that it was expected of him to speak. He looked up to General Mainwaring, and he said—

"I hope you are the better of your wound, sir. I have had a sharp stroke of paralysis, and I have another coming on, sir, and my memory is going. When you meet my Lord Saltire, whom I am surprised to find absent to-night, will you tell him that I presented my compliments, and thought that he had used me very well on the whole? Had she not better begin, sir? or it may be too late; unless you would like to wait for Lord Saltire."

Father Murtagh Tiernay knelt down and whispered to him.

"Ay! ay!" he said, "Dead—ay! so he is; I had forgotten. We shall all be dead soon. Some of us will to hell, General, and some to heaven, and all to purgatory. I am a priest, sir. I have been bound body and soul to the Church from a child, and I have done things which the Church will disapprove of when they are told, though not while they are kept secret; and I tell them because the eyes of a dead man, of a man who was drowned bathing in the bay, haunt me day and night, and say, Speak out!—Murtagh!"

Little Tiernay was kneeling beside him, and called his attention to him.

"You had better give me the wine; for the end is getting very near. Tell her to begin."

And, while poor Mackworth was taking some wine (poor fellow, it was little enough he had taken in his life-time), Ellen began to speak. I had some notion that we should know everything now. We had guessed the truth for a

long while. We had guessed everything about Petre Ravenshoe's marriage. We believed in it. We seemed to know all about it, from Lady Ascot. No link was wanting in the chain of proof, save one—the name of the place in which that marriage took place. That had puzzled every one. Lady Ascot declared it was a place in the north of Hampshire, as you will remember; but every register had been searched there, without result. So conceive how we all stared at poor Ellen, when she began to speak, wondering whether she knew as much as ourselves, or even more.

"I am Miss Ravenshoe," she said quietly. "My brother Charles there is heir to this estate; and I have come here to-night to tell you so."

There was nothing new here. We knew all about that. I stood up and put my arm through Charles Ravenshoe's, and William came and laid his hand upon my shoulder. The general stood before the fire, and Ellen went on.

"Petre Ravenshoe was married in 1778 to Maria Dawson; and his son was James Ravenshoe, my father, who was called Horton, and was Densil Ravenshoe's game-keeper. I have proof of this."

So had we. We knew all this. What did she know more? It was intolerable that she was to stop just here, and leave the one awful point unanswered. I forgot my good manners utterly; I clutched Charles's arm tighter, and I cried out—

"We know about the marriage, Miss Ravenshoe; we have known of it a long while. But where did it take place, my dear young lady? Where?"

She turned on me and answered, wondering at my eagerness. *I* had brought out the decisive words at last—the words that we had been dying to hear for six months; she said—

"At Finchampstead, in Berkshire; I have a copy of the certificate with me."

I let go Charles's arm, and fell back in my chair. My connexion with this story is over (except the trouble of telling it, which I beg you won't mention, for it has given me as much pleasure as it has you; and that, if you look at it in a proper point of view, is quite just, for very few men have a friend who has met with such adventures as Charles Ravenshoe, who will tell them all about it afterwards). I fell back in my chair, and stared at poor Father Mackworth as if he were a copper disk, and I was trying to get into a sufficiently idiotic state to be electrobiologized.

"I have very little more to tell," said Ellen. "I was not aware that you knew so much. From Mr. William Marston's agitation, I conclude that I have supplied the only link which was missing. I think that Father Mackworth wishes to explain to you why he sent for me to come here to-night. If he feels himself able to do so now, I shall be glad to be dismissed."

Father Mackworth sat up in his chair, and spoke at once. He had gathered himself up for the effort, and went through it well, though with halting and difficult speech.

"I knew of Petre Ravenshoe's marriage from Father Clifford, with all the particulars. It had been confessed to him. He told it to me the day Mrs. Ravenshoe died, after Densil Ravenshoe had told me that his second son was to be brought up to the Protestant faith. I went to him in a furious passion, and he told me about this previous marriage which had been confessed to him, to quiet me. It showed me that, if the worst were to happen, and Cuthbert were to die, and Ravenshoe go to a Protestant, I could still bring in a Catholic as a last resource. For, if Cuthbert had died, and Norah had not confessed about the changing of the children, I should have brought in James, and after him William, both Catholics, believing him to be the son of James and Norah. Do you understand?

"Why did I not? I loved that boy Cuthbert. And it was told under seal of confession, and must not be used save in deadly extremity; and William was a turbulent boy. Which would have been the greater crime at that time? It was only a choice of evils, for the Church is very dear to me.

"Then Norah confessed to me about the change of children; and then I saw that, by speaking of Petre Ravenshoe's marriage, I should only bring in a Protestant heir. But I saw, also, that, by using her confession only, I could prove Charles Ravenshoe to be merely a gamekeeper's son, and turn him out into the world. And so I used it, sir. You used to irritate and insult me, sir," he said, turning to Charles, "and I was not so near death then as now. If you can forgive me, in God's name say so."

Charles went over to him, and put his arm round him. "Forgive you?" he said; "dear Mackworth, can you forgive me?"

"Well, well!" he continued, "what have I to forgive, Charles? At one time, I thought that if I spoke it would be better, because Ellen, the only daughter of the house, would have had a great dower, as Ravenshoe girls have. But I loved Cuthbert too well. And Lord Welter stopped my even thinking of doing so, by coming to Ravenshoe. And—and—we are all gentlemen here. The day that you hunted the black hare, I had been scolding her for writing to him. And William and I made her mad between us, and she ran away to him. And she is with the army now, Charles. I should not fetch her back, Charles. She is doing very good work there."

By this time she had drawn the black hood over her face, and was standing behind him, motionless.

"I will answer any more questions you like to-morrow. Petre Ravenshoe's marriage took place at Finchampstead, remember. Charles, my dear boy, would you mind kissing me? I think I always loved you, Charles. Murtagh Tiernay, take me to my room."

And so he went tottering away through the darkness. Charles opened the door for him. Ellen stood with her hood over her face, motionless.

"I can speak like this, with my face hidden," she said. "It is easy for one who has been through what I have, to speak. What I have been you know; what I am now is—(she used one of those Roman Catholic forms of expression which are best not repeated too often). I have a little to add to his statement. William was cruel to me. You know you were. You were wrong. I will not go on. You were awfully unjust—you were horribly unjust. The man who has just left the room had some slight right to upbraid me. You had none. You were utterly wrong. Mackworth, in one way, is a very high-minded honourable man. You made me hate you, William. God forgive me. I have forgiven you now."

"Yes; I was wrong," said William, "I was wrong. But Ellen, Ellen! before old friends, only with regard to the person."

"When you treated me so ill, I was as innocent as your mother, sir. Let us go on. This man Mackworth knew more than you. We had some terrible scenes together about Lord Welter. One day he lost his temper, and became theatrical. He opened his desk and showed me a bundle of papers, which he waved in the air, and said that they contained my future destiny. The next day, I went to the carpenter's shop and took a chisel. I broke open his desk, and possessed myself of them. I found the certificate of Petre Ravenshoe's marriage. I knew that you, William, as I thought, and I were the elder children. But I loved Cuthbert and Charles better than you or myself, and I would not speak. When, afterwards, Father Butler told me, while I was with Lord Welter, before I joined the Sisters, of the astounding fact of the change of children, I still held my peace, because I thought Charles would be the better of penance for a year or so, and because I hesitated to throw the power of a house like this into heretic hands, though it were into the hands of my own brother. Mackworth and Butler were to some extent enemies, I think; for Butler seems not to have told Mackworth that I was with him for some time, and I hardly know how he found it out at last. Three days ago I received this letter from Mackworth, and after some hesitation I came. For I thought

that the Church could not be helped by wrong, and I wanted to see that he concealed nothing. Here it is. I shall say no more."

And she departed, and I have not seen her since. Perhaps she is best where she is. I got a sight of the letter from Father Mackworth. It ran thus—

"Come here at once, I order you. I am going to tell the truth. Charles has come back. I will not bear the responsibility any longer."

Poor Mackworth! He went back to his room, attended by the kind-hearted young priest, who had left his beloved organ at Segur to come and attend to him. Lord Segur pished and pshawed, and did something more, which we won't talk about, for which he had to get absolution. But Murtagh Tiernay stayed at Ravenshoe, defying his lordship, and his lordship's profane oaths, and making the Ravenshoe organ talk to Father Mackworth about quiet churchyards and silent cloisters; and sometimes raging on until the poor paralytic priest began to see the great gates rolled back, and the street of the everlasting city beyond, crowded with glorious angels. Let us leave these two to their music. Before we went to town for the wedding, we were sitting one night, and playing at loo, in the hall. (Not guinea unlimited loo, as they used to play at Lord Welter's, but penny loo, limited to eighteen pence.) General Mainwaring had been looed in miss four times running, making six shillings (an almost impossible circumstance, but true); and Lady Ascot had been laughing at him so that she had to take off her spectacles and wipe them, when Murtagh Tiernay came into the hall, and took away Charles, and his brother Father Tiernay.

The game was dropped soon after this. At Ravenshoe there was an old-fashioned custom of having a great supper brought into the hall at ten. A silly old custom, seeing that every one had dined at seven. Supper was brought in, and every one sat down to table. All sorts of things were handed to one by the servants, but no one ate anything. No one ever did. But the head of the table was empty. Charles was absent.

After supper was cleared away, every one drew in a great circle round the fire, in the charming old-fashioned way one sees very seldom now, for a talk before we went to bed. But nobody talked much. Only Lady Ascot said, "I shall not go upstairs till he comes back. General, you may smoke your cigar; but here I sit."

General Mainwaring would not smoke his cigar, even up the chimney. Almost before he had time to say so, Charles and Father Tiernay came into the room without saying a word, and Charles, passing through the circle, pushed the logs on the hearth together with his foot.

"Charles," said Lady Ascot, "has anything happened?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, aunt."

"I thought so," said Lady Ascot; "I hope he has forgiven me any hard thoughts I had of him. I could have been brought to love that man in time. There were a great many worse men than he, sir," she added in her old clear ringing tones, turning to Father Tiernay. "There were a great many worse men than he."

"There were a great many worse men, Lady Ascot," said Father Tiernay. "There have been many worse men with better opportunities. He was a good man brought up in a bad school. A good man spoilt. General Mainwaring, you who are probably more honoured than any man in England just now, and are worthy of it; you who can't stop at a street corner without a crowd getting together to hurrah to you; you, the very darling of the nation, are going to Oxford to be made an honorary Doctor of Laws. And, when you go into that theatre, and hear the maddening music of those boys' voices cheering you, then, general, don't get insane with pride like Herod, but think what you might have been with Mackworth's opportunities."

I think we all respected the Irishman for speaking up for his friend, although his speech might be extrava-

gant. But I am sure that no one respected him more sincerely than our valiant, humble, old friend, General Mainwaring.

## CHAPTER LXVI.

GUS AND FLORA ARE NAUGHTY IN CHURCH, AND THE WHOLE BUSINESS COMES TO AN END.

Charles's purpose of being married in London held good. And I need not say that William's held good too.

Shall I insult your judgment by telling you that the whole story of Petre Ravenshoe's marriage at Finchampstead, was true? I think not. The register was found; the lawyers were busy down at Ravenshoe; for every one was anxious to get up to London, and have the two marriages over before the season was too far advanced.

The memorabilia about this time at Ravenshoe, were—The weather was glorious. (I am not going to give you any more about the two capes, and that sort of thing. You have had those two capes often enough. And I am reserving my twenty-ninth description of the Ravenshoe scenery for the concluding chapter.) The weather, I say, was glorious. And I was always being fetched in from the river, smelling fishy, and being made to witness deeds. I got tired of writing my name. I may have signed away the amount of the national debt in triplicate, for anything I know (or care. For you can't get blood out of a stone). I signed some fifty of them, I think. But I signed two, which gave me great pleasure.

The first was a rent-charge on Ravenshoe of two thousand a year, in favour of William Ravenshoe. The second was a similar deed of five hundred a year in favour of Miss Ravenshoe. We will now have done with all this sordid business, and go on.

The ladies had all left for town, to prepare for the ceremony. There was a bachelors' house at Ravenshoe for the last time. The weather was hot. Charles Ravenshoe, General Mainwaring, and the rest, were all looking out of the dining-room windows towards the sea, when we were astonished by seeing two people ride up on to the terrace, and stop before the porch.

A noble-looking old gentleman, in a blue coat and brass buttons, knee-breeches and gaiters, on a cob, and a beautiful boy of sixteen on a horse. *I* knew well enough who it was, and I said, Ho! But the others wondered. William would have known, had he been looking out of window just then; but, by the time he got there, the old gentleman and the boy were in the porch, and two of Charles's men were walking the horses up and down.

"Now, who the deuce is this?" said Charles. "They haven't come far; but I don't know them. I seem to know the old man, somehow; but I can't remember."

We heard the old gentleman's heavy step along the hall; and then the door was thrown open, and the butler announced, like a true Devonshire man—

"Mr. Humby to Hele!"

The old gentleman advanced with a frank smile and took Charles's hand, and said, "Welcome home, sir; welcome to your own; welcome to Ravenshoe. A Protestant at Ravenshoe at last. After so many centuries."

Everybody had grown limp and faint when they heard the awful name of Humby—that is to say, every one but me. Of course, I had nothing to do with fetching him over. Not at all. This was the first time that a Humby had had friendly communication with a Ravenshoe, for seven hundred and eighty-nine years. The two families had quarrelled in 1066, in consequence of John Humby having pushed against Kempion Ravenshoe, in the grand rush across the Senlac, at the battle of Hastings. Kempion Ravenshoe had asked John Humby where he was shoving to, and John Humby had expressed a wish to punch Kempion Ravenshoe's head (or do what went for the same thing in those times: I am no antiquarian). The wound was never healed. The two families located themselves on adjoining

estates in Devonshire immediately after the conquest, but never spoke till 1529, when Lionel Humby bit his thumb at our old friend, Alured Ravenshoe, in Cardinal Wolsey's antechamber, at Hampton, and Alured Ravenshoe asked him what the devil he meant by that. They fought in Twickenham meadow, but held no relations for two hundred and fourteen years—that is to say, till 1745, when Ambrose Ravenshoe squeezed an orange at Chichester Humby, at an election dinner in Stonnington, and Boddy Fortescue went out as second to Chichester Humby, and Lord Segur to Ambrose Ravenshoe. After this the families did not speak again for one hundred and ten years—that is to say, till the time we are speaking of, the end of April, 1855, when James Humby to Hele frightened us all out of our wits, by coming into the dining-room at Ravenshoe, in a blue coat and brass buttons, and shaking hands with Charles, and saying, besides what I have written above—

"Mrs. Humby and my daughters are in London for the season, and I go to join them the day after to-morrow. There has been a slight cloud between the two houses lately" (that is to say, as we know it, for seven hundred and eighty-nine years. But what is time?), "and I wish to remove it. I am not a very old man, but I have my whimsies, my dear sir. I wish my daughters to appear among Miss Corby's bridesmaids; and do you know, I fancy, when you get to London, that you will find the whole matter arranged."

Who was to resist this? Old Humby went up in the train with all of us the next day but one. And if I were asked to pick out the most roystering, boisterous, jolly old county member in England, Scotland, or Ireland, I should pick out old Humby of Hele. What fun he made at the stations where the express stopped! The way he allowed himself to be fetched out of the refreshment-room by the guard, and then, at the last moment, engaged him in a general conversation about the administration of the line, until the station-master was mad, and an accident imminent, was worthy of a much younger man, to say the least. But then, in a blue coat and brass buttons, with drab small-clothes, you may do anything. They are sure to take you for a swell. If I, William Marston, am ever old enough, and fat enough, and rich enough, I shall dress like that myself, for reasons. If my figure does not develop, I shall try black br—ch—s and gaiters, with a shovel hat, and a black silk waistcoat buttoned up under my throat. That very often succeeds. Either are better than pegtops and a black bowler hat, which strike no awe into the beholders.

When we all got to town, we were, of course, very busy. There was a great deal of millinery business. Old Humby insisted on helping at it. One day he went to Madame Tulle's, in Conduit Street, with his wife and two daughters, and asked me to come too; for which I was sorry at first, for he behaved very badly, and made a great noise. We were in a great suite of rooms on the first floor, full of crinolines and that sort of thing; and there were a great many people present. I was trying to keep him quiet, for he was cutting a good many clumsy jokes, as an old-fashioned country squire will. Everybody was amused with him, and thoroughly appreciated his fun, save his own wife and daughters, who were annoyed; so I was trying to keep him quiet, when a tall, brown-faced, handsome young man came up to me and said—

"I beg a thousand pardons; but is not your name Marston?"

I said, "Yes."

"You are a first cousin of John Marston, are you not?—of John Marston, whom I used to meet at Casterton?"

I said, "Yes; that John Marston was my cousin." But I couldn't remember my man, for all that.

"You don't remember me! I met you once at old Captain Archer's, at Lashbrook, for ten minutes. My wife has come here to buy fal-lals for Charles Ravenshoe's wedding. He is going to marry my cousin. My name is George Corby. I have married Miss Ellen

Blockstrop, daughter of Admiral Blockstrop. Her elder sister married young Captain Archer of the merchant service."

I felt very faint, but I congratulated him. The way those Australians do business shames us old-country folk. To get over a heavy disappointment and be married in two months and a week is very creditable.

"We bushmen are rough fellows," he said. (His manners were really charming. I never saw them beaten.) "But you old-country fellows must excuse us. Will you give me the pleasure of your acquaintance? I am sure you must be a good fellow, for your cousin is one of the best fellows I ever knew."

"I should be delighted." And I spoke the truth.

"I will introduce you to my wife directly," he said; "but the fact is, she is just now having a row with Madame Tulle, the milliner here. My wife is a deuced economical woman, and she wants to show at the Ravenshoe wedding in a white moiré-antique, which will only cost fifty guineas, and which she says will do for an evening dress in Australia afterwards. And the Frenchwoman won't let her have it for the purpose, because she says it is incorrect. And I hope to Gad the Frenchwoman will win, because my wife will get quite as good a gown to look at for twenty guineas or so."

Squire Humby begged to be introduced. Which I did.

"I am glad, sir," he said, "that my daughters have not heard your conversation. It would have demoralised them, sir, for the rest of their lives. I hope they have not heard the argument about the fifty-guinea gown, If they have, I am a ruined man. It was one of you Australians who gave twelve hundred guineas for the bull 'Master Butterfly,' the day before yesterday?"

"Well, yes," said George Corby, "I bought the bull. He'll pay, sir, handsomely, in our part of the world."

"The devil he will," said Squire Humby. You don't know an opening for a young man of sixty-five, with a blue coat and brass buttons, who understands his business, in your part of the country, do you?"

And so on. The weddings took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. If the ghost of the little shoeblack had been hovering round the wall where he had played fives with the brass button, he might have almost heard the ceremony performed. Mary and Charles were not a handsome couple. The enthusiasm of the population was reserved for William and Jane Evans, who certainly were. It is my nature to be a Jack-of-all-trades, and so I was entrusted with old Master Evans, Jane's father, a magnificent old sea-king, whom we have met before. We two preferred to go to church quietly before the others; and he, refusing to go into a pew, found himself a place in the free seats, and made himself comfortable. So I went out into the porch, and waited till they came.

I waited till the procession had gone in; and then I found that the tail of it was composed of poor Lord Charles Herries' children, Gus, Flora, and Archy, with their nurse.

If a bachelor is worth his salt, he will make himself useful. I saw that Nurse was in distress and anxious; so I stayed with her.

Archy was really as good as gold till he met with his accident. He walked up the steps with nurse as quiet as possible. But, even at first, I began to get anxious about Gus and Flora. They were excited. Gus wouldn't walk up the steps; but he put his two heels together, and jumped up them one at a time, and Flora walked backwards, looking at him sarcastically. At the top step but one Gus stumbled; whereupon Flora said, "Goozlemy, goozlemy, goozlemy."

And Gus said, "You wait a minute, my lady, till we get into church;" after which awful speech I felt as if I was smoking in a powder magazine.

I was put into a pew with Gus, and Flora, and Archy. Nurse, in her modesty, went into the pew behind us.

I am sorry to say that these dear

children, with whom I had had no previous acquaintance, were very naughty. The ceremony began by Archy getting too near the edge of his hassock, falling off, pitching against the pew-door, bursting it open, and flying out among the free seats, head foremost. Nurse, a nimble and dexterous woman, dashed out, and caught him up, and actually got him out of the church-door before he had time to fetch his breath for a scream. Gus and Flora were left alone with me.

Flora had a great scarlet-and-gold church-service. As soon as she opened it, she disconcerted me by saying aloud, to an imaginary female friend, "My dear, there is going to be a collection, and I have left my purse on the piano."

At this time, also, Gus, seeing that the business was well begun, removed to the further end of the pew, sat down on the hassock, and took from his trousers' pocket a large tin trumpet.

I broke out all over in a cold perspiration as I looked at him. He saw my distress, and, putting it to his lips, puffed out his cheeks. Flora administered comfort to me. She said, "You are looking at that foolish boy. Perhaps he won't blow it, after all. He mayn't if you don't look at him. At all events, he probably won't blow it till the organ begins; and then it won't matter so much."

Matters were so hopeless with me that I looked at old Master Evans. He had bent down his head on to the rail of the bench before him. His beautiful daughter had been his only companion at home for many years; for his wife had died when Jane was a little bare-legged thing, who paddled in the surf. It had been a rise in life for her to marry Mr. Charles Ravenshoe's favourite pad-groom. And just now she had walked calmly and quietly up the aisle, and had stopped when she came to where he sat, and had pushed the Honiton-lace veil from her forehead, and kissed his dear old cheek: and she would walk back directly as Mrs. William Ravenshoe. And so the noble old privateer skipper had bent down, and there was nothing to be seen there, but a grey head and broad shoulders, which seemed to shake.

And so I looked up to the east end. And I saw the two couples kneeling before the clergyman. And when I, knowing everything as I did, saw Charles kneeling beside Mary Corby, with Lord Ascot, great burly, brutal giant, standing behind him, I said something which is not in the marriage service of the Church of England. After it all, to see him and her kneeling so quietly there together! We were all happy enough that day. But I don't think that any one was much happier than I. For I knew more than any one. And also, three months from that time, I married my present wife, Eliza Humby. And the affair had only been arranged two days. So I was in good spirits.

At least I should have been, if it had not been for Lord Charles Herries's children. I wish those dear children (not meaning them any harm) had been, to put it mildly, at play on the village green that blessed day.

When I looked at Gus again, he was still on the hassock, threatening propriety with his trumpet. I hoped for the best. Flora had her prayer-book open, and was playing the piano on each side of it, with her fingers. After a time she looked up at me, and said out loud—

"I suppose you have heard that Archy's cat has kittened?"

I said, "No."

"Oh, yes, it has," she said. "Archy harnessed it to his meal cart, which turns a mill, and plays music when the wheels go round; and it ran downstairs with the cart; and we heard the music playing as it went; and it kittened in the wood-basket immediately afterwards; and Alwright says she don't wonder at it; and no more do I; and the steward's-room boy is going to drown some. But you mustn't tell Archy, because, if you do, he won't say his prayers; and if he don't say his prayers, he will, &c. &c." Very emphatically, and in a loud tone of voice.

This was very charming. If I could only answer for Gus, and keep Flora

busy, it was wildly possible that we might pull through. If I had not been a madman, I should have noticed that Gus had disappeared.

He had. And the pew door had never opened, and I was utterly unconscious. Gus had crawled up, on all fours, under the seat of the pew, until he was opposite the calves of his sister's legs, against which calves—*horresco referens*—he put his trumpet and blew a long shrill blast. Flora behaved very well and courageously. She only gave one long, wild shriek, as from a lunatic in the padded cell in Bedlam, and then, hurling her prayer-book at him, she turned round and tried to kick him in the face.

This was the culminating point of my misfortunes. After this, they behaved better. I represented to them that every one was just coming out of the vestry, and that they had better fight it out in the carriage, going home. Gus only made an impertinent remark about Flora's garters, and Flora only drew a short, but trenchant, historical parallel between Gus and Judas Iscariot, when the brides and bridegrooms came down the aisle, and we all drove off to Charles's house in Eaton Square.

And so, for the first time, I saw all together, with my own eyes, the principal characters in this story. Only one was absent—Lord Saltire. I had seen him twice in my life, and once had the honour of a conversation with him. He was a man about five feet eleven, very broad shouldered, and with a very deep chest. As far as the animal part of him went, I came to the conclusion, from close and interested examination for twenty minutes, that he had, fifty or sixty years before, been a man with whom it would have been pleasanter to argue than to box. His make was magnificent. Phrenologically speaking, he had a very high square head, very flat at the sides: and, when I saw him, when he was nearly eighty, he was the handsomest old man I had ever seen. He had a florid, pure complexion. His face was without a wrinkle. His eyebrows were black, and his hair seemed to refuse to be grey. There was as much black as grey in it to the last. His eye was most extraordinary—a deep blue-grey. I can look a man as straight in the face as any one; but, when Lord Saltire turned those eyes on me three or four times in the course of our interview, I felt that it was an effort to meet them. I felt that I was in the presence of a man of superior vitality to my own. We were having a talk about matters connected with Charles Ravenshoe, which I have not mentioned, because I want to keep myself, William Marston, as much out of this story as possible. And, whenever this terrible old man looked at me, asking a question, I felt my eyebrows drawing together, and knew that I was looking *defiantly* at him. He was the most extraordinary man I ever met. He never took office after he was forty. He played with politics. He was in heart, I believe (no one knows), an advanced Whig. He chose to call himself a Tory. He played the Radical game very deep, early in life; and, I think, he got disgusted with party politics. The last thing the old Radical atheist did in public life was to rally up to the side of the Duke in opposition to the Reform Bill. And another fact about him is, that he had always a strong personal affection for Sir Francis.

He was a man of contradictions, if one judges a man by Whig and Tory rules; but he was a great loss to the public business of the country. He might have done almost anything in public life with his calm clear brain. My cousin John thinks that Lord Barkham's death was the cause of his retirement.

So much about Lord Saltire. Of the other characters mentioned in this story I will speak at once, just as I saw them sitting round the table at Charles and William Ravenshoe's wedding.

I sat beside Eliza Humby. She was infinitely the most beautiful, clever, and amiable being that the world ever produced. (But that is my business, not yours.) Charles Ravenshoe sat at the head of the table, and I will leave

him alone for a minute. I will give you my impressions of the other characters in this story, as they appeared to me.

Mary was a very charming-looking little person indeed, very short, and with small features. I had never seen her before, and had never heard any one say that she was pretty. I thought her very pretty indeed.

Jane Evans was an exceedingly beautiful Devonshire girl. My eye did not rest very long on her. It came down the table to William, and there it stopped.

I got Eliza Humby to speak to him, and engage him in conversation while I looked at him. I wanted to see whether there was anything remarkable in his face, for a more remarkable instance of disinterested goodwill than his determining to find Charles and ruin himself I never happened to have heard of.

Well, he was very handsome and pleasing, with a square determined look about the mouth, such as men brought up among horses generally have. But I couldn't understand it; and so I spoke to him across Lizzy, and I said, casting good manners to the winds, "I should think that the only thing you regretted to-day was that you had not been alongside of Charles at Balaclava;" and then I understood it—for, when I mentioned Charles and Balaclava, I saw for one instant not a groom but a poet. Although, being a respectable well-conducted man, he has never written any poetry, and probably never will.

Then I looked across the table at Lady Ascot. They say that she was never handsome. I can quite believe that. She was a beautiful old woman certainly, but then all old women are beautiful. Her face was very square; and one could see that it was capable of very violent passion, or could, knowing what one did, guess so. Otherwise there was nothing very remarkable about her, except that she was a remarkably charming old lady. She was talking to General Mainwaring, who was a noble-looking old soldier.

Nothing more. In fact, the whole group were less remarkable and tragical-looking than I thought they would have been. I was disappointed, until I came to Lord Ascot, and then I could not take my eyes off him.

There was tragedy enough there. There was coarse brutality and passion enough, in all conscience. And yet that man had done what he had done! Here was a puzzle with a vengeance.

Lord Ascot, as I saw him now, for the first time, was simply a low-bred and repulsive-looking man. In stature he was gigantic, in every respect save height. He was about five feet nine, very deep about the chest. His hair was rather dark, cut close. His face was very florid, and perfectly hairless. His forehead was low. His eyes were small, and close together. His eyebrows were heavy and met over his nose, which was short and square. His mouth was large; and when you came to his mouth, you came to the first tolerable feature in his face. When he was speaking to no one in particular, the under lip was set; and the whole face, I am very sorry to say, was the sort of face which is quite as often seen in the dock as in the witness box (unless some gentleman has turned Queen's evidence). And this was the man who had risked a duke's fortune, because "There were some things a fellow couldn't do, you know."

It was very puzzling till he began to speak to his grandmother; and then his lower lip pouted out, his eyebrows raised, his eyes went apart, and he looked a different man. Is it possible that, if he had not been brought up to cock-fighting and horse-racing, among prize-fighters and jockeys, he might have been a different man? I can't say, I am sure.

Lord and Lady Hainault were simply a very high-bred, very handsome, and very charming pair of people. I never had the slightest personal acquaintance with either of them. My cousin knows them both very intimately, and he says there are not two better people in the world.

Charles Ravenshoe rose to reply to

General Mainwaring's speech proposing the brides and bridegrooms, and I looked at him very curiously. He was pale, from his recent illness, and he never was handsome. But his face was the face of a man whom I should fancy most people would get very fond of. When we were schoolfellows at Shrewsbury, he was a tall dark-haired boy, who was always laughing and kicking up a row, and giving his things away to other fellows. Now he was a tall, dark, melancholy-looking man, with great eyes, and lofty eyebrows. His vivacity, and that carriage which comes from the possession of great physical strength, were gone; and, while I looked at him, I felt ten years older. Why should I try to describe him further? He is not so remarkable a man as either Lord Ascot or William. But he was the best man I ever knew.

He said a few kind hearty words and sat down; and then Lord Ascot got up. And I took hold of Lizzie's hand with my left; and I put my right elbow on the table and watched him intensely, with my hand shading my face. He had a coat buttoned over his great chest; and, as he spoke, he kept on buttoning and unbuttoning it with his great coarse hand. He said—

"I ain't much hand at this sort of thing. I suppose those two Marstons, confound them, are saying to themselves that I ought to be, because I am in the House of Lords. That John Marston is a most impudent beggar, and I shall expect to see his friend tomorrow morning. He always was, you know. He has thwarted me all through my life. I wanted Charles Ravenshoe to go to the deuce, and I'll be hanged if he'd let him. And it is not to be borne."

There was a general laugh at this, and Lord Ascot stretched his hand across General Mainwaring, and shook hands with my cousin.

"You men just go out of the room, will you?" (The servants departed, and Lord Ascot went to the door to see they were not listening. I thought some revelation was coming, but I was mistaken). "You see I am obliged to notice strangers, because a fellow may say things among old friends which he don't exactly care to before servants.

"It is all very well to say I'm a fool. That is very likely, and may be taken for granted. But I am not such a fool as not to know that a very strong prejudice exists against me in the present society."

Every one cried out, "No! no!" Of all the great wedding breakfasts that season, this was certainly the most remarkable. Lord Ascot went on. He was getting the savage look on his face now.

"Well, well! let that pass. Look at that man at the head of the table—the bridegroom. Look at him. You wonder that I did what I did. I'll tell you why. I love that fellow. He is what I call a man, General Mainwaring. I met that fellow at Twyford years ago, and he has always been the same to me since. You say I served him badly once. That is true enough. You insulted me once in public about it, Hainault. You were quite right. Say you, I should not talk about it to-day. But, when we come to think how near death's gates some of us have been since then, you will allow that this wedding-day has something very solemn about it.

"My poor wife has broken her back across that infernal gate, and so she could not come. I must ask you all to think kindly of that wife of mine. You have all been very kind to her since her awful accident. She has asked me to thank you.

"I rose to propose a toast, and I have been carried away by a personal statement, which, at every other wedding breakfast I ever heard of, it would be a breach of good manners to make. It is not so on this occasion. Terrible things have befallen every one of us here present. And I suppose we must try all of us to—hey!—to—hah!—well, to do better in future.

"I rose, I said, to propose a toast. I rose to propose the most blameless and excellent woman I ever knew. I propose that we drink the health of my grandmother, Lady Ascot."

And oh! but we leapt to our feet and drank it. Manners to the winds, after what we had gone through. There was that solemn creature, Lord Hainault, with his champagne glass in his hand, behaving like a schoolboy, and giving us the time. And then, when her dear grey head was bent down over the table buried in her hands, my present father-in-law, Squire Humby, leapt to his feet like a young giant, and called out for three times three for Lord Ascot. And we had breath enough left to do that handsomely, I warrant you. The whole thing was incorrect in the highest degree, but we did it. And I don't know that any of us were ashamed of it afterwards.

And, while the carriages were getting ready, Charles said, Would we walk across the square. And we all came with him. And he took us to a piece of dead white wall, at the east-end of St. Peter's Church, opposite the cab-stand. And then he told us the story of the little shoeblack, and how his comical friendship for that boy had saved him from what it would not do to talk about.

* * *

But there is a cloud on Charles Ravenshoe's face even now. I saw him last summer lying on the sand, and playing with his eldest boy. And the cloud was on him then. There was no moroseness, no hardness in the expression; but the face was not the merry old face I knew so well at Shrewsbury and Oxford. There is a dull, settled, dreaming melancholy there still. The memory of those few terrible months has cast its shadow upon him. And the shadow will lie, I fancy, upon that forehead, and will dim those eyes, until the forehead is smoothed in the sleep of death, and the eyes have opened to look upon eternity!

Good-bye.

## LEIGH HUNT'S POETRY.

The public, since it came to be a reading public, has grown familiar with the idea that the courts critical have no better claim to infallibility than any other human tribunal. They are happier, however, than more authoritative judicatories in this, that their sentences are not so completely irrevocable. Often the best critics of one generation find their greatest pride and pleasure in paying homage to writers whose early claims to honour the best critics of the preceding generation rejected with contempt. We have seen many instances in our own day of this kind of reaction, but none more conspicuous than in the case of the poets whom the givers of reputation forty years ago, classifying several men of very dissimilar character and genius together, so wickedly nicknamed "The Cockney School." All readers of poetry now know that there are not more than one or two English poets greater than Keats; and Leigh Hunt, also, we are glad to see, has at length taken his place among the acknowledged worthies of English literature.

Since, of all poets, Leigh Hunt is the one whom it is most essential to approach with sympathy, we should probably have attempted to reach the true point of view by glancing, in the first place, at the life and character of the man, if accident had not enabled us to accomplish that object much more effectually. Fortunately, there have fallen into our hands certain documents, in which a great writer speaks of Leigh Hunt in a tone so warm, and yet so discriminating, that no greater service can be done to his memory than by their publication. With all respect therefore for private papers, we do not scruple—"if not with leave given, then with leave taken"—to print them here. It must, as we conjecture, be about fifteen years since Mr. Carlyle wrote the following:—

## MEMORANDA

### CONCERNING MR. LEIGH HUNT.

"1. That Mr. Hunt is a man of the most indisputedly superior worth ; a *Man of Genius* in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies ; of brilliant varied gifts, of graceful fertility, of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness ; of childlike open character ; also of most pure and even exemplary private deportment ; a man who can be other than *loved* only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium.

"2. That, well seen into, he *has* done much for the world ;—as every man possessed of such qualities, and freely speaking them forth in the abundance of his heart for thirty years long, must needs do : *how* much, they that could judge best would perhaps estimate highest.

"3. That, for one thing, his services in the cause of reform, as Founder and long as Editor of the *Examiner Newspaper*, as Poet, Essayist, Public Teacher in all ways open to him, are great and evident : few now living in this kingdom perhaps could boast of greater.

"4. That his sufferings in that same cause have also been great ; legal Prosecution and Penalty (not dishonourable to him ; nay honourable, were the whole truth known, as it will one day be) : unlegal obloquy and calumny through the Tory Press ;—perhaps a greater quantity of baseness, persevering, implacable calumny, than any other living writer has undergone. Which long course of hostility (nearly the cruellest conceivable, had it not been carried on in half, or almost total misconception) may be regarded as the beginning of his other worst distresses, and a main cause of them down to this day.

"5. That he is heavily laden with domestic burdens, more heavily than most men, and his economical resources are gone from him. For the last twelve years he has toiled continually, with passionate diligence, with the cheerfullest spirit ; refusing no task ; yet hardly able with all this to provide for the day that was passing over him : and now, after some two years of incessant effort in a new enterprise (*The London Journal*) that seemed of good promise, it also has suddenly broken down ; and he remains in weak health, age creeping on him, without employment, means, or outlook, in a situation of the painfullest sort. Neither do his distresses, nor did they at any time, arise from wastefulness, or the like, on his own part (he is a man of humble wishes, and can live with dignity on little) ; but from crosses of what is called Fortune, from injustice of other men, from inexperience of his own, and a guileless trustfulness of nature : the thing and things that have made him unsuccessful make him in reality *more* lovable, and plead for him in the minds of the candid.

"6. That such a man is rare in a Nation, and of high value there ; not to be *procured* for a whole Nation's Revenue, or recovered when taken from us : and some 200*l.* a year is the price which this one, whom we now have, is valued at ; with that sum he were lifted above his perplexities, perhaps saved from nameless wretchedness ! It is believed that, in hardly any other way, could 200*l.* abolish as much suffering, create as much benefit, to one man, and through him to many and all.

"Were these things set fitly before an English Minister, in whom great part of England recognises (with surprise at such a novelty) a man of insight, fidelity, and decision, is it not probable or possible that he, though from a quite opposite point of view, might see them in somewhat of a similar light ; and, so seeing, determine to do in consequence? *Ut fiat !*

"T. C."

Some years later, in the "mellow evening" of a life that had been so stormy, Mr. Leigh Hunt himself told the story of his struggles, his victories, and his defeats, with so singularly graceful a frankness that the most supercilious of critics could not but acknowledge that here was an autobiographer whom it was possible to like. Here is Mr. Carlyle's estimate of Hunt's Autobiography :—

*Chelsea*, 17 *June*, 1850.

"Dear Hunt,—I have just finished your Autobiography, which has been most pleasantly occupying all my leisure these three days ; and you must permit me to write you a word upon it, out of the fulness of the heart, while the impulse is still fresh to thank you. This good book, in every sense one of the best I have read this long while, has awakened many old thoughts which never were extinct, or even properly asleep, but which (like so much else) have had to fall silent amid the tempests of an evil time—Heaven mend it ! A word from me once more, I know, will not be unwelcome, while the world is talking of you.

"Well, I call this an excellent good book, by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have read in the English language ; and indeed, except it be Boswell's of Johnson, I do not know where we have such a picture drawn of a human life as in these three volumes.

"A pious, ingenious, altogether human and worthy book ; imaging, with graceful honesty and free felicity, many interesting objects and persons on your life-path, and imaging throughout, what is best of all, a gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul, as it buffets its way through the billows of time, and will not drown though often in danger ; cannot *be* drowned, but conquers and leaves a track of radiance behind it : that, I think, comes out more clearly to me than in any other of your books ;—and that, I can venture to assure you, is the best of all results to readers in a book

of written record. In fact, this book has been like a written exercise of devotion to me; I have not assisted at any sermon, liturgy or litany, this long while, that has had so religious an effect on me. Thanks in the name of all men. And believe, along with me, that this book will be welcome to other generations as well as ours. And long may you live to write more books for us; and may the evening sun be softer on you (and on me) than the noon sometimes was!

"Adieu, dear Hunt (you must let me use this familiarity, for I am now an old fellow too, as well as you). I have often thought of coming up to see you once more; and perhaps I shall, one of these days (though there are such lions in the path, go whitherward one may): but, whether I do or not, believe for ever in my regard. And so, God bless you,

Prays heartily,

"T. Carlyle."

That which Mr. Carlyle tells his friend comes out more clearly in the Autobiography than in his other books, is perhaps less apparent in the poetry than in any of the rest. It is not the struggles of a valiant soul so much as the enjoyment of a singularly happy one, that we are to look for in Leigh Hunt's poems. He quotes, somewhere, with approbation, from Coleridge or from Charles Lamb—we do not ourselves remember to have met with it in either—a definition of poetry as "geniality singing." We are not quite sure that this phrase is fully descriptive of all poetry: one hardly conceives of the Inferno as "geniality singing;" but, at all events, it is singularly applicable to his own. That is nothing so much as the musical expression of his own sympathy with the beauty and harmony of the world. But he has himself described most felicitously the kind of feeling which it most frequently expresses, in some verses, called "Sudden Fine Weather":—

"Where Spring has been delayed by winds and rains,
And, coming with a burst, comes like a show,
Blue all above, and basking green below,
And all the people culling the sweet prime,
Then issues forth the bee to clutch the thyme,
And the bee-poet rushes into rhyme.
For lo! no sooner has the cold withdrawn,
Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn:
The merry sap has run up in the bowers,
And burst the windows of the buds in flowers;
With songs the bosoms of the birds run o'er,
The cuckoo calls, the swallow's at the door,
And apple-trees, at noon with bees alive,
Burn with the golden chorus of the hive.
Now all these sights, these sounds, this vernal blaze,
Is but one joy, expressed a thousand ways:
And honey from the flowers, and song from birds,
Are from the poet's pen his overflowing words."

No other words could at once describe and illustrate so happily as those sweet and flowing verses, the gaiety of heart, which, after all, was Hunt's best inspiration. His distinguishing characteristic among modern English poets is his animal spirits. There is a great deal of feeling in his poetry, and the feeling is not always gay; but its principal motive is the thorough enjoyment of all sorts of beautiful sights and sounds, and of some sorts of beautiful actions. And, if this should seem to imply a somewhat limited range of poetical power, we ought to remember that the inspiration of some of the greatest singers of the world, the Homers and Chaucers, might be described in very much the same words. To express enjoyment is not the highest function of poetry; but the feeling of enjoyment has been the creative impulse which has produced much of the poetry which all the world agrees to call the highest. We do not rank Leigh Hunt among the greatest poets, even of the second order; but in this respect he bears a closer resemblance than any of them to the great poets of the first.

Hunt himself frequently shows an inclination to claim kindred with such poets of the highest order as Chaucer and Shakespeare—though he does so with all due modesty and reverence—by virtue of his possession of a quality which we are not quite so willing to concede. The characteristic of great poets, which he is most anxious to attain for himself, and inculcate the desire of on others, is their *universality:* meaning by this word, not the universality of genius, which enables them there to represent all the varieties of human nature; but the universality of the heart, which enables them to feel

for, and make allowance for all. But unluckily, in his anxiety to be universal, he shuts out from the range of his sympathies the very efforts of thought and struggles of nature, by which alone less happily-constituted men are able to attain to so comprehensive a humanity, if they can attain to it at all. It is curious to remark, when he is discussing this favourite theme, that almost the only persons he excludes from his easy tolerance are those whose reflective and spiritual capacities are greater than their sensibilities for beauty. The constitution of his own nature was precisely the reverse. He is not, indeed, except in dealing with some very great questions, superficial. He is too tender, loving, and pious to be called so, in general; but it is impossible not to see that it is owing to his ignorance, and not his experience, of the compass of our nature, that he supposes himself to be taking a more wide and generous view of man and his destinies than that of others, who all the while may be yearning for a higher universality than is dreamt of in his kindly philosophy. Even in poetry, he never finds his way to the deepest and most sacred springs of emotion; and, when these are touched by other more serious, if not sadder hands, he is far more inclined to blame than to admire the melancholy which brings the depths of our nature within our knowledge. He is angry with Wordsworth, for example, because he feels too heavily the burdens of the world. It seems to him that a poet should enjoy things more. The muse should have a more thorough and perfect sympathy with our pleasures and her own; and, if Urania descends from heaven, it ought to be to give vent to her animal spirits on earth; "otherwise, "she is wanting," says Leigh Hunt, "in universality." And, if universality is synonymous with cheerfulness, it is, of course, undeniable that the only way of attaining that virtue is to be happy, and enjoy this rich, sunny, beautiful, and musical world. But, if this word implies a more comprehensive habit of thought than is common with the mass of men, then to talk of mere cheerfulness as the highest result and object of a wide experience of human life, is surely as far from universality as the most splenetic peevishness could possibly be. It may be cheerful, but it certainly is not, in this sense, universal, to imagine John Knox dancing with the queen's Maries, and sigh for the contrast between that pretty picture and the actual portrait of the stern preacher, schooling the nobles and sovereign of the realm. And what are we to think of the universality of the writer who can talk of Christian flying from the City of Destruction, as if he were a cowardly, ungenerous fellow, who took care of himself alone, and left his wife and children in the lurch? The truth is, that when Hunt was driven to confront the great problems of human existence, it was simply because his "universality" failed him that his cheerfulness remained as triumphant as ever. The first editor of the *Examiner* cannot be supposed to have seen no cause for lamentation in the actual condition of things in this world; but, however individual distresses, or the general miseries of mankind, might move his benevolence, they did not in the least affect his kindly and pleasant conviction that there was going to be a new world soon, when everything would assuredly come right. There was a certain degree of vagueness about this doctrine; but a great deal of love and goodwill: and it had sustained himself so thoroughly, under all the troubles which vexed his career, that he could not understand why it should not be an equally sufficient answer to the doubts and difficulties of other men. His heart did not sink under feelings which have embittered the souls of many poets, and purified and exalted many more, because it had scarcely been touched by them at all. He had no very deep comprehension either of the purely intellectual, or of the purely spiritual side of our nature; and, therefore, he proposed to soothe their deepest wounds by gentle and pleasant emotions. He had little patience for a more pro-

foundly reflective, or a deeper religious nature than his own. The endless speculations of the philosophic Coleridge he took to be mere mental luxury, and idle dreaming.

It is evident that such a poet's writings will not be very deeply coloured by the more abstruse thought of his age. The reader, therefore, must not expect to find in Leigh Hunt, either the transcendental subtlety and somewhat melancholy introspection by which some of his contemporaries are characterised, or the deep philosophical spirit of meditation which has made some others the best and highest guides and teachers of their day and our own. We do not call him an unthinking person. If he were so, it would hardly be worth our while to examine the merits of his poetry at all; but it is undeniable that the natural bent of his mind led him to see what was emotional, far more clearly and readily than what was, strictly speaking, intellectual, in any subject of his contemplation. This is very like saying that he was a poet; but while all poetry occupies itself with the emotions of men rather than with their thoughts, the highest is concerned as often and intimately with the emotions that are mingled with thought or passion, as with those that are mingled with sentiment. Leigh Hunt, on the other hand, generally neglects both the passionate and reflective emotions for the sentimental. But, although he leaves the deepest part of our nature untouched by any verse of his, he still remains a genuine poet. He has a thorough poetic insight into that part of the human mind with which he deals. His own feeling is that of a singularly genuine and healthy mind, if not a very deep-rooted one; and his delicacy of touch in expounding that of others is exquisite. His sympathy, indeed, with the most intricate workings of *feeling* is so true, and so admirably does he often penetrate to the source in human nature of its complexities, as almost to atone for his deficiency in fervour of passion.

If a poet abandons the vigorous outward life of the world for the delineation of an inward and spiritual life, he must be content with a comparatively small band of admirers; for he will find them only among those who are not altogether incapable of reflection. If, like Leigh Hunt, he chooses delicate feeling for his province, he necessarily limits his audience still more narrowly. It was one of the earliest achievements of criticism, to trace the pleasure which the imitative arts produce in the representation of what the spectator is conscious of as actually or possibly existing on himself. It is clear, therefore, that, the more universal the emotion with which a poet is dealing, the more general is likely to be the appreciation of his work. But the readers are rare indeed, who are able to perceive, in their own bosoms, the kind of sentiment which Leigh Hunt delineates most fondly, and most successfully. It is curious, for example, to compare Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Bloody Vest* with Hunt's treatment of the same theme in the *Gentle Armour*. Our readers will probably remember that the subject is one of those strange fantastic feats of chivalry which to a sensible common-place period are quite unintelligible. Sir Walter does not try to interest his readers by giving any modern colouring to the motive: but thews, and sinews, and fighting are universal. He knows better than any one since Homer how to make these effective; and then he throws himself and us so thoroughly into the character of the time and the story, that we have no temptation to think of anything that is fantastic in the nature of the theme. Certainly it never occurred to Sir Walter, in his gallant chivalrous sympathy for a "good lance," to regret that the cultivation of brute force should be uppermost in his lay, or to be shocked at the disposition of his princess, who could speculate on such a tribute to her vanity. But these are precisely the points in the story which offend Leigh Hunt. In order to avoid them, he gives a different "turn to the incidents and a new colour to the sentiment." Leigh Hunt's knight is loyal and brave, and his lady-love is beautiful and good. The lady

has a cousin, who possesses the former of these qualities, but not the latter. This cousin has been "blazoned for what "indeed she was, by a young lord "over his hippocras," and is so unfortunate as to fail in persuading her kindred to avenge the insult. The lady applies to her knight, and entreats him to chastise the slanderer; but he, unluckily, is a great deal too truthful to draw sword in any cause but a good one. He gives his beloved to understand that, since he believes the charge against her relation to be true, it is impossible for him, with any regard for his own veracity, to challenge the accuser as if it were false; and, with many sighs, and prayers for a good construction of his conduct, he is forced to decline the combat. The lady does not appreciate such nicety as this, accuses him of cowardice, and, with great grief and humiliation, contemptuously dismisses him. Both of them of course are properly miserable. The slanderous young lord is equally unable to understand the matter; and at length begins to talk of one cousin almost as disrespectfully as of the other. The knight hears this new scandal with anger, but with anger not unmingled with joy. He is now able to fight, for he is not fighting for a lie; he challenges the young lord, and implores his lady's pardon, and a token of her grace. She is still contemptuous, and sends him in return no word or sign, but a packet, which he finds, on opening it, to contain—a shift. This he wears instead of armour at the tournament that follows; he performs prodigies of valour, slays three antagonists, and is wounded almost to death: the lady tends and restores him; and, at length, by no ungenerous command of her lover, but from the sweetness and nobleness of her own nature, she wears, in a self-imposed penance, the tattered shift for her bridal dress.

Now the sentiment of all this is true, and, as we have already said, it is delicately and skilfully evolved: but it is curious and subtle; mankind are not generally moved by considerations so nice; and we suspect that neither the courage and truth of our knight, nor the delicate generosity of the lady, are likely to find much sympathy, or, indeed, any perfect comprehension in the coarser natures of most readers. The *Gentle Armour*, it is right to add, is not among the best of Hunt's poems; but it illustrates, aptly enough, his habit, in treating such themes, of approaching human nature on the side that will seem to the generality of men the least interesting and the least effective.

A still more striking example of the same turn of mind is to be found in the most widely known, and most ambitious, though not the most successful of Hunt's poems—the *Story of Rimini*. A poet's success or failure must be estimated by his own aim, and not by another's. It is no blame to Hunt that he has not attained what it was not his object to attempt. Even when he takes a subject from the Inferno, it is no blame to Hunt that he is not Dante. If he is careless of the one precept—*semper ad eventum festina*—which no tale-teller in verse or prose can ever disregard with impunity; if he now and then forgets his story altogether, for the sake of a pretty description; if he perpetually withdraws our minds from his lovely, miserable, betrayed bride, to the pleasant man of letters who is talking about her; it is fair criticism to point out these faults, and to condemn them. But if, in dealing with a story such as this, he elicits the sentiment of the theme only, and does not seek to pourtray the passion, that is a characteristic of his manner: it is not a blemish. It is true that he has little of that dramatic intensity which is almost inseparable from our associations even with the title of his poem—so little, that he actually pauses in the very height of his catastrophe to explain to us why he keeps the most terrible circumstances of the tragedy out of sight. Nay, it is true that any one who would weep or tremble at the story of Francesca must hear her tell it herself in the Second Circle. No reader of Leigh Hunt will swoon for very grief, or fall down even as a dead body falls.

But he has merits of a different kind, that are not less admirable; and only dulness of sensibility can hide them from the readers of the *Story of Rimini*. His treatment of the old triad—husband, wife, and lover—is original and touching: no other writer has disposed or coloured that time-honoured group in precisely the same way; and, if more powerful pictures have occasionally been produced from similar materials, there is none more graceful or tenderly melancholy. We are interested in Francesca, not merely by the influence of her own charms and sweetness in contrast with the hideousness and harshness of her lord, but by the miserable wrong she suffers from at the opening of the tale. There is no use in asking how far the moral aspect of the threefold group we have just mentioned is affected in this way. The important thing is, that the reader's sympathy is enlisted from the first in Francesca's favour. The elaborate cunning with which she is snared into an unhappy marriage disarms the severest moralist; and her grace, and gentleness, and sensibility, her resignation, and sense of injury and wounded pride, are combined so skilfully, and the growth of the fatal love so delicately indicated, that even when the mention of Launcelot, and the famous "That day they read no more," remind us for the first time of the great and unapproachable original, the only reflection that dangerous memory brings with it excludes at once all idea of comparison. For this is a different Francesca, we are fain to assure ourselves, from her who wails in those dolorous regions where Helen, and Semiramis, and Cleopatra, are scourged for ever by black winds, and where Dante listened with such pity to her tale. But the portrait of Francesca, beautiful as it is, is not more successful, certainly not more characteristic, than that of her husband. Much as we may admire them, we cannot be surprised at the fine and ethereal lineaments of the heroine. This is what any poet would have aimed at producing. But none but Leigh Hunt would have thought of touching springs of character that are equally delicate in the violent and unlovely assassin. No less sensitive intelligence than his could possibly have detected the features out of which he constructs the character of Giovanni.

"Not without virtues was the Prince. Who is?
But all were marred by moods and tyrannies.
Brave, decent, splendid, faithful to his word,
Late watching, busy with the first that stirred,
Yet rude, sarcastic, ever in the vein
To give the last thing he would suffer—pain,
He made his rank serve meanly to his gall,
And thought his least good word a salve for all.
Virtues in him of no such marvellous weight
Claimed towards themselves the exercise of great.
He kept no reck'ning with his sweets and sours—
He'd hold a sullen countenance for hours,
And then, if pleased to cheer himself a space,
Look for th' immediate rapture in your face,
And wonder that a cloud could still be there,
How small soever, when his own was fair.
Yet such is conscience, so designed to keep
Stern central watch though fancied fast asleep,
And so much knowledge of one's self there lies
Cored, after all, in our complacencies,
That no suspicion touched his temper more
Than that of wanting on the generous score:
He overwhelmed it with a weight of scorn,
Was proud at eve, inflexible at morn,
In sport ungenerous for a week to come,
And all to strike that desperate error dumb.
Taste had he, in a word, for high-turned merit,
But not the patience, or the genial spirit;
And so he made, twixt daring and defect,
A sort of fierce demand on your respect,
Which, if assisted by his high degree
It gave him in some eyes a dignity,
And struck a meaner deference in the small,
Left him at last unloveable with all."

The sensibility to all that is refined in human feeling and character, rather than to what is strong and passionate, which shows itself so curiously in thus assigning the worst qualities of this villain to those more delicate regions of human nature which were most comprehensible to himself, betrayed itself not quite so happily in the original catastrophe of his poem. The prince, whose worst wickedness is made to spring from an entire want of generous feeling, be-

comes generous, courteous, and noble in his revenge, and pronounces, with great feeling, over the corpse of the brother he has just slain, a very beautiful and touching parody of the lamentation of Sir Bors over Sir Lancelot. No doubt this is very pretty; but it is false to his own view of the character: and, even if it were otherwise, the attempt to treat murderous frenzy with grace and elegance is hopelessly feeble. The catastrophe, as it now stands, is Dante's, and it is true; and even the grace and elegance are not altogether wanting, when, passing beyond the actual murder, we come to the pathetic conclusion of the whole. Here, these qualities are in their place, and therefore they are touching. Nothing of this nature is finer or more pathetic than the sad procession with which the poem closes, when the two lovers, borne on one bier, "towards Ravenna hold their silent road" through the dreary autumn weather — their company a melancholy remnant of the sprightly and glittering train which had followed them in that other procession, so different in its splendour, and so like in its misery, with which the poem begins. But this is only the external manifestation of the true tragic irony which redeems the *Story of Rimini* from the charge of being merely a pretty poem. The piteous contrast between the rejoicings with which the old man, Francesca's father, celebrates the triumph of his policy, and the terrible calamity that policy has brought upon himself and his child, springs from a true feeling of what is deepest and saddest in the course of human things—the blindness and presumption of men and the mockery of fate.

But, after all, it is not on the *Story of Rimini* that we rest Hunt's claims to the bay. A judicious admirer is certain to talk and think with far more affectionate familiarity of *Abou Ben Adhem*, *Godiva*, *Jaffaar*, and the like. These poems, in the first place, are comparatively free from small faults and petty mannerisms; but that is a trivial advantage. They are the fruit of a riper intellect, a wider knowledge, and a deeper humanity, and are remarkable also for a manly simplicity which is rare in modern poetry, and not very common in Leigh Hunt. *Abou Ben Adhem* is fresh for ever in the memory of all who have once read it. *Godiva* it may appear rash to quote; for Godiva has been treated by Tennyson, and it is dangerous to place Hunt's workmanship by the side of his. In the present case, however, we think that the comparison is by no means disadvantageous to the inferior poet. It is certain that Hunt himself had some such impression. In writing to the friend to whom his own poem is dedicated, he says, after praising "The Lord of Burleigh," that Mr. Tennyson has not, as he conceives, been so successful with the subject of Godiva. "*That*, I conceive—with wonderful error for so true a poet—he mistook the spirit of, substituting indeed the gross letter instead, and parading the naked body. And, as one mistake brings another, he violated even the most obvious probability and matter-of-fact, making poor Godiva absolutely come naked down the stairs of her own house, and sneak, without any necessity, from pillar to post in consequence, when it is clear that she would have done as anybody would do in like circumstances, or as she herself does when she goes to bathe, keep herself wrapped in something till the last moment. Pardon this most involuntary difference with a fine writer, and accept my little inscription." We do not agree in this criticism. It seems to Hunt that Tennyson and his readers are most perversely imitating Peeping Tom in this case, and misusing the faculty of vision. We do not think so. We dare affirm that no picture more touching, or appealing more purely to the imagination, has been painted even by Mr. Tennyson. Nevertheless, we do not fear to print the following beautiful lines, even with Tennyson fresh in our memory:—

## GODIVA.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN HUNTER.

"John Hunter, friend of Leigh Hunt's verse,
and lover of all duty,
Hear how the boldest naked deed rises clothed
in saintliest beauty.

"Earl Lefric by his hasty oath must solemnly
abide;
He thought to put a hopeless bar, and finds
it turned aside;
His lady, to remove the toll that makes the
land forlorn,
Will surely ride through Coventry naked as
she was born.
She said, 'The people will be kind; they
love a gentle deed:
They piously will turn from me, nor shame
a friend in need.'

"Earl Lefric, half in holy dread, and half in
loving care,
Hath bade the people all keep close in peni-
tence and prayer.
The windows are fast boarded up, nor hath
a sound been heard
Since yester eve, save household dog, or latest
summer bird.
Only Saint Mary's bell begins at intervals
to go,
Which is to last till all be past, to let obe-
dience know.

"The mass is said; the priest hath blessed
the lady's pious will:
Then down the stairs she comes undressed,
but in a mantle still.
Her ladies are about her close, like mist
about a star;
She speaks some little cheerful words, but
knows not what they are.
The door is passed; the saddle pressed; her
body feels the air;
Then down they let, from out its net, her
locks of piteous hair.

"Oh, then how every listener feels the pal-
frey's foot that bears!
The rudest are awed suddenly, the soft and
brave in tears;
The poorest that were most in need of what
the lady did,
Deem her a blessed creature, born to rescue
men forbid.
He that had said they would have died for
her beloved sake,
Had rated low the thanks of woe. Death
frights not old heart-ache.

"Sweet saint! no shameless brow was hers
who could not bear to see,
For thinking of her happier lot, the pine of
poverty.
No unaccustomed deed she did, in scorn of
custom's self,
She that but wished the daily bread upon
the poor man's shelf.
Naked she went to clothe the naked. New
she was and bold,
Only because she held the laws which Mercy
preached of old.

"They say she blushed to be beheld e'en of
her ladies' eyes;
Then took her way with downward look and
brief bewildered sighs.
A downward look; a beating heart; a sense
of the new, vast,
Wide, open, naked world, and yet of every
door she passed,
A prayer, a tear, a constant mind, a listening
ear that glowed,
These we may dare to fancy there on that
religious road.

"But who shall blind his heart with more?
Who dare, with lavish guess,
Refuse the grace she hoped of us in her
divine distress?
In fancy still she holds her way, for ever
pacing on,
The sight unseen, the guiltless Eve, the
shame unbreathed upon;
The step that upon Duty's ear is growing
more and more,
Though yet, alas! it has to pass by many
a scorner's door."

From some other poems, quite as remarkable for nobility of thought, and power, and grace of expression, we select one inscribed to Mr. Forster:—

## THE INEVITABLE.

"The royal sage, Lord of the Magic Ring,
Solomon, once upon a morn in spring,
By Cedron, in his garden's rosiest walk,
Was pacing with a pleasant guest in talk,
When they beheld, approaching, but with
face
Yet undiscerned, a stranger in the place.

"How he came there, what wanted, who
could be,
How dare, unushered, beard such privacy,
Whether 't was some great spirit of the
Ring,
And if so, why he so should daunt the King
(For the Ring's master, after one sharp gaze,
Stood waiting, more in trouble than amaze)
All this the courtier would have asked; but
fear
Palsied his utterance as the man drew near.

"The stranger seemed (to judge him by his
dress)
One of mean sort, a dweller with distress;
Or some poor pilgrim; but the steps he took
Belied it with strange greatness: and his
look
Opened a page in a tremendous book.

"He wore a cowl, from under which there shone
Full on the guest, and on the guest alone,
A face, not of this earth, half veiled in gloom
And radiance, but with eyes like lamps of doom,
Which, ever as they came, before them sent
Rebuke, and staggering, and astonishment,
With sense of change, and worse of change to be,
Sore sighing and extreme anxiety,
And feebleness, and faintness, and moist brow,
The past a scoff, the future crying 'How?'
All that makes wet the pores, and lifts the hair,
All that makes dying vehemence despair,
Knowing it must be dragged it knows not where.

"Th' excess of fear and anguish, which had tied
The courtier's tongue, now loosed it, and he cried,
'O royal master! sage! Lord of the Ring!
I cannot bear the horror of this thing;
Help with thy mighty art. Wish me, I pray,
On the remotest mountain of Cathay.'

"Solomon wished, and the man vanished. Straight
Up comes the Terror, with his orbs of fate.
'Solomon,' with a lofty voice said he,
'How came that man here—wasting time with thee?
I was to fetch him, ere the close of day,
From the remotest mountain of Cathay.'

"Solomon said, bowing him to the ground,
'Angel of Death, there will the man be found.'"

The other poems we have alluded to as peculiar are, of all he has written, the most unalloyed with imperfection. Hunt appears to have united two gifts which are rarely, we suspect, possessed in common; for he had what is called a fine ear for music, as well as a fine ear for the harmonies of words and verses. The result is that his poems of which music is the subject are not, perhaps, unrivalled—for the wonderful "Music's Duel," of Crashaw, is worthy to be named with them—but, at all events, unsurpassed in the force and reality with which they express the variety, power, and beauty of musical sound. We have not forgotten Milton and his far-off curfew—

"Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;"

but, with the exception of these and one or two other exquisite *lines*, he has contented himself, like other poets, with describing the effect of music. He has not thought of reproducing it in words, and making the music itself present to the ear of his readers as, in his picture of Dalilah, she is presented to their eyes. This is the almost impossible task which Crashaw in the poem we have named, and Leigh Hunt in the *Fancy Concert*, have attempted; and in which both of them have admirably succeeded.

A young author's first work, it has been said, indicates his previous studies and pursuits. Putting the uncongenial politics of the day out of the question, the favourite subject of Hunt's meditation had been literature, and especially poetry; and therefore, when he came to write a poem for himself, he chose both persons and theme from the world with which he was most familiar—not from England and the nineteenth century, but from the land of romance and of the poets. These are regions into which, if we except some unhappy persons who are ignorant of their own misery, most men are permitted to make some short and flying incursions. Here was one who lived there constantly and familiarly; more constantly and more familiarly than many a loftier bard who had penetrated more deeply than he into that world of marvel. For what is most striking in the life and the works of Leigh Hunt is this—that the feelings which move him to express himself in poetry are just those which he carries with him always through the cares and enjoyments of daily life. No one can read much of his prose, no one can read his Autobiography, without becoming certain that he differs from other men, even from great poets, when we contemplate their lives, and not their work; principally in that—

"their better mind
Is like a Sunday's garment then put on
When they have nought to do: but at their work
They wear a worse for thrift."

With him it is otherwise. Other poets may soar higher; but his highest

and purest feelings are not confined to the upper air. They do not desert him upon earth. Shut up in prison, or loitering in Pall Mall, or in a garden of flowers, or contemplating a noble action, he is always the same; his fancy and his sympathy equally lively. The best illustration, therefore, and by far the best criticism of his poetry is to be found in his prose. There we acquire a friendly familiarity, which discloses to us a thousand beauties which even an attentive reader of the poetry merely is too certain to miss: nay, we acquire a dangerous familiarity, which makes the very mannerisms which criticism condemns neither unmeaning nor altogether unlovely.

There is still another reason, and a better one, for reading Hunt's prose along with his poetry. The great lesson to be learned from him, is that which is indicated in the quotations we have made from Mr. Carlyle. A refined, if not a very vigorous imagination, an exquisite sensibility and susceptibility, a certain southern warmth and colour, a brilliant, beautiful harmonious nature, strangely united with the manly energy, the "passionate diligence" which, in his case, ennobled the life which presents most temptation to effeminate idleness, the trying and difficult career of literature; this is the character we see manifested in the writings of Leigh Hunt. Some of these qualities are charmingly displayed in his poetry. The highest and noblest can be seen nowhere but in the Autobiography.

K. R.

## PHOTOGRAPHY FOR TRAVELLERS AND TOURISTS.

BY PROFESSOR POLE, F.R.S.

It is the natural wish of most persons who visit a new locality to bring back pictorial representations of the scenery; and this want is usually met in one of two ways—either by published views or by sketching. In well-frequented places, published views are generally to be had, and command a large sale; and the accuracy of these publications has of late been much increased, and their circulation much promoted, by the more general introduction of landscape photography, and the great increase of its professional practitioners.

But the facility of obtaining views in this way is not without its drawbacks. In the case of engravings, both the accuracy and the artistic merit may be anything but satisfactory; ordinary photographs, though they must be tolerably true, may not represent the particular objects, or show them in the particular way the purchaser may desire; and it need hardly be said that there are vast numbers of localities visited by both travellers and tourists, particularly the former, where neither engravings nor photographs are to found, and of which it is, for that very reason, most peculiarly desirable to get accurate views. To meet these difficulties, the only resource has usually been hand-sketching. Now, the power to sketch well is undeniably one of the greatest advantages that a traveller can possess; but, unfortunately, though drawing is now one of our stock school accomplishments, only a small minority of those who travel are able to transfer efficiently to paper what they see; and even in favourable cases, though clever and artistic pictures may be produced, the faithfulness of the representations must always be more or less uncertain.

Doubtless, the idea must often have occurred to almost every traveller, what an advantage it would be if he could himself take photographs, where he likes, of what he likes, when he likes, and how he likes. But such an idea must soon have been dismissed, from the supposed incompatibility of this

with ordinary travelling arrangements. The usual notion of photographic operations comprehends a fearful array of dark rooms, huge instruments, chemical paraphernalia, water, and mess, which no sane person, out of the professional photographic guild, would think of burdening himself with on an ordinary journey, and which only a practised adept could use if he had them; and so the idea of a traveller's taking views for himself on his tour is generally dismissed at once as an impracticable chimera.

Now, it is the object of this article to show that such a view of the matter is a delusion, and that any traveller or tourist, gentleman or lady, may, by about a quarter of an hour's learning, and with an amount of apparatus that would go into the gentleman's coat pocket, or the lady's reticule, put himself or herself into the desirable position we have named.

It is not our intention to write a treatise on photography; but we must state generally what the operations are, in order to make our explanations intelligible.

The process, then, of taking a photographic picture consists essentially of three main divisions, namely—1. Preparing the plate; 2. Taking the picture; and 3. Developing the image; and the most common and best known arrangement of these is as follows:—A glass plate of the proper size is coated with collodion, and made sensitive to light by dipping in a bath of a certain solution. It is then, *while it remains moist*, placed in the camera obscura, and exposed to the image formed by the lens; after which, *but still before the plate has had time to dry*, it is taken out, and treated with certain chemicals which have the property of developing the image so obtained. The plate is then what is called a "negative;" from which, after it has been secured by varnish, any number of impressions, or "prints," may be taken at any time.

Now, it will be seen, by the words we have printed in italics, that, according to this method of operation, the whole of the three parts of the process must be performed within a very short space of time; and, since the first and third require to be done in a place to which daylight cannot enter, a dark room, supplied with a somewhat extensive assortment of chemical apparatus, must be provided *close to the place* where the picture is taken. This method, from the necessity of the plate remaining moist, is called the *wet* process. It is always employed for portraits, and has the advantage not only of great beauty of finish, but of extreme sensitiveness, requiring only a few seconds' exposure in the camera.

The wet process was the first, and, we believe, for some time, the only collodion process in use. But, in a happy moment, it occurred to somebody to inquire whether it was really indispensable that the plates should be kept *moist* during the whole operation; and it was found that, by certain modifications of the process of preparing them, they might be allowed to *dry*, and that some time might elapse between the preparation and the exposure, as well as between this and the development. The immense advantage this promised to landscape photography led to extensive investigation; and several processes have now been perfected which will secure this result. Plates may be prepared at any convenient time and place, and may be carried about for months, ready for use at a moment's notice; and, after the picture is taken, they may also be kept some time before development. The only price we pay for this advantage is the necessity for a little longer exposure in the camera; which, for landscapes, is of no moment at all.

The bearing of this discovery on our more immediate subject will be at once apparent, as it gets rid of the necessity of providing, on the journey, for the preparation and development, with all their cumbersome and troublesome apparatus, and limits what is necessary to the simple exposure, or taking of the picture. And another advantage of still more importance follows from this—namely, that the plates may be prepared and developed,

not only in another place, but by another person. The knowledge, care, and skill required for photography, as well as the stains and all other disagreeables attending it, refer almost exclusively to the preparation and development; the exposure to take the view is an operation of the simplest kind, which anybody may learn in a few minutes, and which is attended with no trouble or inconvenience whatever.

Limiting, therefore, the traveller's operation to the taking of the picture, let us consider what this involves. The first question which affects materially the portability of the necessary apparatus, is the *size* of picture to be taken. We are accustomed to see very large and beautiful photographs of scenery and architecture; but these would be impracticable for the traveller, as the dimensions of the plate increase so materially every portion of the apparatus. Differences of opinion and of taste may exist as to the degree of inconvenience it is worth while putting up with; but the writer of this paper, after considerable experience, has come to the conclusion, that the smallest size in ordinary use—namely, the *stereoscopic* plate—is by far the most eligible one for travelling. The object is not to make large and valuable artistic pictures—that we must always leave to the professional man—but it is simply to preserve faithful representations; and this may be done as well on the small as on the large scale, and with infinitely less trouble. For, though the size is small, the delicacy of detail procurable with well-prepared plates, even in a large extent of view, is something marvellous, as may be easily seen in some of the magnificent stereoscopic views that are to be had in the shops; besides which, the stereoscopic effect gives an air of reality to the view which greatly enhances the value of the representation.

The camera for taking stereoscopic views has now been reduced, by ingenious contrivances, to a very portable size. The one used by the writer is nine inches long, five and a half inches wide, and three inches high — about the dimensions of a good-sized octavo book. It weighs a little over two pounds, and hangs by a strap round the neck in walking with no inconvenience. The stand folds up into a straight stick, which is carried easily in the hand. A stock of eight plates, in slides ready for use (sufficient generally for a day's operations), go into two folding pocket cases. The tourist can thus walk about without the slightest sense of incumbrance, and is prepared, at any moment, to take a perfect stereoscopic view of anything he sees—an operation which will occupy him from five to fifteen minutes, according to the light, and the time he may take to choose his position.

Considered as adding to the baggage of the traveller, these things are hardly worth mentioning—as, with the exception of the stand (which travels well in company with an umbrella), they will all lie snugly in a spare corner of a portmanteau. Of course, however, a stock of plates must be added. A dozen of these, with appropriate packing, will occupy about eight inches long, four inches wide, and one and a half inches high; and from this the space occupied by any number it is proposed to take on the journey may be easily estimated. Suppose there are five dozen—a pretty fair allowance—these, with camera and all complete, will go into a very portable hand-box, or into one of the small black leather bags now so common.

If the operator chooses to go to a little extra trouble, it is highly satisfactory to be able to *develop* the plates on the journey—which may conveniently be done in the evenings, at a hotel or lodging; and the apparatus for which adds very slightly to the bulk of the preparations. A small case of bottles, 5 inches square and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, together with one or two small loose articles, are all the author takes with him. The development of a plate takes five or ten minutes, and is a process easily learnt; and the satisfaction of being able to see, the same evening, what one has been doing in the day, is quite inducement enough to do it. But still, we repeat, this is not *necessary*, as the development may be left to another person and to another time.

We think we have shown how every traveller or tourist may be his own photographer, with much less trouble and difficulty than is generally supposed; and we must add that this is no untried plan. The writer of this article has been much in the habit of travelling; and, for years past, when he has gone on a journey, the little camera has been put into the portmanteau, as unassumingly and as regularly as the dressing-case. It has travelled in all sorts of countries, and has cast its eye on scenes which camera never looked at before; it has been a never-failing source of interesting occupation and amusement, and has recorded its travels in hundreds of interesting views, some of much excellence, and very few otherwise than successful.

But it may be asked, Since the advantage and usefulness of this plan are so undeniable, how is it that we do not see it in more frequent use? Simply for the reason that the dealers in photographic apparatus have never yet had the enterprise to establish a manufacture and sale of dry prepared plates, in such a way as to insure their popularity.

The manufacture and sale of photographic apparatus and chemicals is now becoming a very large branch of commerce; but many of the large numbers of tradesmen who prosecute it appear to have a much more earnest view towards the profits of the business than to the advancement of the art—for, since the death of poor Mr. Archer (to whom we owe almost entirely the present state of photography, and who lost a fortune in its improvement), nearly every advance made has been by private individuals. We must not be misunderstood. There are many people who profess to sell dry plates, and these may often be found to possess many of the requisites they should have; but few can be depended on, and *none* combine all the qualities which are necessary to give the system the full benefit of its inestimable value. Some will not keep long enough before exposure; some will not keep at all after exposure; some fail in sensitiveness; some spoil soon after they are opened; to say nothing of the constant liability to stains, irregularities, blisters, and all sorts of troublesome and annoying defects, which not only spoil the operator's work, but—what is of more importance—destroy all reliance on his operations, and so discourage him from undertaking them. We are not sure whether some dealers may not be obtuse enough even to encourage defects, from the short-sighted notion of increasing the sale; but this we can say—that we know no maker who will guarantee the sincerity of his wish to make good plates, by consenting to allow for them if they turn out bad ones. If this state of things arose from imperfection in the art, we should not grumble, but could only urge improvement; but this is not so. It is well known that dry plates *can* be made, satisfying all the conditions we have named, and which, with care and system in the manufacture, might be rendered thoroughly trustworthy. It is only the indolence or obstinacy of the trade that prevents their becoming regular articles of commerce.

We do not wish, however, to discourage the traveller who may wish to adopt this admirable aid to his wanderings; for the object to be gained is so important that it is worth striving a little for. In the present state of the matter, he must either learn to prepare his own plates—which, after all, is no great exertion—or, if he buys them, he must at least learn to *develop* them, and must, at the same time, lay in with them a certain stock of patience and temper to meet disappointment; and we can assure him that, even at this price, he will find himself amply repaid. But we again urge that the case ought not to stand thus. The application of the dry processes to portable photography offers a boon almost inestimable to, but yet quite unappreciated by, the traveller and the tourist; and it only needs the zealous and earnest co-operation of the dealer, by so conducting the manufacture as to render it perfect and trustworthy, to raise this application into a branch of commerce of an extent, importance, and profit, little inferior to any in the trade.

## SONNET.

EVENING ON THE PIER AT BURLINGTON.

A LITTLE gladsome world was gathered there
To watch the sun down, breathe the generous air,
And spend a careless hour. Amongst them one
Sullen at heart for something evil done :
He felt no love, no joy. The scene so fair
Taunted his very soul ; it said, "Despair!"
He sat or walked, quite sick of life, alone.
Just then he saw a stir—What might it be ?
He looked. A pilot-boat came bounding by
From the stone-locked pool forth to the broad gray sea ;
He saw the steady hand, the forward eye
O' the brave steersman. *Then* was he glad again
To live, a man amongst his brother-men !

## THE HISTORY OF A HOSPITAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of all these little ones, ye have done it unto Me."

THOUGH this paper is headed with a text, it is by no means meant as a sermon, least of all a charity sermon ; being simply a record and statement of facts, which, in their sharp unvarnished outline, preach their own homily. It is intended to give, without any embellishment of fancy or glamour of sentimental emotion, the history of a hospital, of sufficiently recent date to make that chronicle possible, credible, and capable of proof, by any who will take the trouble of investigation.

Previously, however, let a word be said about hospitals in general. Many persons are in the habit of viewing them solely as charities, which is a great mistake. Charitable purposes they undoubtedly fulfil to the individual, but they are of equal importance to the community at large. Would that every poor rich sufferer, lying in as much ease as can be given him on his restless bed, knew how much he owes of relief—possibly even life—to the skill and experience learned at those forlorn hospital beds, where all the mysterious laws of disease are carefully studied, worked out into theories, and tested by incessant observation of cause and result, on a scale much wider, more complete and satisfactory, than any private practice could ever supply! Would that all of us, who at some time or other, either for ourselves or those dearer than ourselves, have known what it was to live upon every look of "the doctor" — to recognise him as the one human being who is all-important to us, on whose talent, decision, caution, tenderness, hangs everything most precious to us in this world—would that all could understand how much of that which makes him what he is, has been gained within those long dreary

ranges of many-windowed walls, dedicated to physical suffering, and consecrated by its hopeful and merciful alleviation!

But the hospital now to be written of has remarkably few of the painful characteristics of its class, as will be shortly shown. But, first, we have to do with its history, beginning from the very beginning.

On the 30th of January, 1850, nine gentlemen, two of whom were of the medical profession, met to consider whether it was not possible to establish in London a Hospital for Sick Children. They believed that, besides the great benefit of such an institution to a class which could with difficulty find admission to ordinary hospitals, it would supply a desideratum long wanted in London, though well provided for in foreign cities—namely, an opportunity for studying infantile diseases. These —every mother and nurse knows, or ought to know—are so sudden, so fluctuating and mysterious in their nature, so difficult of diagnosis and treatment, and often so fearfully rapid in their fatality, that they furnish a distinct branch of medical science, the importance of which can hardly be sufficiently recognised. For people forget that on the health of the growing-up generation hangs that of generations more; also that it is not merely the alternative between life and death, but between wholesome, happy, enjoyable life, and the innumerable forms of death in life, which an unhealthy or neglected childhood entails upon the innocent sufferers to the end of their days.

These nine gentlemen, deeply conscious of this fact, and anxiously desirous to remedy it, prepared an appeal, which, appendixed by letters from various eminent physicians, should, it was agreed, be disseminated as widely as possible. Afterwards, to satisfy inquiries and answer objections, a second meeting was held, and a second appeal prepared. This, signed by several well-known members of the medical profession, was forwarded to all their brethren in town or country.

For a whole year they laboured silently; laying carefully the foundation-work of their plan by observation and inquiry in all directions, at home and abroad—one of their number spending some time in investigating similar hospitals in foreign cities. At length the result of all this came to light in a public meeting, which was held on March 19, 1851, Lord Shaftesbury—then Lord Ashley—being chairman.

Within a fortnight afterwards the committee found and took a large old-fashioned house in Great Ormond Street —once the residence of the notable Dr. Meade. But "festina lente" was still their wise maxim; and it was eleven months more before the Hospital for Sick Children was definitely opened, to admit—one little girl!

> "She was the first that ever burst
> Upon that unknown sea,"—

across which so many frail little vessels were afterwards to be safely piloted. Poor little girl! Her name and what became of her, history chronicleth not. Imagination might paint the forlorn wee face in its neat bed, sole occupant of the magnificent room which beauties swam through, and gallants danced through, in the old days when Bloomsbury was the fashionable part of London. But, as we said, we do not mean to deal either with the poetical or the picturesque.

After this, many influential people took up the children's cause. Charles Dickens—brilliant as large-hearted—advocated it by tongue and pen; the Bishop of London and Lord Carlisle said many a good word for it. Little money was gained thereby, but much sympathy and kind encouragement; also the best impetus that can be given to a really good cause, aware of its own value,—publicity. By-and-by the first annual report appeared, announcing as patroness of the Children's Hospital the highest mother in the realm, and then definitely stating its objects. These were: "1. The medical and surgical "treatment of poor children. 2. The

"attainment and diffusion of knowledge "regarding the diseases of children. 3. "The training of nurses for children."

It is a notable report, inasmuch as it so frankly states the imperfections and difficulties of the scheme.

"At first it seemed as if a Children's "Hospital were not needed; for so few "were the applicants, that during the "first month only twenty-four were "brought as out-patients, and only eight "received as in-patients. The hospital "had its character to make among the "poor. Before long, greater numbers "of children were brought as out-"patients, but their mothers often re-"fused to let them be taken into the "hospital; and only by degrees learned "to place full confidence in its manage-"ment, and to believe that those who "asked for their suffering little ones "were indeed to be trusted with so "precious a deposit."

This answers an objection that has been urged against children's hospitals, infant schools, public nurseries, and the like; namely, that the mother is the only and best guardian of the child, in sickness and in health. Undoubtedly, when such care is possible. But a sick child in a rich man's well-ordered comfortable nursery, or even in an ordinary middle-class house, is in very different circumstances from a sick child in a poor man's one room—inhabited by other children and adults—full of noise, confusion, and dirt, with perhaps a drunken father, or a mother so worn with want, and passive with misery, that "if it please God to take it, poor lamb!" seems rather a desirable possibility than not. There can be no question that the quiet clean ward of a hospital, with a good skilled nurse, instead of a broken-down, ignorant, or careless mother, is a good exchange—under the circumstances; and in that, as in many other conjunctures of human life, we have to judge, not by possibilities, but actual circumstances—to choose, alas! not an unattainable good, but the least of two evils.

Year by year the history of the hospital progresses. Out-patients increase enormously: in-patients are still limited by the want of sufficient funds. Nevertheless, as the list of subscribers swells, and one or two legacies fall in, the number of tiny beds is added to by twos and threes. We notice another prudent peculiarity, only too rare, viz. that the official staff is kept down to the lowest limit conducive to the proper working of the charity. Reading over the items of expenditure in the yearly reports, it is plain to see that not a shilling has been spent unnecessarily.

The cause becomes gradually more known. Among the list of donors we begin to find more than one touching line, such as "A Thanksgiving," "Thank-offering for the recovery of sick children"; rich parents who have secretly poured out their full hearts in that best of gratitude to the heavenly Father—the helping of His suffering poor, whom we "have always with us." And even the poor themselves go not away thankless; for we find in the report for 1856 that a "Samaritan Fund" is started, to provide destitute children with clothing on quitting the hospital, and that this fund has been "almost entirely sup-"ported by the spontaneous bounty of "the friends of the out-patients. Boxes "have been placed in the out-patients' "waiting-room, and the poor frequenting "it have shown their sense of the value "of the hospital by their unsolicited "contributions. Since the formation of "the fund in May, the average weekly "receipts have exceeded seventeen shil-"lings—a large sum, when we call to "mind the great distress that the pre-"sent cost of provisions has inflicted "upon the poorer classes."

Slowly and steadily affairs brighten. At one time, when the capital of the charity was reduced to 1,000*l.*, a festival, at which Mr. Charles Dickens made one of his beautiful and touching speeches, produced the sum of 2,850*l.*, out of which 500*l.* came from an "anonymous benefactress."

Still the committee maintain their prudent carefulness. They "beg to "assure subscribers that they have no "desire, even if they had the means,

"to erect a splendid edifice enriched "with architectural adornments; for "the present site would furnish, at no "great expense, all that they desire for "the full realization of their plan of "forming a hospital with one hundred "beds for sick children." And in the following year they see their way towards purchasing the adjoining house and garden, making a communication between. This enables them to establish a convalescent room, so that those recovering may no longer disturb the patients really sick; and a separate room for the nurses, where they can take their meals, and enjoy a little of that indispensable pause in their labours, without which the strongest and tenderest woman becomes worn-out at last.

More space, also, allows the committee to carry out their third intent—the training of young women as sick-nurses; to whom they offer a home within the hospital, at a charge of six shillings per week for board and lodging. And the ground floor of the new house is converted into an infant nursery, after the pattern of the Paris "*creches*," where the poor working mother, who is obliged to leave her child during the day, may leave it in safety and comfort, sure that it will be well fed, warmed, and tended, for the small payment of from twopence to fourpence a day, according to age and diet. This, also, is to be a training-school for young girls as nursery-maids; the committee feeling that "to show "how children should be treated in "order to keep them in good health, "is hardly alien to the main purpose "of the institution—the restoring of "them when sick."

The year 1860 records a further step in the usefulness of the hospital—the delivery, by its physician and surgeon, of gratis lectures on the diseases of children. These were attended by more than a hundred of the medical profession, and have been repeated since. And now comes the ninth and latest annual report. By it we find that the idea originated by that handful of kind-hearted gentlemen has developed itself into an established charity: not wealthy, indeed, but able to keep its head afloat among the innumerable other charities of the metropolis. Its example has been followed: similar hospitals for sick children have been started in the provinces, and in the city of Edinburgh especially. Meantime, the parent institution is able to provide 52 beds, which are only too constantly filled, for in-patients, and medical care for 10,000 out-patients yearly. Out of its Samaritan Fund of 91*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.*, it has clothed within the year 127 children, besides sending others to Brighton, and to Mitcham, in Surrey, where homes are provided for the poor little convalescents, who otherwise must vanish into noisome streets and crowded alleys, where their frail spark of renewed health would soon be totally extinguished. On the whole, the committee feel and acknowledge that they are a successful institution.

Now success is a curious thing. Unsuccessful people do not believe in it; they attribute it to "chance," or "luck," or "circumstances." Yet, since "there can be no effects without a cause," surely if a man, or an undertaking, fails repeatedly and hopelessly, may it not be just possible that there is some hidden cause for the same? Possibly a fault—maybe, only a misfortune; but still some tangible reason which accounts for failure. And, on the other hand, if a man or his doings are successful, is it not common sense, as well as common charity, to admit that possibly he deserves to succeed? There is no injustice, but a solemn necessity in the Parable of the Talents. The doctrine, "From "him that hath little shall be taken "away, even that which he seemeth to "have," is paralleled by the equally solemn truth, "Unto whom much is "given, of him much shall be re-"quired."

This hospital, which had lived through so much difficulty into a time of comparative success, seemed worth going to see; and the present writer went to see it. I dislike passing out of the impersonal third person into the intrusive and egotistical "I;" but it is the simplest way of stating what I did see, and

what any lady can see for herself, if she chooses, at 49, Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury. I went there on a dull December day, a day that will never be forgotten by the present generation; when all business was suspended, all shops closed, and churches opened; when everybody looked sad, and spoke with bated breath, often with gushes of tears, of the widowed mother whose two young sons were that day standing over their dear and noble father's open grave. But this is a subject impossible to write about. From the highest to the lowest, all England felt the grief which darkened last Christmas-tide as if it had been a personal family sorrow; and therefore, when the bells had ceased tolling, and in the heavy grey afternoon people stood about in groups along the shut-up streets in a Sunday-like quietness, talking mostly of the honoured dead who had, by this time, been buried out of sight, and of "the poor Queen," and "the children," as if she had been everybody's sister, and they everybody's children—it seemed hardly an unsuitable time to visit a house of sorrow, as a hospital must, more or less, always be.

Only a small proportion of the well-to-do and fortunate portion of society is likely ever to have seen the interior of a hospital: once seen, it is a sight burnt into memory for life. But the room which we entered, or rather the suite of rooms—making the drawing-floor of those banished nobilities who had once inhabited Great Ormond Street—was very unlike the ward of an ordinary hospital. It was rather like a spacious night-nursery, with neat little beds scattered about; warm, cheery fires, with a couch on each side the fireplace; and a few children lying or squatting about, or sitting up in their pallets, quietly playing with toys, reading books, doing bead-work. Some, too ill for either work or play, were stretched mournfully, yet peacefully, on their pillows—solitary, it is true, but without giving any impression of dreariness or forlornness. The rooms were airy, light, and warm: there was nothing whatever of the hospital feeling and hospital atmosphere.

Yet suffering is suffering—always painful to witness. I cannot even now recall the impression given by those rows of tiny beds—neat and clean, nay, pretty, as they were—each tenanted by a poor wee face and form, wasted, often distorted, always unchildlike—marked by every gradation of diseasedness rather than mere sickness, for there is a difference;—I cannot, I say, call to mind this picture, without the ever-recurring question, Why should such things be? But it is not our business to puzzle ourselves over the great mystery why evil is in the world, but to lessen it as much as lies in our power—which, by an equal mystery, it is continually put into our hearts, and wills, and capabilities to do. Could this be doubted, looking on those piteous wrecks of childhood, from which every trace of the beauty, charm, and sweetness of childhood was gone, yet of which the nurses were taking such motherly care, speaking so kindly, and soothing so patiently, though the latter was hardly required?

"How exceedingly good they all seem," was noticed—as, indeed, no one could help noticing, who was at all acquainted with the difficulty of managing sick children, their extreme restlessness, fretfulness, and general "naughtiness"—poor little lambs! who have not yet learned the hard lesson of maturity, endurance without end.

"It's curious, ma'am," replied the nurse, "but they almost always are good. The amount of pain some of 'em will bear is quite wonderful. And they lie so patient-like; we hardly ever have any crossness or whimpering. Maybe, it is partly because, considering the homes they come from, they find themselves so quiet and comfortable here. But, unless they're very bad, they scarcely ever cry. Poor little dears!"

There were tears in the woman's own eyes—God bless her! She, like one or two more of the establishment, had been there from its commencement. She was evidently a great favourite, and a most important person. Her little patients,

we heard, when discharged cured, continually came back to see "Nurse," and the hospital; looking upon it as a pleasant, happy home, instead of a place to be shuddered at and avoided.

Another peculiarity I noticed as much as the patience of the children—that the nurses seemed to have their hearts in their work. Without a single exception, every official I saw connected with the place seemed to take a personal interest in it, and to work for love as well as for necessity. No doubt, this arises from the strong influence exerted by the heads of the hospital over all its employées, and from the care taken that all these employées should be women of character, and capability fitted for their duties. It seemed here exactly as it is in a household, where you can usually judge not only the servants by the masters, but the masters by their servants.

The little patients were all under twelve years of age, that being the limit allowed, though no doubt it is frequently transgressed by parents eager to get their children in—and without fear of discovery; for the small stunted creatures looked, nearly all of them, greatly below that age. Few were labouring under acute illness; their complaints seemed mostly chronic, the result of "poverty, hunger, and dirt," or of constitutional congenital malady, manifesting itself in the innumerable forms of bone and joint disease, ulcerations and abscesses, brain and lung disorders, and all the long train of ills for which apparently there is no remedy but death.

This fact struck me in appalling confirmation of a state of things which physiologists have lately begun to think of sufficient moment to be written of in books, considered in social science meetings, and even adverted to in *Times'* leaders—the weak state of health into which, in this age, all classes seem to be sinking. In the lowest class this condition of body is often combined with disease so radically and hopelessly confirmed, that its perpetuation becomes frightful to contemplate. Looking from bed to bed of these miserable little abortions of childhood, one was tempted to believe that it might be a merciful Providence which would sweep away of a sudden half the present generation, if by that, or any means, healthy fathers and mothers might be given to the next.

But this is a subject which involves so much, that I had better leave it alone, for wiser handling. One thing, however, lies in the power of every man—still more of every woman—to alleviate this melancholy condition of things, by acquiring and spreading, so far as each one's influence extends, sanitary knowledge, and sanitary practice. Here, beyond its medical limits, the Children's Hospital necessarily works. It is impossible but that each patient, and each parent or friend that comes to visit the patient, should carry away, consciously or not, an idea or two on the subject of cleanliness, ventilation, tidiness, and *comfort*—that indescribable something which the working-classes so seldom strive for, not merely because they have not the money to get it—money does not necessarily bring it—but because they literally do not know what it is. It will probably take another century to make poor people understand what in the last century even rich people were atrociously ignorant of—that a breath of fresh air is not immediately fatal; that skins were made to be washed every day; that dust and dirt and foulness of all kinds carry with them as much deadly malaria as if you took so many grains of arsenic and administered the same to your household every morning.

But I am becoming discursive. Let us proceed to the boys' ward, which is on the second floor, above the girls', and precisely similar in size and arrangement. Here, too, are the same characteristics—long-standing diseases rather than accidental sicknesses; the same patient look on the wasted faces; the same atmosphere of exceeding but not dreary quietness. One boy, whose restless eyes seemed to follow us more than the rest, I stopped and spoke to, asking if he were comfortable?

"Oh, yes, quite; but I am strange here. I only came in on Saturday."

And there came a choke in the voice, but he gulped it down, and put on a sort of a smile, and acquiesced in the wish that he might soon get well and come out again, with a pathetic courage which doubled the hope that he would.

There were many convalescents, the nurse said, but they were scattered about the wards, and not in their proper room, which was being adorned with evergreens and paper roses for a grand Christmas entertainment, to which every little patient, whom it was at all safe to move, was to be brought down on a sofa, to share as much as possible in the general enjoyment.

"We don't leave any out if we can help it—it's only a little bit more trouble, and they like it so. We take them away again before they get overtired. We think it rather does them good, to get a little bit of pleasure."

As doubtless it does to the hardworked nurses, who seemed preparing for the festival with a hearty good-will, and a surprising taste and ingenuity. They quite regretted, and we too, that we saw the preparations incomplete, and could not regale ourselves with the *tout ensemble.* It was a little bit of brightness, pleasant to contrast with the constant anxiety, labour, and suffering, which must necessarily be the normal condition of a hospital.

From the convalescents' room, which is in the second house, we passed to the public nursery, to which other rooms there are devoted, pending the time when the finances of the institution will allow of converting the whole into sick wards. There, penned in something like a sheep-fold, half-a-dozen infants were crawling, and a dozen more sat in tiny arm-chairs, ranged in a fixed circle, at the centre of which was a young nurse amusing them to the best of her power. A mysterious arrangement, something between a swing and a tweedle, occupied the one side of the room; on the other, several bigger children were having what appeared a very satisfactory game of play. In an inner apartment, a row of bassinetts, some empty, some occupied, indicated possibilities of sleep, doubtless attainable even in that noisy room. But noise was a blessing. There was health here. Most of the children looked uncommonly fat and flourishing, and one of them, who had recognised and stretched its arms to one of the nurses, to be taken up, on being declined, set up a most unmitigated and wholly satisfactory howl, that was quite refreshing.

The fever ward, isolated at the housetop, we did not visit; but the matron took us down to the basement story, and explained all its appliances. Her numberless presses, arranged with a method, exactitude, and perfect neatness that was quite a treat to behold, and would warm the heart of all tidy housekeepers and orderly mistresses,—her culinary arrangements and statistics,—were all politely revealed. Above all, her "Samaritan" cupboard, where we saw shelf after shelf filled with children's clothes, systematically arranged, so that they could be got at at a minute's notice. And, beside it, still unpacked, was a large parcel which had just come in from a Lady Somebody, containing cast-off clothing from the little great people which would be invaluable to the poor ones.

"We shall get several more such bundles," said the matron cheerily; "we always do at Christmas-time, and I hope there will be inside of them plenty of little flannel petticoats, and flannel night-gowns, for we want these things worse than all. Sometimes the poor little creatures are brought to us with scarcely a rag upon their backs; I wish charitable ladies only knew how much we want cast-off clothes—we can hardly get too many."

Certainly not; and it is such an easy thing to give that which costs nothing but a moment's kindly thought. Surely many a mistress of a large household, or mother of a large family, might follow the example of Lady Somebody?

And so, for it had now grown dusk, and the cook was busy sending up the extensive tea of both patients and nurses, my first visit ended.

It was out of my power to do what several lady visitors, formally appointed, are now doing; visiting the wards every week, making acquaintance with the children, bringing them toys, and picture-books; finally, when they go out of the hospital, following them to their homes, and trying to influence for good, both them and their parents. But, two months after, I contrived to pay an unpremeditated solitary little visit, to see if the second impression justified the first.

The day was one of those bright afternoons in early March, when children inaugurate the return of spring by having tea by daylight; when, if about four o'clock you take a walk through a country village, or even a London suburb, the air seems full of a distant murmur of children at play in the lengthening twilight. It makes you feel, you know not how, as if your life were like that dawning year, to begin all over again; and brings back, for a minute or two, the sensation of being a little child, going out to play before bedtime, and ignorant that there is anything in the world except tea and play. Even when I went up into the ward of the Children's Hospital, this influence of spring seemed to be felt: a warm lilac-tinted sunset was shining into the room, penetrating to every bed, and, I doubt not, making its occupant a little more cheery, a little less weary and suffering.

It was tea-time, and each table had its cup of milk-and-water, and its plate of bread and butter, most of which I was glad to see fast disappearing. One little girl, who had a few days since undergone amputation of the foot, had craved for "a tart," and the question had been compromised with bread and jam, which she was munching with great gusto, apparently as much to the nurse's delight as her own.

Here, as in the boys' ward afterwards, I observed one cheering fact—the faces were all new. Hardly a case which I had noted two months before, and I noted some rather carefully, was now in the hospital. They could not all have died; indeed, I understood there had been few deaths lately; therefore they must have gone out cured, or at least somewhat better. It was hardly credible, remembering how severe some of them were; but the extraordinary vitality of nature in the young might account for it. And it was a very hopeful sign of the good the hospital was doing.

Another was the convalescent-room; where, of mornings, a certain amount of school-teaching is given to those who are able for it; but now teaching was over for the day. As soon as the door was opened, there burst forth—not, alas! that joyous "hullabaloo," which deafens and gladdens the mother of healthy children on opening her nursery door, but still a very respectable shout of play.

"You're all getting better, little people, I see."

"Oh yes!" was the response; and half-a-dozen white, but still merry faces, looked up beamingly.

"What were you playing at?"

"Hide-and-seek!—Puss-in-corner!" —was variously shouted, as they began jumping about—feebly, indeed, but with plenty of life in them still.

I think any mother who has watched by the bedside of her sick child for days, or weeks, or months—still more, any mother who has knelt by the coffin of her dead child, would have turned away with her heart full, and said, "Thank God!"

Doubtless, this is the sunny side of the subject. Alas! there is another side to it;—of cureless evil, or only temporary alleviation of ills which can never be removed so long as their causes remain; so long as the diseased children of diseased parents struggle into life, and struggle through it, beset by every form of physical and moral degradation.

But, sad as this condition of things is, it is capable of remedy, and everybody can help to mend it a little. Men can legislate wisely concerning it, investigate the worst evils, and consider about their possibilities of cure. Women can use their influence at home, and a little way beyond it, as do the lady-visitors of this hospital. And, perhaps, even children,

if they were told of a house like this, where poor little boys and girls like themselves, lie all day sick, with nothing to amuse them, might be none the worse for putting aside a spare toy, or a picture-book, as mamma puts aside an old frock, or a half-worn pair of shoes, with the thought, "We'll send it to the Children's Hospital."

I meant not this to be a charity sermon—I hope I have not made it such—but confined it strictly to facts, which speak for themselves; yet I cannot help ending it as I began it, with that sentence which is the Alpha and Omega of all true charity, without which benevolence, so often thanklessly and cruelly repaid, gets weary of its work, and energy sinks hopeless, and the warmest hearts grow chilled, or hardened, until they remember what the Master says:—

"*Inasmuch as ye have done it to the "least of all these little ones, ye have done "it unto* Me."

## A VISIT TO MARSTON MOOR, MAY, 1862.

BY HERMAN MERIVALE.

The two bloodiest battles ever fought on English ground and between Englishmen, took place in the plain south-west of York, and within a few miles of each other. The first on that snowy Palm-Sunday of 1461, at Towton, when Edward, at the head of his southern army, discomfited the Lancastrians of the north with such a slaughter, that Southey was almost justified in his laureate-like vaunt—

> "Half the blood which there was spent
> Had sufficed to win again
> Anjou and ill-yielded Maine,
> Normandy and Aquitaine."

The second in the long Midsummer twilight of July 2, 1644, when Fairfax and Rupert, tired of manœuvrings for which neither had genius nor appetite, met on Marston Moor to have it out, like two schoolboys in the "fighting-ground," and left some four thousand British dead as the evidence of their brilliant, but unnecessary valour. The name of Marston Moor appeals, perhaps, more to the imagination than that of any other field of our great civil war: partly from a certain amount of poetry and romance which has been expended on it; partly because it was (though indirectly rather than directly) the most important action, and turning-point of the contest; while at the same time its features are very confusedly represented in ordinary narratives. This is owing in great measure to the brief and fierce character of the struggle, which, with its many changes of fortune, was fought out between seven o'clock and night: somewhat also to the want of historians. All the penmen were absent: Clarendon with the King; Whitelock in London; Ludlow in the south; all too distant to get accounts of the engagement, except from hearsay some time after. We have the stories of some eye-witnesses, such as the Reverend Mr. Ashe, chaplain with Lord Manchester's force; the Scottish Captain Stuart, who gives the Presbyterian version; Leonard Watson, scoutmaster to Oliver Cromwell, who tells his tale in a way satisfactory to the Independents; and the unfortunate Royalist, Sir Henry Slingsby, who afterwards died for his cause on the scaffold. Sir Henry lived close by, at Red House, in Moor Monkton, and his notices of the ground, with which he was so familiar, are valuable. There is also Fairfax's own modest and spirited account; and a few rather indistinct passages cited by Eliot Warburton, in his "Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers," from the so-called "Diary of Prince Rupert." But each witness saw only that portion of the battle-piece in which he was him-

RIVER NIDD.
YORK AND NORTH MIDLAND
BOROUGHBRIDGE TO YORK.
RAILWAY.
Marston Station
MONKTON MOOR.
MOOR END
WILSTROP HAMLET
WILSTROP WOOD
WHITE SYKES
FOUR LANES MEET
TO RESSAY.
TOCKWITH MOOR
(now enclosed).
(As in 1771.)
MARSTON MOOR
(now enclosed).
MOOR LANE
MARSTON MOOR
(now enclosed).
RYE HILL
THE DITCH
ENCLOSURES
TOCKWITH
THE TOCKWITH ROAD
CORN FIELDS
ENCLOSURES
LONG MARSTON
BILTON GRANGE
"THE HILL."

self engaged; no practised writer of the day took the trouble to condense and analyse the narratives. Modern accounts, says Carlyle, are "worthless;" poor Eliot Warburton's only a spirited romance. But an exception must now be made for Mr. Sanford ("Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion") whose accuracy in describing the ground I have had occasion to test, and whose copious historical narrative can scarcely be more than abridged. Some portions of it, however, are not easy to understand, and some of his authorities seem questionable.

The readiest approach to the battle-field at this day is from Marston station, six miles from York, on the Knaresborough line. Hence a lane leads for about two miles SS.W. until it strikes the village of Long Marston. It passes over ground which in the time of the civil wars was unenclosed, and formed part of a large tract of level waste, partly marshy and partly sandy, but affording firm footing for cavalry at midsummer; known in various parts of it by the names of Marston, Tockwith, Hessam, and Monkton Moors. Westward from this lane lies the scene of action.

The lane ends at the western extremity of Long Marston; a straggling place, as its name implies, built along a road running nearly east and west; that is, nearly at right angles to the said lane. It is a village more pleasing to the eye of a member of the Antiquarian Society, than of a sanitary reformer. Its detached, poor-looking red-brick cottages, with thatched roofs higher than the walls, its two or three granges, alehouses, and blacksmiths' shops, present an appearance very little different from that which they must have exhibited to Fairfax's troopers: nay, many of them have doubtless stood with little change since the battle. From the west end of Marston, the road (or, rather, broad country lane) continues in the same direction, a little north of west, for nearly a mile and a half, until it reaches Tockwith, another straggling hamlet. Going from Marston to Tockwith, the visitor has on his left (south) a slightly rising ground: this is the "hill" of the contemporary narratives, on which the Parliament's army was drawn up. This rising ground is covered now, as it was then, with corn-fields; but now inclosed, then "open arable." In its higher part, a field, with a single conspicuous tree, called Clump Hill by the neighbours, served, according to tradition, as a head-quarters for the rebel leaders. On his right (north), the traveller has the square inclosures which occupy the level ground, formerly the moor.[1] And the road in question (which we will call, for brevity's sake, the Tockwith Road) pretty nearly divides what was arable from what was waste.

At about a quarter of the distance from Marston to Tockwith, a green lane, called "Moor Lane," diverges to the right. It enters at once on the *quondam* moor, crosses a deep ditch, provincially "foss," at one or two hundred yards, and comes shortly after to an open space called Four Loans' Meet, which seems to have been left as a *carrefour* at the time of the inclosure. Beyond this, and at the distance of a mile northward from the nearest point of the Tockwith Road, a wood of a few acres of tall trees catches the observer's eye: this is Wilstrop or Wilsthorpe Wood, much mentioned in the accounts of the battle. And now, if we draw a line from Marston to Tockwith, and lines from the west end of Marston and east end of Tockwith respectively, to the southern end of Wilstrop Wood, we shall describe a triangle, not very far from equilateral, within which boundary the field of battle of that Second of July is nearly confined.

[1] The exact division between moor and field it is not easy to trace. It is important in the account of the battle, because the Royalist line was protected in front by the enclosure, ditch, &c. which constituted this division. In Griffiths' large Map of Yorkshire (1771) Marston Moor proper is represented as enclosed; but large tracts of unreclaimed ground remain, called Poppleton, Hessey, and Tockwith, Moors. The last contains a considerable portion of the field of battle, and extends even a little to the south of the lane here called the Tockwith Road.

In order to make its history intelligible, it is necessary to recapitulate briefly the events which led to it. Three Parliamentary armies—Lord Leven's Scotchmen, the northern force of Lord Fairfax and his son Sir Thomas, and the Earl of Manchester's levies from the associated counties—were besieging York. It was defended by the King's chief adherent in the North, the Marquis of Newcastle, "a very respectable commander for an amateur;" with a garrison raised chiefly by his own efforts, and at his own expense. Rupert came from Lancashire—holding, much to the Marquis's disgust, the king's commission as general—to relieve the place, if possible. The rebels moved from their leaguer to intercept him, and took post on Marston and the adjacent moors; commanding the roads leading westward, both to Wetherby and Knaresborough. But Rupert, by a manœuvre, for the cleverness displayed in which his best friends would not have given him credit, having advanced from the west by the Wetherby Road, instead of attacking the enemy, executed a flank movement to the left, crossed the Ouse at Poppleton, and entered York by its left bank, to the great satisfaction of townsfolk and garrison. Here he remained a day; which he and the Marquis made as uncomfortable by their dissensions as they could. Meanwhile, the Roundhead chieftains were still less agreed. To keep together twenty-six thousand men, Scots, Presbyterians, and Zealots, (as the new Cromwellian soldiery were beginning to be styled), was no easy task. The English wanted to fight; the Scots were for leaving Rupert in possession, and marching southward. And (as usual in councils of war) the most peaceful suggestion prevailed. By the middle of the second of July, they were moving from Marston, south-westward, over the open corn-fields; the van of the Scotch had almost reached Tadcaster, when the news suddenly arrived that Rupert had marched out of York in pursuit of them, and had drawn up his *battalia* on the ground abandoned by them, namely, on Marston Moor, in a line of nearly two miles in length. Then the rebel leaders took brief counsel together; the army halted, faced about, and soon occupied in battle array the northward slope of "the hill" toward the Tockwith Road: a slope then covered with rye nearly ripe, which almost rose to the soldier's faces.

If Napoleon's maxim, that one bad general is better than two good ones, be of any value, the odds were greatly against the Parliamentarians; for Newcastle, though sorely grumbling, could not but respect Rupert's commission, whereas the Roundheads had half a dozen generals at least. The Fairfaxes, father and son, always "stood together in their chivalry," and may be counted as one; but they had no control over Leven or Manchester; while the two latter were sorely "hadden down," as the Scotch express it, by their respective subordinates, David Leslie and Cromwell. But Rupert is alleged by strategists to have committed two great mistakes. The first was in fighting at all. Had he left the Roundheads to continue their march, it is probable that their own dissensions, and the loss of *prestige* consequent on their retreat from York, would have broken up their force "without hand." To this charge, Rupert's invariable answer was, by showing a letter from the king, which, according to some biographers, he kept in his pocket for that purpose to his dying day; but which letter, duly considered, seems rather a warrant for fighting than an absolute order. His second alleged mistake was, that he waited for the enemy on Marston Moor, instead of taking the initiative, following them in their march on Tadcaster, and delivering on their rear or flank such a blow as that administered by Wellington to Marmont, at Salamanca. But when we examine the question and the ground, this accusation must in fairness be withdrawn. Rupert could hardly have ventured on so bold a move with his own force only (scarcely 16,000 strong), and that of Newcastle was not on the field until the evening. Nor was Rupert himself. What detained him? Alas!

the prosaic cause which makes so many a gallant enterprise "lose the name of action." Rupert was money-bound, in York. We learn this, much the most probable solution of the question, from Arthur Trevor, a lively special correspondent of that day, whose letters are to be found in "Carte's Life of Ormonde." "The army," he says, "continued with-" in the play of the enemy's cannon till "five at night, during all which the "prince and marquess were playing the "orators to the soldiers in York (being "in a raging mutiny in the town for "their pay), to draw them forth to join "the prince's foot, which was at last "effected, but with much unwilling-"ness." Newcastle himself seems to have partaken largely in this unwillingness, but his better spirit prevailed; he swallowed the affront of submission, and followed his leader to the field, like a grand seigneur as he was, in his coach and six.

It was drawing towards sunset, therefore, when the prince arrived on the moor. Up to this time, nothing had passed except an occasional interchange of cannon-shot, and a skirmish for the possession of a "rye-hill," which it is not easy to identify. It must not be confounded, as even Mr. Sanford seems to confound it, with the great "rye-field" occupied by the main forces of the Parliament. It lay probably a little north of the Tockwith road, and near the west end of the position. The Royalist army, though on the lower ground, was well posted. Its right rested on the enclosures in front of Tockwith, its left on those about Marston; in front it had the enclosures between the moor and the open cornfields, and along most of the line a deep and wide ditch, so wide that it was in part filled with musketeers, serving as a natural trench. The land having been subsequently enclosed and drained, it is not easy to identify this important feature in the accounts of the engagement. Mr. Grainge, in his "Battles of Yorkshire," supposes it to have been a drain or foss, which he calls the "White Syke;" but this, if the Ordnance Map be correct, would place it too far to the north, thrusting the front line of the Royalists much too far back. There is another cut between this and the Tockwith road, and nearly parallel with the latter, which *may* represent the "ditch" in question. The rebels, on the other hand, occupying the brow of the south hill, had, according to Master Ashe, the advantage of the sun (though this could not be much, facing as they did NN.E. in the evening of a midsummer day), and certainly of the ground.

As to numbers, we may venture on the following estimate as probable:—Royalists—16,000 foot, 7,000 horse; all English, except a troop or two of tremendous "Irish papists," held in utter fear and aversion by their godly enemies. Roundheads—19,000 or 20,000 foot, 7,000 horse; more than a third probably Scotch.

When finally drawn up on both sides, the armies presented something like the following disposition: in describing which, I shall venture to borrow the peaceful nomenclature of the post-office, instead of encountering the endless confusion of language occasioned by using the description of "right and left wings."

On the west, the Parliamentary line was bounded by a "cross ditch," which I take to be the stream flowing down from Bilton past the east end of Tockwith village; west of this were only a few Scottish dragoons under Colonel Frisell.

Then followed—

WEST:

| | |
|---|---|
| Cromwell's and Manchester's horse, with three Scotch troops under Leslie; opposed to | Byron's horse, Irish horse, Rupert's life guards. |

WEST CENTRE:

| | |
|---|---|
| Manchester's foot. | Rupert's foot. |

EAST CENTRE:

| | |
|---|---|
| Fairfax's foot. | Newcastle's foot. |

EAST:

| | |
|---|---|
| Fairfax's horse. | Goring and |
| Lord Leven's horse. | Urry's horse. |

Besides reserves of foot on both sides.

Some twenty or thirty field-pieces on each side played against each other a while, but with little effect. "They" (the Puritans), says Slingsby, "after "four shots, give over, and in Marston "corn fields fall to singing psalms." One of the Royalist shot, however, mortally wounded Cromwell's nephew, young Walton, concerning whom Oliver's touching and soldier-like letter may be read in Carlyle. It is very observable, that though Marston and Tockwith must have both been defensible villages, with garden walls and enclosures, no attempt seems to have been made to secure either. In an encounter between modern armies, they would have been esteemed the "keys of the position," and taken and retaken half a dozen times in the day. Such was not the strategy of those times; they fought more willingly in the open, in order to employ their cavalry, which was then used in far larger proportions than in modern warfare,[1] as well as from deficiency in military skill, which, at least until Naseby, was of the lowest order. The nobility and higher gentry of Eng-

[1] The proportion of horse was even greater in other actions of the civil war. At Naseby the king had 5,000 horse to only 4,000 foot. At the second battle of Newbury, Ludlow saw 7,000 horse and dragoons in one body on the side of the Parliament—the largest, he says, which he ever observed in the war; out of an army of 16,000. Compare these figures with those of modern warfare. Generally speaking, the cavalry in a pitched battle vary from a fifth to a tenth of the whole force. At Waterloo, where the cavalry played a great part, those of the French were 12,000 out of a total of 75,000: those of the British and allies about the same in proportion. It would, probably, not be now easy to assemble 15,000 horsemen, even in Yorkshire, in a single action.

These battle statistics tend to prove, what other circumstances would lead us to believe, that the number of horses bred in England was much larger in proportion to the population in the seventeenth century than now. In truth, though we are wandering rather far from Marston field in making the remark, the reader of history will find it necessary to make much correction in the current statements respecting the enormous increase which has taken place since that time in agricultural produce. Figures, in the hands of able arithmeticians, like Mr. Macculloch, for instance, germinate into the most prolific deductions; and if we were to swallow in the mass, and without digesting, their several calculations of the increase of acreage under cultivation, the increase of imported produce, the multiplication of produce on every cultivated acre, the multiplication of animals, the doubling of the size of every animal, and so forth, we should find ourselves inevitably driven to account for the consumption of the inordinate mass of provisions which we have thus created, by supposing that every Englishman eats twice or thrice as much as his forefathers. Macaulay, who had a tendency to depreciate the social condition of past times, went so far, in his famous "Chapters on England in the Reign of Charles the Second," as to indorse the loose statements of the writers of the day, that half of England was waste, consisting, in his picturesque expression, of "moor, forest, and fen," and that "a fourth of England has been in little more than a century turned from a wild into a garden!" Now, the whole surface of England and Wales amounts to 37,000,000 acres. Of these it was calculated, thirty years ago, that 7,000,000 were waste. The quantity of land inclosed under Acts of Parliament from 1760 to a few years ago was less than 7,000,000 acres. It is a large conjectural allowance to add 1,000,000 for inclosure between 1680, Macaulay's stand-point, and 1760. But of these 8,000,000 a very large proportion were *not* inclosed from the waste, but merely converted from "common field" into severalty; that is, they were cultivated already, though in a less productive way. Estimate these as one-half (probably too low), and the whole amount recovered from the "waste" in the time in question will not exceed 4,000,000 of acres, or about one-ninth of the surface of the country; while, on the other hand, the great increase of towns, and of regions once rural, and now wholly abandoned to manufacturing or mining industry (as in Warwickshire and Staffordshire), has taken from the plough some extent of domain which then was subject to it. Nor will the statistics of consumption, when tested by common sense, lead us to any different conclusions. The population in Charles II.'s reign did not much exceed a fourth of its present amount. But it must be remembered—1. That the return of the soil per acre was undoubtedly much less considerable than now. 2. That the whole population was fed on home produce; whereas now, including importations from Ireland and Scotland, a very large proportion of our consumption is supplied from abroad. 3. That the whole population was clad in articles (woollen, linen, leather) manufactured from home produce, whereas almost the whole of the raw produce of which its clothing is made is now produced abroad. 4. That England not only then supplied herself, but was, *communibus annis*, an exporting country, to some extent, of corn, cattle, and wool. 5. That the comparatively numerous horses then kept required a comparatively large area to produce their

land, which furnished leaders to both parties, produced only a succession of brave blunderers; the captains, trained in the Dutch and German wars, on whom these leaders relied for support, proved, for the most part, as Macaulay remarks, extremely inefficient; the business was carried on by a succession of purposeless onslaughts and skirmishes all over the country, and, had it not been for the ultimate operation of the "self-denying ordinance," it is difficult to see, on military grounds, how it could ever have come to an end. Those times, fertile as they were in warlike incident, produced only four men with any pretensions to generalship, and those of very different degrees—Cromwell, Montrose, Monk, David Leslie—of whom two were Scots. Ireton might be added, "*si quâ fata aspera rumpat;*" but he had not the opportunity to conquer fame.

It was now seven o'clock, when the Puritan leaders, having completed their dispositions, descended from their vantage ground to charge Rupert's line at once, along the whole length of the edge of the moor from Marston to Tockwith. For the purpose of recognition, they wore white ribbons or bits of paper in their hats: the Royalists fought without band or scarf. "Our army moving down the hill," says Master Ashe, "was like thick clouds, having "divided themselves into brigades, con-"sisting of 800, 1,000, 1,200, 1,500 men "a piece; and some brigades of horse, "consisting of three, and some of four "troops." But on most parts of the line the Royalists did not wait for the charge, but met it midway. The shock of some forty thousand men, horse and foot, burning with zeal and rendered furious by delay, meeting breast to breast on a line a mile and a half in length, must be left rather to the imagination than collected from meagre fragments of narrative. "The most "enormous hurly-burly of fire and "smoke, and steel-flashings, and death-"tumult," saith Carlyle, "ever seen in "those regions." It must have been like the desperate encounter of that not dissimilar day when the Scots King James led his army through the mist and smoke, down Flodden bent, to charge Surrey's force along its whole front; when, in the words of him who could depict the animal joy and drunkenness of battle better than any other since Homer,

> "Such a shout was there
> As if men fought on middle earth,
> And fiends in upper air:
> O, life and death were in that shout,
> Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
> And triumph and despair."

The violence of that collision, as of two massive bodies meeting, was such as to crush and pulverise at once both the opposing forces. We just get a glimpse of them joining battle in complete array, and the next shows them scattered, broken, straggling across moor and field, on both sides, in utter bewilderment. Only the few who succeeded in keeping their ranks are left to finish the day's work.

"There were three generals on each "side," writes Principal Baillie, "Lesley "(Alexander, Lord Leven), Fairfax (the "old Lord), and Manchester. Rupert, "Newcastle, and King (Newcastle's se-"cond in command). Within half an "hour and less, all six took them to "their heels; this to you alone." And see farther, the description of the scene by Arthur Trevor, whom we have already quoted; he was engaged in a vain search over the field for Prince Rupert:—

"The runaways on both sides were "so many, so breathless, so speechless, "and so full of fear, that I should not "have taken them for men, but by their "motions, which still served them very "well; not a man of them being able "to give me the least hope where the "prince was to be found; both armies "being mingled, both horse and foot, "no side keeping their own posts. In

nourishment. If all these circumstances be fairly weighed, it seems to follow that both the amount of produce and the productive surface of England two centuries ago were very much larger than statisticians or historians who dwell exclusively on "progress" have supposed.

"this horrible distraction did I coast the "country, here meeting with a shoal of "Scots, crying out 'Wae's us, we are "all undone,' and so full of lamenta- "tions and mourning, as if their day of "doom had overtaken them, and from "which they knew not whither to fly. "And anon I met a ragged troop reduced "to four and a cornet; by and by a "little foot officer, without hat-band, "sword, or, indeed, anything but feet, "and so much tongue as would serve to "inquire the way to the next garrison, "which (to say the truth), were well "filled with the stragglers on both sides "within a few hours, though they lay "distant from the place of the fight "twenty or thirty miles."

Such was the general aspect of the field in half an hour from the commencement of the battle; but, in recounting more particularly what took place in each section of it, the narrator is under the unavoidable disadvantage of describing as successive, incidents which in truth took place along the whole line simultaneously.

1. On the extreme west, Cromwell, with Manchester's horse, and David Leslie's three troops, came, as our local baronet, Sir Henry Slingsby, says, "off the cony-warren, by Bilton Bream;" that is, he must have descended "the hill" nearly along the line of a lane leading from Bilton, and joining the Tockwith road just at the entrance into Tockwith. The ditch in front was here a formidable obstacle, well lined, as it was, with musqueteers. It might have tried the steadiness even of the Ironsides to pass it in order; but they were spared the trouble by the folly of their opponents. Lord Byron, abandoning his vantage-ground, charged, with his horse, across the ditch, was met in full tilt by Cromwell, beaten, and driven back in confusion over his own slaughtered musqueteers, and across the ditch again. "In a "moment," says Oliver's scoutmaster Watson who was in this charge, "we were "past the ditch on to the moor, upon "equal terms with the enemy, our men "joining in a running march." Another portion seem somehow to have turned the ditch. One more hard tussle with Grandison's horse and Rupert's life-guard followed. Cromwell himself was slightly wounded; and then the right wing of the Royalists was irrecoverably broken. The "poor Irish Papists" were nowhere; we hear nothing farther of them. The fugitives "fled along Wilstrop Wood side," says Slingsby; that is, seemingly, along the south-eastern edge of the wood, where there is a way conducting in the direction of the Ouse, at Poppleton. Part of Cromwell's cavalry followed, and did execution on the fliers, even as far as the Ouse; the remainder formed again on the ground, and rallied around them such of their foot as were serviceable.

2. On the west centre there was "a plain," says Captain Stuart, between Manchester's foot and the enemy; the obstacles of ditch and hedges were slighter; and here the fighting seems to have been indecisive; but Manchester's foot maintained their ground, though himself abandoned the field.

3. But on the east centre, Fairfax's foot had to use a lane, with inclosures on each side, in which only three or four could march abreast (says Stuart), as their line for entering on the moor. There are two or three ways, turning off from the Tockwith Road on the north, which might answer this description; but Sanford supposes, and I think with reason, that it was "Moor Lane," already described. Here the advancing Yorkshiremen were picked off by the musqueteers on both sides of the way; those who struggled to the end of the lane met with "the ditch," and, on the other side of it, Newcastle's famous foot regiment of "white-coats," whom his lordship had lately new clothed in uniform of undyed cloth, whence they were popularly denominated his "Lambs." These brave fellows had been levied, not from among the marquis's tenantry as stated in popular accounts, but in the border counties; many of them (as his duchess tells us) "bred in the moorish grounds of the northern parts." As fast as the head of Fairfax's column debouched on the moor, its files

were knocked down or beaten back by these white-coated opponents, until at last they were driven in confusion towards their *right* hand, to increase the disorganization of all that side of the Parliament's army.

4. For, on the east, and close to Marston village, the horse of the Cavaliers had utterly beaten Lord Leven's Scottish cavalry, had ridden through his and Fairfax's infantry, and chased the broken remnant all up the corn-fields, even to the top of "the hill." Seldom was a completer example made, than of the poor Covenanters on that day. But Walter Scott—in whom the instinct of antiquarian genius, which made him reproduce the past with unequalled vividness, was mingled with a most poetical and hopeless habit of inaccuracy as to particulars—makes Bertram Risingham, in "Rokeby," lie like a trooper, when he tells Oswald that—

> "Many a bonny Scot, aghast,
> Spurring his palfry *northward*, past,
> Cursing the day when zeal or meed
> First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed."

It is difficult to say what could have dictated these verses, except the vague idea, not corroborated by uniform experience, that a Scotchman in difficulties would make for his native country. To achieve this feat, Sawney must have ridden right through the ranks of the victorious Royalists. Sawney did nothing of the sort. He fled southward, scattering across the country in the direction of Tadcaster; his general Lord Leven "never drew bridle till he got to Leeds;" where, according to a story which the Royalists repeated with intense pleasure, he was taken up by the parish constable. The real facts, however, are recounted in the "Memoirs of the Somervilles:" — "The earl "himself, being much wearied, in the "evening of the battle, with ordering "his army, and now quite spent with "his long journey in the night, had "cast himself down upon a bed to "rest; when an express from David "Leslie arriving, he awoke, and hastily "cries out, 'Lieutenant-Colonel, what "news?' 'All is safe, please your excellence; the Parliament's army has "obtained a great victory;' and then he "delivers the letter. The general upon "hearing this, knocked upon his breast, "and says, 'I would to God I had died "upon the place!'" Old Ferdinando, Lord Fairfax, for his part, ran away as far as Cawood; where, says Warburton, he too, "like a sensible old veteran as "he was, went to bed; there being no fire "or candle in the house." This story Mr. Sanford discredits, because his lordship dated as of the 2d July an official letter to the Mayor of Hull, announcing the victory. But the temptation to antedate was strong.

The younger blood was hotter. Thomas Fairfax, according to his own account, was returning from a successful charge, when he got involved in the disaster of his infantry, and was driven by Goring's attack among the enclosures by Marston, where death or capture seemed inevitable. He and Lambert (afterwards Cromwell's famous Major-General), took the white ribbon out of their hats, got together some twenty or thirty horsemen, cut right through Goring's troopers, and escaped—Fairfax with a slash in the face—to join Cromwell on the open moor.

Did Prince Rupert head in person this successful charge of the Royalist left? Clearly not. Rupert is a mythical personage in history. Wherever a "fiery charge," doing more harm to friends than foes, is to be perpetrated, poetical fitness requires that it be laid at Rupert's door. Tradition, even from the earliest times, selected this as one of the instances. Defoe, in his "Memoirs of a Cavalier," (in which the account of Marston fight is as life-like as anything which ever proceeded from his pen, but the flimsiest romance notwithstanding), confirmed and popularized the tradition. Walter Scott, and poets and romancers in general, have taken it up without hesitation. And Eliot Warburton, in his "sensation" biography of Prince Rupert, endeavours to establish it, on the authority of "Whitelock, Fairfax, *and the event*." Whitelock wrote on hearsay, and that so imperfect, that he

says the battle began at "seven in the morning." Fairfax says nothing about it. Probability is all against it. Rupert, for the first time in his unlucky life, was sole in command in a pitched battle. Even he would scarcely have so far suffered mere pugnacity to "get the better of every other duty," as to charge with Goring's cavalry at the very extremity of the field. Scoutmaster Watson avers distinctly, that Rupert rode at the head of his own lifeguards, on the west of the field, and engaged in all but personal conflict with Cromwell. Watson, however, only gives the belief current at the moment among the soldiers on his side; and he seems, moreover, in this portion of his story, a little romantic, and addicted to magnifying his leader. In truth, the Prince's whereabouts, in this scene of fearful tumult, is not positively ascertained. That he was somewhere in the thick of the *mêleé* we may well believe, were it only from the circumstance that the Roundheads discovered his favourite dog, "Boy," among the slain[1]—"more prized "by his master than creatures of much "more worth." The next glimpse we get of Rupert shows him doing a leader's last duty, by covering the retreat of his broken forces into York.

The credit of this successful cavalier charge must, as it seems, be divided between Goring and him to whom Rushworth expressly ascribes it—namely, Sir John Urry—who afterwards changed sides twice, and got hanged at last for his pains.

Of Newcastle's prowess on the field we know more, thanks to his fond and fantastic biographer, "the thrice noble, "illustrious, and excellent princess, "Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle." She informs us that, having descended from his coach-and-six, he was surrounded by his followers, "to whom "my lord spake after this manner:— "'Gentlemen,' said he, 'you have done "me the honour to chuse me your "captain, and now is the fittest time "that I may do you service; wherefore, "if you'll follow me, I shall lead you on "the best I can, and show you the way "to your own honour.' They being as "glad of my lord's proffer, as my lord "was of their readiness, went on with "the greatest courage; and, passing "through two bodies of foot, engaged "with one another not at forty yards' "distance, received not the least hurt, "although they fired quick upon each "other, but marched towards a Scots "regiment of foot, which they charged "and routed; in which encounter my "lord himself killed three with his "page's half-leaden sword, for he had "no other left him!". . . In short, it is plain that his lordship would have won the battle, in his wife's opinion, with his own hand, had it not been for the obstinacy of one unlucky Roundhead. "At last, after they had passed "through this regiment of foot, a pike-"man made a stand to the whole troop: "and though my lord charged him "twice or thrice, yet he could not enter "him!—(get within his guard, the lady means)—"but the troops despatched "him soon."

Darkness, or rather, moonlight, was now drawing near, and matters stood thus. Not only the beaten wings, respectively, but "the gross" of both armies, were flying, distractedly, in all directions. Cromwell's and David Leslie's horse, seconded by the best of Manchester's foot, were in possession of the western part of the moor, and had changed their front: their backs were now towards Wilstrop wood, their faces towards Marston village: rallying to them Fairfax, and such fragments of his force as were capable of being rallied. We may almost imagine Oliver addressing Fairfax in the words of Desaix to Napoleon at Marengo: "The "battle is lost; but there is time left

[1] A Roundhead pamphlet, in doggrel verse, entitled "A Dogg's Elegy, or Rupert's Teares," raises him to the rank of an imp, or dog-fiend. The frontispiece represents poor Boy lying on the field of honour, his four legs in the air; under which are these verses:

Sad Cavaliers, Rupert invites you all,
That do survive, to his Dog's funeral:
Close mourners are the Witch, the Pope, the Devil,
That much lament your late befallen evil.

"to win another." The nearest unbroken division of the enemy to them consisted of Newcastle's "lambs." These seem to have held the same ground on which they had repulsed Fairfax's front attack—the spot in question, termed "a small parcel of ground, ditched in," being, as I conjecture, at or near the point called "Four Loans' Meet." Cromwell's first onset on them was repulsed with musketry. But small chance had these stubborn Borderers, in their new serge doublets, with their unwieldy pikes, taken, as they now were, in flank, against the repeated rush of the Ironsides. They stood their ground to a man, and were simply cut to pieces. "They were killed in rank and file," says Duchess Margaret. "When the horse "did enter (says Lilly, the astrologer, "in his Life and Times), they would "have no quarter, but fought it out till "there was not thirty of them living. "Those whose hap it was to be beaten "down upon the ground as the troopers "came near them, though they could "not escape their wounds, yet were so "desperate as to get either a pike or "sword, or a piece of them, and to "gore the troopers' horses as they "came over them. Captain Camby, "then a trooper under Cromwell, and "an actor, who was the third or fourth "man that entered amongst them, pro-"tested he never, in all the fights he "was in, met with such resolute, brave "fellows, or whom he pitied so much; "and said he saved two or three against "their wills."[1]

And now Goring's and Urry's horse had returned from chasing the Scots, had descended "the hill," and, covering the few Royalist infantry who remained unbroken, faced round towards Cromwell, on the edge of the moor near Marston; so that, in the language of the eye-witnesses, each army—that is, what remained of it—occupied nearly the reverse position to that which it had held when the fight began. The crisis had come, and was determined by sheer superiority of discipline—the great moral of Marston day. "That difference," says Clarendon, in his account of Naseby fight, "was observable all along "in the discipline of the king's troops, "and of those which marched under "the command of Fairfax and Cromwell "(for it was only under them, and had "never been remarkable under Essex or "Waller), that though the king's troops "persisted in the charge, and routed "those they had charged, they seldom "rallied themselves in order, nor could "be brought to make a second charge "again upon the same day." So, in the present instance, Cromwell's troopers came on in regular array. Goring's could hardly be brought to form at all, and advanced in mere disorder. Under such circumstances, the upshot was inevitable. The shock of the last encounter seems to have been short, the loss of life slight; but the moonlight pursuit was bloody. "We followed them," says Watson, "to within a mile of York, "cutting them down, so that their dead "bodies lay three miles in length." The battle was finally won and lost, and the Parliament forces remained masters of the carnage-cumbered moor, with some fifteen hundred or two thousand prisoners, besides artillery, stores, and standards, as the prize of victory.[1]

Cromwell (ably seconded by David Lesley) was therefore the true hero of the day. For once, the mythical and

[1] The few surviving White-Coats seem, like Falstaff's ragamuffins, to have repaired "to the town end" to beg, or worse, for life. The duchess has a story, how a Royalist officer, crossing to the Continent, was set upon at sea by certain "Pickaroons," who discovered that he knew the Marquis of Newcastle: whereupon they "did not only take nothing from "him, but used him with all civility, and "desired him to remember their humble duty "to their general, for they were some of his "White-Coats that had escaped death."

[1] These "standards," throughout the Civil War, served, among other purposes, that of political caricatures; and very quaint are the descriptions recorded of them. The following, taken at Marston, must have taxed the fingers of the fair Royalists who wrought it pretty severely: "A blue, and on it a crown towards "the top, with a mitre beneath the crown, "with *the Parliament* painted on the side; "and this motto, Nolite tangere Christos "meos:" (to wit, the crown and the mitre).

the real history coalesce. It is strange that Warburton should say that "Crom- "well was then comparatively un- "known, and that very little is proved "to have been done by him at this "battle." As to the fact of his achievements, the eye-witnesses speak plain enough. As to the estimate made of them at the time, there is overwhelming testimony. It is enough to cite canny Principal Baillie, who cannot conceal his disgust at the impudence of the Independents in declaring that "they "and their Major-General Cromwell had "done it all their alone," to the disparagement of godly officers of his own covenanting colour; and envious Hollis, who says "he had the boldness to as- "sume much of the victory to himself, "or rather, Herod-like, to suffer others "to magnify and adore him for it." In truth, the name of Cromwell rather seems brought prominently forward, in contemporary accounts, earlier than his actions would appear to justify. "The spirits of great men," like those of great events, often "stride forth before the events." Mankind early recognise their coming masters. Such figures as those of Cæsar, Cromwell, Robespierre, rivet the attention of the bystanders even before the hour of their full development has arrived. At all events, the names of Cromwell and Marston are now righteously inseparable to the end of time. So I thought as I walked through the village, and entered a tidy new schoolhouse, where some twenty or thirty tall and clever-looking Yorkshiremen and women of the future were undergoing a questioning by their master in English history. I followed them through the disasters of Robert Bruce, and heard how that hero could not find a roof to lay his head under — from whence a digression to the respective merits of slates and tiles for roofing, on which point I am not certain that the class were quite orthodox. But when I craved leave to put a question for myself, and asked, "Who fought the great battle in the fields between this and Tockwith?" I was answered at once by the shout of a queer-faced urchin near me, followed by a chorus of his fellows, "Oliver Crummle!"

"L'humble toit dans deux cents ans
N'aura plus d'autre histoire."

I am bound to add that, on further examination, I found many of the class, especially the elder maidens, so well "posted up" on the subject of their great parochial battle that, if womankind gain their rights in my time, I shall not despair of seeing the owners of some of those bright, sharp pairs of eyes, in possession of clerkships obtained by competition.

As to the events which followed the battle, my tale must be short. Rupert retreated on York; and, after a day or two's fierce recrimination with Newcastle, marched into Lancashire, unpursued, at the head of his diminished army. The Marquis having fully weighed what was due to himself against what was due to King Charles —and finding, moreover, that he had only ninety pounds left in his pocket, a small residue for one whose rent-roll amounted to the then enormous sum of 23,000*l.* a year—abandoned the cause, and took ship for the Continent. How he begged and borrowed his way there, through sixteen meagre years of Royalist exile—now driving about Germany "in "a coach and nine horses of a Holsa- "tian breed, for which horses he paid "160*l.* and was afterwards offered for "one of them 100 pistoles at Paris"[1] —now so hard up for a dinner that he was fain to request his lady to make "her waiting-maid, Mrs. Chaplain, now "Mrs. Top, pawn some small toys which "she had formerly given her"—how he returned at the Restoration a much poorer, but very little wiser man, was made a duke, and told long stories of his campaigns for the rest of his days— for all these things the reader must be

[1] His Grace's fondness for horseflesh ought to redeem some of his absurdities. "So great "a love," says his consort, "had my lord for "good horses: and certainly I have observed, "and do verily believe, that some of them "had a particular love for my lord; for they "seemed to rejoice whenever he came into the "stables, by their trampling action, and the "noise they made."

referred to his duchess's life of him, already quoted; which if he does not happen to know, he will thank me for introducing him to a store of old-world amusement.

As for the victorious party, they spent the following days on the moor, in much privation, endured with great constancy and discipline, rallying their scattered forces as well as they might; and then resumed the siege of York, which shortly surrendered. I need not recapitulate the names of the men of account who fell on both sides; they will be found catalogued in all the authorities. But it is a picturesque bit of story, and as such may be recommended to artists in search of a subject, how, on the day after the fight, the victors led their prisoner, the chivalrous Sir Charles Lucas, over the field, in order that he might identify the bodies of the Cavaliers, whom their white skins denoted as belonging to the "quality;" that they might receive burial apart. But he could not say he knew any one —or, as they thought, would not, lest he should increase their triumph—except one gentleman, who "had a brace-" let of hair about his wrist." Sir Charles desired the bracelet might be taken off, and said, "an honourable lady would give thanks for that." So the slain men were simply thrown together, gentry and commonalty, into deep trenches, dug by the country folks on the field. Some of these (according to Ashe) told the soldiers, that they had buried in this way 4,150 bodies.[1] These trenches would naturally be dug at the points where the greatest slaughter took place. According to local tradition, these were chiefly at the spot called Four Loans' Meet, and at another a little west, marked in the Ordnance Map as "White Syke's Close;" while other graves were traceable in the last century along Wilstrop Wood side. Many researches have been made by the curious; but the harvest of death has not been fully disinterred, nor will be till the day of judgment. Bullets and similar trifling relics are still picked up. I was told, that within these few years, "many skellingtons like" had been struck upon in making a drain on the lands of Wilstrop Grange Farm, but I could not ascertain the exact spot. And an old dame, a cottager at Wilstrop village, informed me that her son had picked up and brought home "a lot of teeth," but she made him throw them away, "for fear them as they belonged to might come for them." Other memorials of the fight there seem to be few. In York Museum are some swords and cuirasses taken from the field—one of the latter of magnificent proportions, which had resisted the deep dint of a bullet, but had not defended its stalwart wearer against some other mortal wound.

The battle of Marston Moor, though it led to no immediate consequences beyond the capture of York, was, as has been said, the turning-point of the first civil war. The king was enabled to prolong it for a year, chiefly by reason of Montrose's successes, which paralyzed the Scots, and prevented them from co-operating with Parliament in the south. But, on the other hand, it was through the destruction of the king's party in the north of England, that Leslie was able to return to Scotland a year after, and deal Montrose the last blow. Both Naseby and Philiphaugh were, therefore, the legitimate fruits of the day which I have endeavoured to describe, with the zeal, perhaps with the trifling particularity, of an itinerant antiquary.

[1] This number, according to modern proportion, would imply, at the very least, 20,000 "hors de combat." It may be believed that the proportion of killed to wounded was greater in the civil wars than in modern battles, in which great armies, "pot" at each other from a distance for whole days with cannon and musketry. Men were in earnest in those times, and struck home. Still, the sum is probably exaggerated. The *admitted* number on the two sides together did not exceed a thousand killed outright.

"The battles of our civil wars were tournaments," says a clever *Times'* correspondent from America, contrasting them with the supposed magnitude of modern conflicts. Taking the killed and wounded at Marston at six or seven thousand, and proportioning numbers to population, this would represent a battle in the United States between 250,000 men on the two sides, with 30,000 killed and wounded!

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE WATER-BABIES:
## A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KINGSLEY.

### L'ENVOI.

HENCE, unbelieving Sadducees,
And less-believing Pharisees,
With dull conventionalities;
And leave a country muse at ease
To play at leap-frog, if she please,
With children and realities.

### CHAPTER I.

ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it before, so you will not have much trouble in remembering it. He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers. He never had heard of God, or of Christ, except in words which you never have heard, and which it would have been well if he had never heard. He cried half his time, and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw; and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week; and when his master beat him, which he did every day in the week; and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise. And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing half-pennies with the other boys, or playing leap-frog over the posts, or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by, which last was excellent fun, when there was a wall at hand behind which to hide. As for chimney-sweeping, and being hungry, and being beaten, he took all that for the way of the world, like the rain and snow and thunder, and stood manfully with his back to it till it was over, as his old donkey did to a hailstorm; and then shook his ears and was as jolly as ever; and thought of the fine times coming, when he would be a man, and a master sweep, and sit in the public-house with a quart of beer and a long pipe, and play cards for silver money, and wear velveteens and ankle-jacks, and keep a white bull-dog with one grey ear, and carry her puppies in his pocket, just like a man. And he would have apprentices, one, two, three, if he could.

How he would bully them, and knock them about, just as his master did to him; and make them carry home the soot sacks, while he rode before them on his donkey, with a pipe in his mouth and a flower in his button-hole, like a king at the head of his army. Yes, there were good times coming; and, when his master let him have a pull at the leavings of his beer, Tom was the jolliest boy in the whole town.

One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was just hiding behind a wall, to heave half a brick at his horse's legs, as is the custom of that country when they welcome strangers; but the groom saw him, and halloed to him to know where Mr. Grimes, the chimney-sweep, lived. Now, Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master, and Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers, so he put the half-brick down quietly behind the wall, and proceeded to take orders.

Mr. Grimes was to come up next morning to Sir John Harthover's, at the Place, for his old chimney-sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping. And so he rode away, not giving Tom time to ask what the sweep had gone to prison for, which was a matter of interest to Tom, as he had been in prison once or twice himself. Moreover, the groom looked so very neat and clean, with his drab gaiters, drab breeches, drab jacket, snow-white tie with a smart pin in it, and clean round ruddy face, that Tom was offended and disgusted at his appearance, and considered him a stuck-up fellow, who gave himself airs because he wore smart clothes, and other people paid for them; and went behind the wall to fetch the half-brick after all: but did not, remembering that he had come in the way of business, and was, as it were, under a flag of truce.

His master was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down out of hand, and drank more beer that night than he usually did in two, in order to be sure of getting up in time next morning; for the more a man's head aches when he wakes, the more glad he is to turn out, and have a breath of fresh air. And, when he did get up at four the next morning, he knocked Tom down again, in order to teach him (as young gentlemen used to be taught at public schools) that he must be an extra good boy that day, as they were going to a very great house, and might make a very good thing of it, if they could but give satisfaction.

And Tom thought so likewise, and, indeed, would have done and behaved his best, even without being knocked down. For, of all places upon earth, Harthover Place (which he had never seen) was the most wonderful; and, of all men on earth, Sir John (whom he had seen, having been sent to gaol by him twice) was the most awful.

For Harthover Place was really a grand place, even for the rich North country; with a house so large that in the frame-breaking riots, which Tom could just remember, the Duke of Wellington, with ten thousand soldiers and cannon to match, were easily housed therein; at least, so Tom believed; with a park full of deer, which Tom believed to be monsters who were in the habit of eating children; with miles of game-preserves, in which Mr. Grimes and the collier-lads poached at times, on which occasions Tom saw pheasants, and wondered what they tasted like; with a noble salmon-river, in which Mr. Grimes and his friends would have liked to poach; but then they must have got into cold water, and that they did not like at all. In short, Harthover was a grand place, and Sir John a grand old man, whom even Mr. Grimes respected, for not only could he send Mr. Grimes to prison when he deserved it, as he did once or twice a week; not only did he own all the land about for miles; not only was he a jolly, honest, sensible squire as ever kept a pack of hounds, who would do what he thought right by his neighbours, as well as get what he thought right for himself, but, what was more, he weighed full fifteen stone, was nobody knew how many inches round the chest, and could have thrashed Mr. Grimes himself in fair fight, which very few folk round there could do,

and which, my dear little boy, would not have been right for him to do, as a great many things are not which one both can do, and would like very much to do. So Mr. Grimes touched his hat to him when he rode through the town, and called him a "buirdly awd chap," and his young ladies "gradely lasses," which are two high compliments in the North country; and thought that that made up for his poaching Sir John's pheasants; whereby you may perceive that Mr. Grimes had not been to a properly-inspected Government National School.

Now, I dare say, you never got up at three o'clock on a midsummer morning. Some people get up then because they want to catch salmon; and some, because they want to climb Alps; and a great many more, because they must, like Tom. But, I assure you, that three o'clock on a midsummer morning is the pleasantest time of all the twenty-four hours, and all the three hundred and sixty-five days; and why every one does not get up then, I never could tell, save that they are all determined to spoil their nerves and their complexions, by doing all night, what they might just as well do by day. But Tom, instead of going out to dinner at half-past eight at night, and to a ball at ten, and finishing off somewhere between twelve and four, went to bed at seven, when his master went to the public-house, and slept like a dead pig: for which reason he was as piert as a game-cock (who always gets up early to wake the maids), and just ready to get up when the fine gentlemen and ladies were just ready to go to bed.

So he and his master set out; Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind; out of the court, and up the street, past the closed window-shutters, and the winking weary policemen, and the roofs all shining grey in the grey dawn.

They passed through the pitmen's village, all shut up and silent now; and through the turnpike; and then they were out in the real country, and plodding along the black dusty road, between black slag walls, with no sound but the groaning and thumping of the pit-engine in the next field. But soon the road grew white, and the walls likewise; and at the wall's foot grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew; and instead of the groaning of the pit-engine, they heard the skylark saying his matins high up in the air, and the pit-bird warbling in the sedges, as he had warbled all night long.

All else was silent. For old Mrs. Earth was still fast asleep; and, like many pretty people, she looked still prettier asleep than awake. The great elm-trees, in the gold-green meadows, were fast asleep above, and the cows fast asleep beneath them; nay, the few clouds which were about, were fast asleep likewise, and so tired that they had lain down on the earth to rest, in long white flakes and bars, among the stems of the elm-trees, and along the tops of the alders by the stream, waiting for the sun to bid them rise and go about their day's business in the clear blue overhead.

On they went, and Tom looked, and looked, for he never had been so far into the country before, and longed to get over a gate, and pick buttercups, and look for birds' nests in the hedge; but Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would not have heard of that.

At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring: not such a spring as you see here, which soaks up out of a white gravel in the bog, among red fly-catchers, and pink bottle-heath, and sweet white orchis; nor such a one as you may see, too, here, which bubbles up under the warm sand-bank in the hollow lane, by the great tuft of lady ferns, and makes the sand dance reels at the bottom, day and night, all the year round; not such a spring as either of those: but a real North country limestone fountain, like one of those in Sicily or Greece, where the old heathen fancied the nymphs sate cooling themselves the hot summer's day, while the shepherds peeped at them from behind the bushes. Out of a low cave

of rock, at the foot of a limestone crag, the great fountain rose, quelling and bubbling, and gurgling, so clear that you could not tell where the water ended and the air began; and ran away under the road, a stream large enough to turn a mill; among blue geranium, and golden globe-flower, and wild raspberries, and the bird-cherry with its tassels of snow.

And there Grimes stopped, and looked; and Tom looked too. Tom was wondering whether anything lived in that dark cave, and came out at night to fly in the meadows. But Grimes was not wondering at all. Without a word, he got off his donkey, and clambered over the low road wall, and knelt down, and began dipping his ugly head into the spring—and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could, and a very pretty nosegay he had made. But when he saw Grimes do that, he stopped, quite astonished; and when Grimes had finished, and began shaking his ears to dry them, he said—

"Why, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. 'Twasn't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smutty collier-lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom. "It must be as good as putting it under the town-pump; and there is no beadle here to drive a chap away."

"Thou come along," said Grimes, "what dost want with washing thyself? Thou did not drink half-a-gallon of beer last night, like me."

So little Tom was forced to come along, looking back wistfully at the cool clear spring.

And now they had gone three miles and more, and came to Sir John's lodge-gates.

Very grand lodges they were, with very grand iron gates, and stone gate-posts, and on the top of each a most dreadful bogy, all teeth, horns, and tail; which was the crest which Sir John's ancestors wore in the Wars of the Roses; and very prudent men they were to wear it, for all their enemies must have run for their lives at the very first sight of them.

Grimes rang at the gate, and out came a keeper on the spot, and opened.

"I was told to expect thee," he said. "Now, thou'lt be so good as to keep to the main avenue, and not let me find a hare or a rabbit on thee when thou comest back. I shall look sharp for one, I tell thee."

"Not if it's in the bottom of the soot-bag," quoth Grimes, and at that he laughed; and the keeper laughed and said—

"If that's thy sort, I may as well walk up with thee to the hall."

"I think thou best had. It's thy business to see after thy game, man, and not mine."

So the keeper went with them; and to Tom's surprise, he and Grimes chatted together all the way quite pleasantly. He did not know that a keeper is only a poacher turned inside out, and a poacher a keeper turned outside in.

They walked up a great lime-avenue, a full mile long, and between their stems Tom peeped trembling at the horns of the sleeping deer, which stood up among the ferns. Tom had never seen such enormous trees, and as he looked up he fancied that the blue sky rested on their heads. But he was puzzled very much by a strange murmuring noise, which followed them all the way. So much puzzled, that at last he took courage to ask the keeper what it was.

He spoke very civilly, and called him Sir, for he was horribly afraid of him, which pleased the keeper, and he told him that they were the bees about the lime-flowers.

"What are bees?" asked Tom.

"What make honey."

"What is honey?" asked Tom.

"Thou hold thy noise," said Grimes.

"Let the boy be," said the keeper. "He's a civil young chap now, and that's more than he'll be long, if he bides with thee."

Grimes laughed, for he took that for a compliment.

"I wish I were a keeper," said Tom, "to live in such a beautiful place, and wear green velveteens, and have a real dog-whistle at my button, like you."

The keeper laughed; he was a kind-hearted fellow enough.

"Let well alone, lad, and ill too, at times. Thy life's safer than mine at all events, eh, Mr. Grimes?"

And Grimes laughed again, and then the two men began talking quite low. Tom could hear, though, that it was about some poaching fight—and at last Grimes said surlily—

"Hast thou anything against me?"

"Not now."

"Then don't ask me any questions till thou hast, for I am a man of honour."

And at that they both laughed again, and thought it a very good joke.

And by this time they were come up to the great iron gates in front of the house, and Tom stared through them at the rhododendrons and azaleas, which were all in flower; and then at the house itself, and wondered how many chimneys there were in it, and how long ago it was built, and what was the man's name that built it, and whether he got much money for his job?

These last were very difficult questions to answer. For Harthover had been built at ninety different times, and in nineteen different styles, and looked as if somebody had built a whole street of houses of every imaginable shape, and then stirred them together with a spoon.

For the attics were Anglo-Saxon.

The third-floor Norman.

The second Cinque-cento.

The first-floor Elizabethan.

The right wing Pure Doric.

The centre Early English, with a huge portico, copied from the Parthenon.

The left wing Pure Bœotian, which the country folk admired most of all, because it was just like the new barracks in the town, only three times as big.

The grand staircase was copied from the Catacombs at Rome.

The back staircase from the Taj-mahal at Agra. This was built by Sir John's great-great-great-uncle, who won, in Lord Clive's Indian wars, plenty of money, plenty of wounds, and no more taste than his betters.

The cellars were copied from the Caves of Elephanta.

The offices from the Pavilion at Brighton.

And the rest from nothing in heaven, or earth, or under the earth.

So that Harthover House was a great puzzle to antiquarians, and a thorough Naboth's vineyard to critics, and architects, and all persons who like meddling with other men's business, and spending other men's money. So they all were setting upon poor Sir John, year after year, and trying to talk him into spending a hundred thousand pounds or so, in building to please them and not himself. But he always put them off, like a canny North-countryman as he was. One wanted him to build a Gothic house, but he said he was no Goth; and another to build an Elizabethan, but he said he lived under good Queen Victoria, and not good Queen Bess; and another was bold enough to tell him that his house was ugly, but he said he lived inside it, and not outside; and another, that there was no unity in it; but he said that that was just why he liked the old place. For he liked to see how each Sir John, and Sir Hugh, and Sir Ralph, and Sir Randal, had left his mark upon the place, each after his own taste; and he had no more notion of disturbing his ancestors' work than of disturbing their graves. For now the house looked like a real live house, that had a history, and had grown and grown as the world grew; and that it was only an upstart fellow who did not know who his own grandfather was who would change it for some spick and span new Gothic or Elizabethan thing, which looked as if it had been all spawned in a night, as mushrooms are. From which you may collect (if you have wit enough), that Sir John was a very sound-headed, sound-hearted squire, and just the man to keep the country side in order, and show good sport with his hounds.

But Tom and his master did not go in through the great iron gates, as if they had been Dukes or Bishops, but round

the back way, and a very long way round it was; and into a little back-door, where the ash-boy let them in, yawning horribly; and then in a passage the housekeeper met them, in such a flowered chintz dressing-gown, that Tom mistook her for My Lady herself, and she gave Grimes solemn orders about "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he was going up the chimneys, and not Tom. And Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar?" and Tom did mind, all at least that he could. And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin in a lofty and tremendous voice; and so, after a whimper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture; to whom Mr. Grimes paid many playful and chivalrous compliments, but met with very slight encouragement in return.

How many chimneys he swept I cannot say: but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was accustomed, but such as you would find—if you would only get up them and look, which perhaps you would not like to do—in old country-houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been altered again and again, till they ran one into another, anastomosing (as Professor Owen would say) considerably. So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is underground; but at last, coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlefolks' rooms but when the carpets were all up, and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters; and he had often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white, white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers; and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs. The horses he liked; but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bull-dogs among them, not even a terrier. But the two pictures which took his fancy most were, one of a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room. For he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He fancied that he had seen something like it in a shop window. But why was it there? "Poor man," thought Tom, "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture as that in her room? Perhaps it was some kinsman of hers, who had been murdered by the savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad, and awed, and turned to look at something else.

The next thing he saw, and that too puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with ewers and basons, and soap and brushes, and towels; and a large bath, full of clean water—what a heap of things all for washing! "She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "by my master's rule, to want as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt out of the way so well afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

And then, looking toward the bed, he

saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her, as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

No. She cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty, thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "And are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty; and burst into tears with shame and anger; and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that had come to rob, plunder, and destroy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom had been in a policeman's hands many a time, and out of them too, what is more; and he would have been ashamed to face his friends for ever if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman: so he doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

He did not need to drop out, though he would have done so bravely enough. Nor even to let himself down a spout, which would have been an old game to him; for once he got up by a spout to the church roof, he said to take jackdaws' eggs, but the policeman said to steal lead; and when he was seen on high, sat there till the sun got too hot, and came down by another spout, leaving the policemen to go back to the station-house and eat their dinners.

But all under the window spread a tree, with great leaves, and sweet white flowers, almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia, I suppose; but Tom knew nothing about that, and cared less; for down the tree he went, like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron railings, and up the park towards the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

The under-gardener, mowing, saw Tom, and threw down his scythe; caught his leg in it, and cut his shin open, whereby he kept his bed for a week: but in his hurry he never knew it, and gave chase to poor Tom. The dairy-maid heard the noise, got the churn between her knees, and tumbled over it, spilling all the cream; and yet she jumped up, and gave chase to Tom. A groom cleaning Sir John's hack at the stables let him go loose, whereby he kicked himself lame in five minutes; but he ran out and gave chase to Tom. His master upset the soot-sack in the new-gravelled yard, and spoilt it all utterly; but he ran out and gave chase to Tom. The old steward opened the park gate in such a hurry, that he hung up his pony's chin upon the spikes, and for aught I know it hangs there still; but he jumped off, and gave chase to Tom. The ploughman left his

horses at the headland, and one jumped over the fence, and pulled the other into the ditch, plough and all; but he ran after Tom. The keeper, who was taking a stoat out of a trap, let the stoat go, and caught his own finger; but he jumped up and ran after Tom, and considering what he said, and how he looked, I should have been sorry for Tom if he had caught him. Sir John looked out of his study window (for he was an early old gentleman), and up at the nurse, and a marten dropt mud in his eye, so that he had at last to send for the doctor; and yet he ran out and gave chase to Tom. Only my lady did not give chase; for when she had put her head out of the window, her night-wig fell into the garden, and she had to ring up her lady's-maid, and send her down for it privately, which quite put her out of the running, so that she came in nowhere, and is consequently not placed.

In a word, never was there heard at Hall Place, not even when the fox was killed in the conservatory, among acres of broken glass, and tons of smashed flower-pots, such a noise, row, hubbub, babel, shindy, hullabaloo, stramash, charivari, and total contempt of dignity repose, and order, as that day, when the gardener, the groom, the dairymaid, Sir John, the steward, the ploughman, and the keeper all ran up the park, shouting "Stop thief," in the belief that Tom had at least a thousand pounds' worth of jewels in his empty pockets; and the very magpies and jays followed Tom up, screaking and screaming, as if he were a hunted fox, beginning to droop his brush.

And all the while poor Tom paddled up the park with his little bare feet, like a small black gorilla fleeing to the forest. Alas for him! there was no big father gorilla therein to take his part; to scratch out the gardener's inside with one paw, toss the dairymaid into a tree with another, and wrench off Sir John's head with a third, while he cracked the keeper's scull with his teeth, as easily as if it had been a cocoa-nut or a paving-stone.

However, Tom had never had a father; so certainly he did not want one, and expected to have to take care of himself; and as for running, he could keep up for a couple of miles with any stage-coach, if there was the chance of a copper or a cigar-end, and turn coach wheels on his hands and feet ten times following, which is more than you can do. And so his pursuers found it very difficult to catch him; and we will hope that they did not catch him at all.

Tom, of course, made for the woods. He had never been in a wood in his life; but he was sharp enough to know that he might hide in a bush, or swarm up a tree, and, altogether, had more chance there than in the open. If he had not known that, he would have been foolisher than a mouse or a minnow.

But when he got into the wood, he found it a very different sort of place from what he had fancied. He pushed into a thick cover of rhododendrons, and found himself at once caught in a trap. The boughs laid hold of his legs and arms, poked him in his face and his stomach, made him shut his eyes tight (though that was no great loss, for he could not see at best a yard before his nose), and when he got through the rhododendrons, the hassock-grass and sedges tumbled him over, and cut his poor little fingers afterwards most spitefully; the birches birched him as soundly as if he had been a nobleman at Eton, and over the face too (which is not fair swishing, as all brave boys will agree), and the lawyers tripped him up, and tore his shins as if they had sharks' teeth—which lawyers are likely enough to have.

"I must get out of this," thought Tom, "or I shall stay here till somebody comes to help me—which is just what I don't want."

But how to get out was the difficult matter. And, indeed, I don't think he would ever have got out at all, but staid there till the cock-robins covered him with leaves, if he had not suddenly run his head against a wall.

Now, running your head against a wall is not pleasant, especially if it is

a loose wall, with the stones all set on edge, and a sharp-cornered one hits you between the eyes, and makes you see all manner of beautiful stars. The stars are very beautiful certainly, but unfortunately they go in the twenty-thousandth part of a split second, and the pain which comes after them does not. And so Tom hurt his head; but he was a brave boy, and did not mind that a penny. He guessed that over the wall the cover would end; and up it he went, and over like a squirrel.

And there he was, out on the great grouse moors, which the country folk called Harthover Fell; heather, and bog, and rock, stretching away and up, up to the very sky.

Now, Tom was a cunning little fellow—as cunning as an old Exmoor stag. Why not? Though he was but ten years old, he had lived longer than most stags, and had more wits to start with into the bargain.

He knew as well as a stag, that if he backed, he might throw the hounds out. So the first thing he did when he was over the wall, was to make the neatest double sharp to his right, and run along under the wall for nearly half a mile.

Whereby Sir John, and the keeper, and the steward, and the gardener, and the ploughman, and the dairymaid, and all the hue and cry together, went on ahead half a mile in the very opposite direction, and inside the wall, leaving him a mile off on the outside, while Tom heard their shouts die away in the wood, and chuckled to himself merrily.

At last he came to a dip in the land, and went to the bottom of it, and then he turned bravely away from the wall, and up the moor; for he knew that he had put a hill between him and his enemies, and could go on without their seeing him.

And now he was right away into the heather, over just such a moor as those in which you have been bred, except that there were rocks and stones lying about everywhere, and that instead of the moor growing flat as he went upwards, it grew more and more broken and hilly; but not so rough but that little Tom could jog along well enough, and find time, too, to stare about him at the strange place, which was like a new world to him. He saw great spiders there, with crowns and crosses marked on their backs, who sat in the middle of their webs, and when they saw Tom coming, shook them so fast that they became invisible. Then he saw lizards, brown, and grey, and green, and thought they were snakes, and would sting him; but they were as much frightened as he, and shot away into the heath.

And then, under a rock, he saw a pretty sight. A great brown sharpnosed creature, with a white tag to her brush, and round her, four or five smutty little cubs, the funniest fellows Tom ever saw. She lay on her back, rolling about, and stretching out her legs, and head, and tail, in the bright sunshine; and the cubs jumped over her, and ran round her, and nibbled her paws, and lugged her about by the tail; and she seemed to enjoy it mightily. But one selfish little fellow stole away from the rest to a dead crow close by, and dragged it off to hide it, though it was nearly as big as he was. Whereat all his little brothers set off after him in full cry, and saw Tom; and then all ran back, and up jumped Mrs. Vixen, and caught one up in her mouth, and the rest toddled after her, and into a dark crack in the rocks; and there was an end of the show.

And next he had a fright, for as he scrambled up a sandy brow—whirr-poof-poof-cock-cock-kick—something went off in his face, with a most horrid noise. He thought the ground had blown up, and the end of the world come.

And when he opened his eyes (for he shut them very tight), it was only an old cock-grouse, who had been washing himself in sand, like an Arab, for want of water; and who, when Tom had all but trodden on him, jumped up, with a noise like the express train, leaving his wife and children to shift for themselves, like an old coward, and went off, screaming "Tipsalteery, tipsalteery—murder, thieves, fire—tipsalcock-cock-kick—the end of the world is come—

kick-kick-cock-kick." He was always fancying the end of the world was come, when anything happened which was farther off than the end of his own nose. But the end of the world was not come, any more than the twelfth of August was; though the old grouse-cock was quite certain of it.

So the old grouse came back to his wife and family an hour afterwards, and said solemnly, "Cock-cock-kick; my dears, the end of the world is not quite come; but I assure you it is coming the day after to-morrow—cock." But his wife had heard that so often, that she knew all about it, and a little more. And, beside, she was the mother of a family, and had seven little poults to wash and feed every day, and that made her very practical, and a little sharp-tempered; so all she answered was: "Kick-kick-kick—go and catch spiders, go and catch spiders—kick."

So Tom went on, and on, he hardly knew why: but he liked the great, wide, strange place, and the cool, fresh, bracing air. But he went more and more slowly as he got higher up the hill; for now the ground grew very bad indeed. Instead of soft turf and springy heather, he met great patches of flat limestone rock, just like ill-made pavements, with deep cracks between the stones and ledges, filled with ferns. So he had to hop from stone to stone, and now and then he slipped in between, and hurt his little bare toes, though they were tolerably tough ones; but still he would go on and up, he could not tell why.

And now he began to get a little hungry, and very thirsty, for he had run a long way; and the sun had risen high in heaven, and the rock was as hot as an oven, and the air danced reels over it, as it does over a limekiln, till everything round seemed quivering and melting in the glare.

But he could see nothing to eat anywhere, and still less to drink.

The heath was full of bilberries and whimberries; but they were only in flower yet, for it was June. And as for water, who can find that on the top of a limestone rock? Now and then he passed by a deep dark swallow-hole, going down into the earth, as if it was the chimney of some dwarf's house underground; and more than once, as he passed, he could hear water falling, trickling, tinkling, many many feet below. How he longed to get down to it, and cool his poor baked lips! But, brave little chimney-sweep as he was, he dared not climb down such chimneys as those.

So he went on, and on, till his head spun round with the heat, and he thought he heard church-bells ringing, a long way off.

"Ah!" he thought, "where there is a church, there will be houses and people; and, perhaps, some one will give me a bit and a sup." So he set off again, to look for the church; for he was sure that he heard the bells quite plain.

And in a minute more, when he looked round, he stopped again, and said, "Why, what a big place the world is!"

And so it was; for, from the top of the mountain, he could see—what could he not see?

Behind him, far below, was Harthover, and the dark woods, and the shining salmon river; and on his left, far below, was the town, and the smoking chimneys of the collieries; and far, far away, the river widened to the shining sea, and little white specks, which were ships, lay on its bosom. And before him lay, spread out like a map, great plains, and farms, and villages, amid dark knots of trees. They all seemed at his very feet; but he had sense to see that they were long miles away.

And to his right rose moor after moor, hill after hill, till they faded away, blue into blue sky. But between him and those moors, and really at his very feet, lay something, to which, as soon as Tom saw it, he determined to go, for that was the place for him.

A deep, deep green and rocky valley, very narrow, and filled with wood; but through the wood, hundreds of feet below

him, he could see a clear stream glance. Oh, if he could but get down to that stream! And now, by the stream, he saw the roof of a little cottage, and a little garden, set out in squares and beds. And there was a tiny little red thing moving in the garden, no bigger than a fly. And as Tom looked down, he saw that it was a woman in a red petticoat. "Ah! perhaps she would give him something to eat." And there were the church-bells ringing again. Surely there must be a village down there. Well, nobody would know him, or what had happened at the Place. The news could not have got there yet, even if Sir John had set all the policemen in the county after him; and he could get down there in five minutes.

Tom was quite right about the hue-and-cry not having got thither; for he had come, without knowing it, the best part of ten miles from Harthover: but he was wrong about getting down in five minutes, for the cottage was more than a mile off, and a good thousand feet below.

But down he went, like a brave little man as he was, though he was very foot-sore, and tired, and hungry, and thirsty; while the church-bells rang so loud, he began to think that they must be inside his own head, and the river chimed and trickled far below; and this was the song which it sang:—

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming wear;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoke-grimed town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN AMERICA.

## BOSTON.

"The oldest house in all Boston, built MDCLVI." This was the notice over a mercer's shop in Washington Street, which caught my eye in entering Boston. The shop was one of those little wooden pill-box houses you see about seaport towns at home, which might as well have been built yesterday or a thousand years ago. In itself it contained nothing noticeable; but what rendered it remarkable was, that in this new world age should be any recommendation. In one of Swift's ideal states, all citizens who attained to the age of sixty were removed as public nuisances. Throughout the West there is a like feeling with reference to inanimate objects. If an hotel is old, travellers cease to frequent it; if a town is old, settlers avoid it; if a house is old, its owner begins to rebuild it; if a tree is old, it is cut down at once. It is not that the Americans have no reverence for antiquity, but that, settlers in a new hemisphere, they bear with them, unconsciously perhaps, the traditions of the old. Methuselah would not have attached much value to an heirloom bequeathed by his great-grandson to *his* great-great-grandson; and, in like manner, the Americans, whose language and whose race is that of Chaucer and the old English, can hardly consider it a point of great interest, whether a building is two, or twenty, or two hundred years old. In fact, the feeling of Americans towards England is a mixed, and often a contradictory one. An American is almost always offended if you tell him that America is very like England. He has a conviction—not altogether, I think, an absurd one—that his country ought to have a separate individuality, which makes the idea of his nation being the copy of another almost repugnant. At the same time, he has an opposite conviction, which I would not gainsay, that, equally with the native-born Englishman, he is the descendant of the England of Milton, and Shakespeare, and Bacon. It is this conflicting state of sentiment which causes half the difficulties between England and America. America is, at once, proud of England and jealous of her; and I see little prospect of a state of stable equilibrium in the matter of friendship between the two countries, till America has got what she is fast getting, a literature and a history and a past of her own.

This, however, is rather a roundabout manner of coming to the conclusion I wish to draw from my observation of the mercer's shop in Washington Street, Boston, which proclaimed its antiquity as a recommendation to the public. Here, in New England, alone, perhaps, in America, is such an inscription possible. Coming, as I have done, to Massachusetts from the Far West, my prevailing feeling has been throughout of having got back to an Old World civilization. Having reversed the ordinary route of European travellers—having made Boston my terminus and not my starting-point—I perhaps am more struck with the oldness of New England, than with the manners of the New World. Be the cause what it may, I feel, and feel pleasantly, that I am getting home. One must have wandered, as I have done for months, through new cities and new States and new locations, to know the pleasure of coming back to a country where there is something older than oneself. The olive leaf which the dove brought back to the ark was welcome as a token of the older world, rising above the dull level of the flood; and so, this one inscription of a building that dates from two centuries ago was welcome as a memory of the past, to one who was well-nigh weary of the promises of the future.

But, indeed, it needs no Western training to find Boston pleasant in this month of June. After a month's residence, I am unable to discover on what plan the city was built, if, which I doubt, it was ever built on any plan at all. The very names of the streets are good English names, which tell you something about their several histories, nothing about their relative location. There is no such address in Boston as No. 1000 C street, between 40th and 41st Streets. The street cars do not take you, as elsewhere in America, to Pekin, Peru, Constantinople, and Jerusalem; but to old-fashioned English suburbs, Cambridge and Charleston, and Roxbury and Watertown. So State Street (it used to be King Street), Fremont, Beacon, Leverett, Mount Vernon, and a hundred other streets, run in and out of each other at all kinds of angles, up and down all kinds of slopes, in a perfect chaos of disorder. Somehow or other, you always keep coming upon the sea in all sorts of unexpected places, and whichever way you strike out you always get back to Washington Street. This is all that I can state as to the topography of Boston. But, even though you do lose your way, it is pleasanter to go wrong in Boston than to go right in St. Louis or Chicago. There are no mammoth hotels, no rows of commercial palaces, no stores of gigantic height, resplendent with marble facings; but, on the other hand, there are streets upon streets of solemn, cosy, Dutch-brick houses, looking as though a dozen generations had been born within their walls and carried out from behind their doors. Before each house there are little patches of grass-plot gardens, hemmed in by iron railings of substantial respectability. At the corners of the streets, perched at the most inconvenient localities, there are old stone-built churches, which must have heard King George the Third prayed for on many a Sunday. There is a State-house, with a yellow gilt dome, of the Brighton Pavilion order of architecture, which it could have entered into the head of none but an English architect to conceive. In quaint nooks, right in the city's heart, stand old-fashioned English grave-yards, shaded over by trees, looking as if they had been brought over from the City, in the days while City trees still were green; and in the very centre of Boston there is a fine old park full of ups and downs, and turf and knots of trees, which must have been the especial charge of the king's forester, whose house you can still have pointed out to you, not far from the city.

Putting aside the dreary six months' winter of ice and snow, I would choose Boston for my dwelling-place in the States. The town itself is so bright and clean, so full of life, without bustle; and then the suburbs are such pleasant places. Bunker's Hill, I own, candidly, I have not been to; and am afraid, somehow, I shall not succeed in reaching it. Talking of Bunker's Hill monument, there is a story told in Boston, which is worth repeating. An English nobleman, who visited America not long ago, was taken to see the stock sight of Boston. "It was here, my lord," said his American guide, "that Warren fell." "Dear me!" replied the peer, staring at the monument in blissful ignorance of who Warren was; "I hope he did not hurt himself." Let me add that, since I have come here, I have learnt two facts about the battle of Bunker's Hill, of which, to judge from myself, I think the English public are completely ignorant. The first is, that the battle was fought on the same day as the battle of Waterloo. The second is, that it ended in a British victory, though a victory of the "Cannæ" kind. On learning this, I felt absolved from the necessity of visiting the monument.

The truth is, there are so many pretty places about Boston, that it is hard to choose among them. On every line by which you enter the city, you pass by, for miles, hundreds and thousands of pleasant country houses, sometimes grouped together in villages, sometimes in knots of two or three, sometimes standing alone in their own gardens.

There is no superstition here about the neighbourhood of trees being unwholesome; and at this season of the year the houses are almost buried beneath the green shade of the overhanging trees. Out of the city itself, the houses, with few exceptions, are built of wood. Stone is as plentiful here as wood. In fact, the whole state of Massachusetts is little more than a great granite boulder, covered over with a thin layer of scanty soil. Wood, however, is preferred for building houses, partly because a wooden house requires less labour in building, and labour here is expensive and far from plentiful; partly because wooden houses dry more quickly and are sooner habitable than stone ones. To show how scanty skilled labour is over here, I may mention, that some friends of mine, who live a few miles from Boston, wanted, the other day, to have a store-closet fitted up with shelves, and sent for the only carpenter within reach. The man was quite willing to undertake the job, but could not find time to "fix it up" till next August; and so (it being Hobson's choice) my friends will have to wait till then.

It can only be the high price of labour which hinders Massachusetts from being a very poor country. I have never seen fields elsewhere at once so picturesque and so barren. They are very small for the most part, surrounded carefully with stone fences built up laboriously, and divided from each other by hedge-rows, reminding me of Leicestershire, rich in stones beyond description, and bearing the meagrest of crops. Great masses of rock rise up in their midst, and the ploughs seem to have turned up three handfuls of stones to one of earth. The system of agriculture, I should say, was very primitive, but painstaking. Indeed, the life of New England farmers is no easy one. They rise early, work hard, and toil year after year, with bare returns for their labours. Why a man is a farmer in Massachusetts, or, for that matter, anywhere, is a mystery. I can only account for it by the, to me, unintelligible passion for the possession of land. Most of the farms hereabouts are held under the same names as those of the first settlers. Property is almost invariably divided equally between the children; but the eldest son takes the land, and mortgages it to pay off his brothers' and sisters' portions.

Yet, with all this, I have nowhere seen the trace of poverty. I have driven for miles along the pleasant country roads, with their broad roadside strips of turf and their English hedge-rows; I have passed through villages without end, and yet I have never seen a cottage about which there was the unmistakeable stamp of want. It is true that white paint conceals a good deal of dirt, but still I have seen no single cottage as yet in which I should think it a hardship to have to live. Most of them have gardens, where wild vines, and honeysuckles, and roses, are trained carefully. Through the windows you can see sofas, and rocking-chairs, and books, and lamps, all signs evidencing some degree of wealth, or at least of comfort. The poorest cottages were always those of the raw Irish emigrants; but still there was hardly one of them which was not a palace compared with the cottage of an ordinary English labourer, to say nothing of Ireland. It is curious, by the way, that there is a great deal of the old English prejudice against the Irish in New England. Intermarriages between the poor Irish and the poor New Englanders are almost unheard of, and it is a most unusual occurrence for an Irishman to be elected to any office in the State. However, the Irish make, and, what is more, save, money, and, for the most part, lose both race and language and religion, in the third generation. The German element seems to be very small. A German name over a shop-door is a rare sight in the New England villages; and the names that catch a traveller's eye are good old English ones, such as Hurst, Bassett, Collidge, Thompson, and Parkard.

Of all country houses I have been in, some I know of near Boston seem to me about the pleasantest. There is no style, and very little pretension of any kind

about them. There are none but women servants, and but few of them. There are no luxurious carriages, and if you want riding horses you must hire them. There is no display of plate or liveries, and you dine at two o'clock, and do not dress for dinner. Possibly for this cause, you are all the more comfortable. At any rate, you have everything that, to my mind, a country house ought to have. There are pleasant gardens and shady walks, warm rooms and large old grates, easy chairs without number, portraits of English ancestors who lived and died before America was ever heard of, good libraries, and excellent cookery. Added to all this, you are in an English atmosphere, very welcome to an Englishman. You find English books about you, read English newspapers, and are talked to with English talk. The latest English criticisms, the gossip of the English book-world, the passing incidents of English life, "Essays and Reviews," and the Kennedy law case, are topics about which your hosts know as much, and, perhaps, care more than you do yourself. Indeed, it often struck me that my Boston friends knew more about England than they did about America. I say this in no depreciation of their patriotism. It may seem strange to English critics, who are wont to assume as a self-evident axiom that America is a hateful country, and that the system of American government is repulsive to every educated and refined mind, to discover, as they would by a short residence here, that men of genius and men of letters—men whose names are known and honoured wherever the English language is read—feel as proud of their own country, and as proud of their own institutions, as if they had been Englishmen. I do not say, also, that the feeling towards England is more friendly in Boston than elsewhere in the States; perhaps it is even less so. The community of feeling, and sentiment, and literature, between New and Old England has caused the New Englanders to feel more bitterly than other Americans what they consider, justly or unjustly, the sins of England towards the Union. But, in spite of themselves, the old love for England still crops out in the almost trusting cordiality with which an Englishman is welcomed here. Just as the artist-world of Europe, willingly or unwillingly, turns to Italy as the home of art, so the mind, and culture, and genius of America turns, and will turn for many long years yet, to the mother-country as the home of her language, and history, and literature. That this should be so is an honour for England, and, like all honours, it entails a duty.

### CONCORD: THE BOSTON LITERARY WORLD.

In these remarks, I have been speaking especially of the literary world in Boston; but what I have said is true also of general society, though in a less marked degree. All over America, and above all in New England, literary fame and the reputation of learning are honoured to a degree we can hardly appreciate at home; and, therefore, the literary mind represents the national mind more closely than would seem probable to us. It has been my good fortune to see a good deal of the literary society of Boston. Let me say something of the men whose writings I, in common with most Englishmen, had learnt to know long ago, and whose faces have now for the first time become as familiar to me as their names.

I am afraid that to most English readers the name of Concord will recall no national reverses. We have a great national talent for forgetting what is unpleasant, but still the fact remains, that at Concord a British regiment *did* run away before a rabble of American volunteers. Our loss consisted of two men killed, whose names have been long ago forgotten. This was the first armed resistance raised by the colonists against the Imperial troops, and a little obelisk has been raised beside the nameless graves of these two British privates, to record the first blow struck in behalf of American Independence. A low decaying avenue leads from the high road between Concord and Boston to the bank of the Concord river. Along this

avenue the British troops advanced and retired, and, on the bank of the river, stands a squat dumpy obelisk of the Georgian era. Close to the avenue is the Old Manse from which Hawthorne culled the mosses. Sitting one summer day, not long ago, by the side of the sleepy stream, the author of the "Scarlet Letter" told me a story of the battle, which was new to me. The two British soldiers who fell at Concord were not both killed by the enemy, beneath whose galling fire from the opposite bank our troops had to retire. One of them was only wounded, but, in the hurry of the retreat, was left for dead upon the field. As the British withdrew, a farming lad, employed at the Old Manse, came out to look at the scene of battle. He had an axe in his hand, and, holding it, he stole alongside of the wounded men, whom he fancied were dead. Just as he got near, one of them raised himself upon his hands and feet, and began to look about him. The boy, in an agony of terror, thought that the wounded soldier was going to fire, and, striking at him with the axe, cut open his skull, and then fled in terror. Shortly afterwards some British soldiers returned, found their comrade with his head split in two, and raised a cry that the Americans scalped the dead. The cry spread through the regiment, and created a panic under whose influence they turned and fled. The boy grew to be a very old man, and died not many years ago; and, as he grew infirm and old, the thought that he had killed a wounded man in cold blood haunted him to his grave. If the tradition of the village be true, it is a curious instance of what great events are produced by the smallest causes. The American Revolution sprang into being from the defeat of the British troops at Concord; the British were defeated because our soldiers were seized with panic; and the panic was caused because a timid lad happened to have an axe in his hand.

But Concord has dearer and nearer claims to the thoughts of all English-speaking people than the memory of an obscure battle. It is the home of Emerson and Hawthorne. An old-fashioned sleepy New England village; one broad, long, rambling street of wooden houses, standing for the most apart, and overshadowed by leafy trees; a quiet village-green or two; shady, dreamy-looking graveyards, filled with old moss-covered tombstones of colonists who lived and died subjects of the crown of England; a rich marshy valley, hemmed in by low wooded hills; and a dull lazy stream, oozing on so slowly through many turnings, that you fancy it is afraid of being carried out to the ocean that awaits it a few miles away:—these are the outward memorabilia of Concord. Passing through the village, you come to a roomy country-house, buried almost beneath trees, and looking, for all the world, like a quiet English parsonage; and then, entering in, it must be some fault of your own if you are not welcome at the kindly home of Emerson.

His is not a face or figure to which photographs can do justice. The tall spare form, the strongly marked features, and the thin scanty hair, are all, to the English mind, typical, as it were, of that distinct American nationality of which Mr. Emerson has been the ablest, if not the first exponent. In repose, I fancy, his prevailing expression would be somewhat grave, with a shade of sadness. But the true charm of the face can be learnt only if you hear him speaking. Then, when the "slow wise smile," as some one well called it, plays about that grim set mouth, and the flow of those lucid sentences, so simple and yet so perfect, pours forth in calm measured sequence, the large liquid eyes seem to kindle with a magnetic light, and you feel yourself in the presence of a living power. You may sit at his feet or not—that is a matter for your own judgment—but a Gamaliel is there.

Hearing him thus speak, I understood better than I had learnt from his writings the influence which Mr. Emerson has wielded over the mind of America, and how Concord had become a kind of Mecca, of which the representative-man of American thought was the Mahomet.

Some quarter of a mile further on, hidden almost by the overhanging hill, at whose foot it stands, out of sight and hearing of the village world, you come to the house of Mr. Hawthorne. A quaint, rambling, pleasant house, which seems to have grown no one knows how, as some houses do, and to have culminated mysteriously in an Italian campanile tower; so that it is rather a tower with a house attached than a house surmounted by a tower. It seems a fitting place for a romancer to have fixed his dwelling in. Right above the house there stretches a pine wood, so quiet and so lonely, so full of fading lights and shadows, and through whose trees the wind sighs so fitfully, that it seems natural for all quaint fancies and strange memories to rise there unbidden. As to the tenant of the turret and the pine wood, I could not, if I wished, describe him better than by saying that he is just what, not knowing him, you fancy the author of the "Scarlet Letter" ought to look like. I suppose that most persons form an idea to themselves of the outward look and aspect of any author they have learnt to care for; and I know that, as far as my experience goes, the idea is but seldom realized. The author, when at last you meet with him in the flesh, may be better than your idea; but he is not the person you had pictured to yourself and dwelt on fondly. Now, if you were to place Mr. Hawthorne amongst a thousand persons, I think any one that had read his writings would guess at once amongst all that crowd which the author was. The grand broad forehead, the soft wavy hair tangling itself so carelessly, the bright, dreamy, hazel eyes flashing from beneath the deep massive eyebrows, and the sweet smile, so full at once of sad pathos and kindly humour—all formed for me the features one would have dreamt of for the author who, more than any living writer, has understood the poetry of prose. It is a fancy of mine, a fancy inspired perhaps by the atmosphere in which I formed it, that Nature, when she began to make Mr. Hawthorne, designed him for a man of action, and then, ere the work was done, she changed her mind and sought to make him a poet; and that thus the combination of the two characters, of the worker and the dreamer, came out at last in the form of the writer of romance. Well, if Concord had been the scene of an English Waterloo, I am afraid I should still think of it with the kindliest of memories, should indeed remember it only as the dwelling-place of men who had won fresh triumphs for English words—triumphs to me far dearer than those of English arms.

It was my fortune, too, to see the great poet of America. Of all pleasant summer-houses, the houses round Boston seem to me the pleasantest; and of such houses I know of none pleasanter than the one standing on the Mount Auburn road, where General Washington used to dwell, and where Longfellow dwells now. The pleasant lawn, the graceful rooms, filled with books and pictures and works of art, form the fit abode for the poet who has known how to use the sweet stately rhythm of the English hexameter. But of this I would say nothing further; for I felt that, if I was in the presence of a great poet, I was in the presence also of a great sorrow.

I have said thus much of the three great American writers whose names are best known in England. Like all men of genius, they are in some sense public property; and the public has, I think, a right to know something of how they look and live. Genius has penalties as well as privileges. Of the many other men of talent and writers of note whom it was my pleasure to meet with in America, and especially in New England, I say nothing, because I doubt whether I should be justified in doing so. A private has a right to criticise the commander-in-chief, but he has no right to sit in judgment on the colonels. There are two, however, of American writers of whom I would say one word in passing; and they are Mr. Lowell, the author of the "Biglow Papers," and Mr. Holmes, the creator of "Elsie Venner." When America has performed

her great mission of settling the New World, I cannot doubt that the wonderful energy and power of her people will produce a characteristic national literature worthy of herself, and (I say it without boasting) of the mother-country also. In the works of these two gentlemen I think you can discover the first commencement of the distinctive American era of literature. The first has created a new school of poetry—the poetry, if I may say so, of vulgar life; the second has opened out a new vein of romance in the relations of physiology to the development of character. Both these writers have—at least, so I fancy—a career before them. Let me say also, in conclusion of these scattered remarks on the literary men of Boston, that what struck me most about them collectively, was the terms of intimacy and cordiality on which they live with one another. To anybody who knows anything of the literary world in England, it will seem remarkable that all the men of literary note in Boston should meet regularly once a month, of their own free will and pleasure, to dine with each other; and still more so that they should meet as friends, not as rivals. No doubt this absence of jealousy is due, in great measure, to the literary field of America being so little occupied that there is nothing like the same competition between authors as there is with us. But it is also an instance of the general kindliness and good nature which seem to me characteristic socially of the American people.

### CLASS-DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

Some four miles or so from Boston lies the University town of New England, the Cambridge of the New World. There are few places in the States of which I shall bear away with me brighter memories. The kindness of new-made friends caused Cambridge to be a sort of home to me during my stay at Boston. But even without personal recollections of any kind, my impressions of Cambridge, and above all of Cambridge class-day, would be very pleasant ones. Let me speak of it as I found it.

It is by the street railroads that you go to Cambridge (U. S.). The idea may not be academical, but the reality is wonderfully pleasant. If I had no other ground for not liking George Francis Train, I should find cause enough in the fact, that he has discredited the street-railway system in England. I know, indeed, of no pleasanter mode of travelling for a short distance than the street-railroad; and, of all street railroads, the Cambridge ones are the best. It is true, that the cars are overcrowded at times; nothing is perfect in this bad world. It is true, too, that gentlemen are expected to leave their seats when ladies have no place to sit down in; but then so many of the Boston ladies are young and pretty, and almost without exception they smile so pleasantly when you make room for them, that I wonder how Mr. Trollope found it in his heart to grumble at the custom. It is undeniable, also, that, if (like the reader of this paper, doubtless) you drive your own mail-phaeton, you find the street rails hinder the high road from being as smooth as it would be otherwise. Still, even from the summit of a mail phaeton, you cannot help perceiving that the number of people who do not possess carriages of their own considerably exceeds the number of those who do; and that, therefore, on the whole, street railroads are a gain to the community at large. Putting aside these slight objections, your ride to Cambridge, especially on a summer evening, is all that you can desire. Your fare is only threepence. A dirtily dressed person is almost unknown, low as the fare is; and, even if you are sometimes crowded, it is pleasant to see the coloured women and children sitting or standing among the crowd of passengers on terms of equality. You travel as smoothly as you would in the softest of spring carriages; you go as quick as you would in an Eastern Counties express; and you pay as little as you would in a London omnibus.

The road itself is a very pretty one.

Up and down the old-fashioned hilly streets of Boston, with their quaint red-brick houses; then over a long wide bridge across the Charles river, or rather across the sea-creek into which the Charles river runs—a creek famed in Boston annals for the fact that the tea was thrown into its waters in the days of the revolution; then through the long straggling suburb of Cambridge Port; then through rows after rows of wooden villas, standing each in its own garden; and then into the little straggling town of Cambridge. Of town or streets there is but little. What town there is, is grouped round Harvard College. Three low blocks of buildings, built 200 years ago, looking for all the world as though the Pilgrim Fathers had transported them ready-made from Trinity Hall or Emmanuel College, and called Hollis, Stoughton, and Massachusetts, form two sides of a college "quad." On the third stands the college library, a cross in architectural fashion between King's Chapel and the brick church in Barnwell, with the same dumpy pinnacles on the roof, that look for all the world like the legs of a dinner-table turned upside down. The square is completed by a block of lecture-rooms, very plain in structure. Hard by the college, there are a row or two of shops, University book-stores, groceries, and the like; and, round about in every direction, there are pleasant shady streets, lined with trees and quickset hedges, and pleasant country-houses. Indeed, the whole place had to me an academic air, for which I was not prepared. One of the professors told me that after Mr. Clough had resided here a short time, he said that "he felt himself back in Oxford." Indeed, strolling through the grounds of that sleepy, quiet university, it seems hard to realize that you are in the country of New York, and Chicago, and the West.

The students are quieter apparently than our English ones; or, at any rate, you see less of them about the streets. Once or twice in the evenings, I heard snatches of noisy songs as I passed the college buildings, which, coupled with the jinglings of glasses, called back recollections of college supper-parties. Otherwise, one saw or heard but little of the students, and those one did meet with had none of that air of being the owners, possessors, and masters of university precincts, peculiar to the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge. The age of the students is about the same as in our own universities. Twenty-one is, as with us, the average age at which students take their degrees, or rather close their college course; for taking one's degree is by no means the usual termination of the university career. There is no distinctive dress worn by the students or professors. The college discipline is very like our Cambridge one, except that the students are treated more like men than schoolboys, and, I should gather, with success. The students may or may not live in the college-rooms, according to their own choice. There are many more students than rooms, and at the commencement of each year the vacant rooms are allotted, by lottery, amongst the freshmen. If the lucky winners like to sell their privilege, they are at liberty to do so; and, practically, the poorer students generally make something by the sale of their privilege. Why men should wish to live in the smallest of old-fashioned college rooms, instead of in comfortable lodgings in the town, is a mystery that no man can comprehend after the age of one-and-twenty; but the wish prevails in Cambridge, U.S., as well as in Cambridge, England. Of late years the system of commons has been given up, and the students take their meals in clubs or at boarding houses. The students are obliged to attend lectures, and chapel in the morning. The prayers, which are very short, are worded so as to contain nothing offensive to the tenets of any Christian sect, and must, I fancy, be curious specimens, in consequence, of moral common-places. On Sundays, there is service held at college, according to the orthodox form, as the Calvinist faith is called in New England; and

students who do not go to church elsewhere are expected to attend it. Parents, however, may fix what form of worship their sons shall attend; and the majority of the students who come from near Boston pass their Sundays at home. In glancing over a list of the students, I saw that they belonged to some dozen religious denominations, and that about three in a hundred avowed no preference for any form of religion. Of the students belonging to the different sects, about a fifth or sixth were church members. I do not mean by this, that they were Episcopalians, but that, according to American custom, they had professedly declared themselves members of the church to which they might belong, and were therefore admitted to its communion. The average expense of the university course is, I was told, from 150*l.* to 250*l.* per annum; but in many instances, I think this estimate must be much exceeded. At the class-day I was present at, four students kept open house for all their friends, and I was told they had ordered refreshments to be provided for one thousand persons. Considering the style of the entertainment, it must have cost a dollar a head at the very least; and a thousand dollars (200*l.*) is rather a large sum even for our own "curled darlings" to spend on an entertainment. Though the outlay was talked of as unreasonable, it was not regarded as anything very unusual.

But, at this rate, I shall never get to Cambridge class-day. It was a glorious hot day, one of the few summer days we have had this year; and the chimes of Cambridge rang out merrily; and the town was full of ladies with the brightest of bonnets and the prettiest of faces. Class-day is the last day of the academic course—at least for the fourth-year students, or Senior Sophomores, as I think they are called; and on this day these students give a sort of farewell festival to the rest of the college, and to their friends. By the kindness of one of the professors, I was invited, in French phrase, to "assist" at the ceremony. Under a broiling sun, on the 20th of June last, we strolled in the forenoon across the college grounds, past Washington's Oak, to the house of the President, or rather the acting President, for at present the office of President is vacant. Washington's Oak, I must add, is so called because the Father of his country signed the Declaration of Independence beneath it. I am not sure, by the way, that I am not confusing Washington with the Barons and Magna Charta. However, Washington did something or other remarkable beneath this oak; and, what I own I cared more about, Whitfield, so tradition goes, preached under it when the college authorities of Harvard refused him leave to preach in the chapel.

At the house of the President the professors and the students were collected. The fourth-year Sophomores, who were the heroes of the day, were all dressed in the glossiest of new black dress clothes, and with the whitest of kid gloves. Evening dress somehow takes more kindly to American youths than to our own, and the students seemed to me a set of as pleasant-looking, well-dressed young men, as it has been often my fortune to see. We formed a line, and marched two and two together through the grounds, with a band of music leading the way, and an admiring crowd of bystanders gazing at us, and following in our wake. I am afraid, as I think of it, that my friend and I must have rather marred the appearance of the procession by being in coloured clothes; however, black is not a cool colour in the dog-days, and so I hope we were pardoned. Our walk ended in the Unitarian church of Cambridge, which the university has a right to use for public ceremonies. Thanks to my being with the Dons' party, I got a seat upon the raised platform at the end of the chapel, and sat in glory and comparative coolness. The moment we were seated, there was a rush of the students through the door, and a perfectly unnecessary fight got up with the constables, which reminded me of the wrestling upon the staircase of the theatre at the Oxford commemorations. In fact, the whole

scene had an Oxford air about it. There were the ladies with bonnets of every colour, red, white, and pink, fanning themselves in the crowded seats. Here were the hosts of bright young faces; and the orations were strings of appropriate platitudes and decorous facetiæ of the mildest character, such as most of us have heard oftentimes in college halls and under no other circumstances. Of the orations I would only say that they were delivered by two young men of six feet high and upwards—one the stroke of the Harvard boat—and as fine specimens of manhood as you would desire to see. We had a band, which played the overture to "Martha," and other operatic music, with remarkable precision; a prayer full of the most appropriate sentiments; and an ode of a patriotic character. There were allusions to the war in plenty throughout the proceedings, but everything was too decorous for the exhibition of any ardent patriotism. Amongst the crowd, however, was one poor lad, pale, thin, and limping upon crutches, who had lost his leg in the battle of Ball's Bluff, and who had come to witness the gala-day of the class which he had left to join the war. He was the hero of the day, and at every patriotic sentiment all eyes seemed turned towards him, as though he were the living representative of the country's struggle and defeats and victories. I have no doubt, according to the Yankee phrase, he had a good time of it that class-day at Cambridge among his old comrades and classmates; but I could not help feeling that there was a long hereafter before him, when the war is over, and the excitement has passed away, and when I, for my part, would sooner have both legs than have been a hero and a cripple.

Then, when the orations were over, we strolled through the old college rooms, where the students had prepared luncheons for their friends, and where every stranger who came was welcomed with that frank cordiality which seems to me so universal a characteristic of American hospitality. Then, having eaten as much ice-cream and raised pies and lobster-salads as our digestions would permit of, we wandered off through the pleasant college grounds, and, in defiance of academical decorum, smoked cigars upon the lawn of a college professor, who invited us to the act by his own example. Later in the afternoon, there was dancing in the college hall, on whose walls hung quaint pictures of old-fashioned Puritan benefactors, and in whose midst was suspended the famous six-oar outrigger boat of Harvard College, which beat the Hale boat a year ago, doing the distance in the shortest time ever known across the Atlantic. At any rate I was told so, and believe it accordingly. The dancing seemed to me very good; but the hall was overpoweringly hot, and, for my part, I preferred the open green, where there was music also, and where all the world was allowed to dance. It was in itself a curious instance of American freedom, and also of American good behaviour. The green is open to the high road, and the whole of the Cambridge world—or of the Boston world, for that matter—might have come and danced there; probably everybody who cared to dance did come. But the whole company was as well behaved, as quiet, and as orderly, as they would have been in a London ball-room. I could not help asking myself, without a satisfactory reply, whether such a scene would be possible at the backs of the Cambridge colleges, or in the Christ Church meadows, and whether, if it were possible, our young university swells would dance as freely in the midst of any of the Oxford or Cambridge shop-girls who chose to come, accompanied by their sweethearts and mothers. The dancing was followed by a sort of farewell romp of the departing students round an old elm-tree, wherein the chief amusement seemed to be the destruction of each other's hats. Then, in the evening, there was a reception of the students and their friends at the president's house, and an exhibition of Chinese lanterns and rockets on the college green, where, judging from the groups I met strolling about in the dim

evening light, I should say that many flirtations of the day must have been ratified by declarations and vows of eternal fidelity. *Chi lo sa?* And after the guests and relations and ladies had gone home, I rather suspect the students made a night of it over the *débris* of the cold collations. This, however, is mere suspicion. They may have gone to bed when we did, or have quenched their thirst with the lemonade they provided for the ladies; but I own I doubt it.

### NEW ENGLAND ABOLITIONISM.

According to English notions, New England is the home of Abolitionism; and I believe that, to a considerable extent, the notion is true as far as the country districts of New England are concerned. In Boston itself, the stranger who expects to find a strong manifestation of abolition sentiment, will, I think, be disappointed. In the country much of the old Puritan feeling still lingers. During the access of the Temperance mania, which passed the Maine Law, though without carrying it into effect, the New England farmers, in many places, cut down their own apple-trees, to hinder the possibility of cider being manufactured. The same spirit, undoubtedly, prevails still; and, wherever abolition sentiments have made their way in the country villages, the descendants of the Puritans are for cutting slavery down root and branch, without stint and without mercy. In Boston itself, the feeling about or against slavery is much less strongly developed. What Theodore Parker used to call Boston S'ciety was always opposed to abolitionism as vulgar, like any other fanaticism. Then the trade interests of Boston were opposed to any collision with the South; and the trade interests of Boston, with those of New York, are overwhelmingly powerful in their own district. Besides all this, a very large majority of Boston people were and are opposed to the abolition movement, not from love of standing well with the fashionable upper ten thousand, or even from pecuniary interests, but in a great measure from conviction. I don't think we, in England, at all do justice to the distinction between the anti-slavery and the abolition party. Every Englishman almost, I suppose, would say, if he were asked, that he was opposed to slavery. Yet, I suppose, also, there is not one Englishman in a hundred, or in a thousand, who would admit that England was countenancing slavery by buying slave-grown cotton. The answer would be, and perhaps with reason, "England has nothing to do with the internal institutions of her customers. We disapprove of slavery, and do not hesitate to say so; but we are not bound by this disapproval to break off all commercial or social relations with slaveholders. It is enough for us, that we have done our own duty." Now this, with little alteration, is exactly the language of the New England Republican party. "We disapprove," they say, "of slavery; we have abolished it everywhere within our own jurisdiction; we are opposed to any extension of slavery for which we are responsible; but we are not bound to exclude ourselves from all fellowship and connexion with other states, in which slavery has been established." Now abolition means, if it means anything, that any union or partnership with slaveholding communities is a sin. If the North is in duty bound to suppress slavery in the slave States at the risk of breaking up the Union, I am not clear that, by the same rule, England is not bound to decline the purchase of slave-grown cotton. The whole question is a most difficult and a most painful one, and I should be sorry to condemn either the abolitionist or the anti-slavery party. It is too wide a subject to enter on fully here; but I have said thus much because I think the anti-slavery party are most unjustly accused of want of sincerity, because they do not and can not endorse the doctrines of the abolitionists. That the result of this war may be the overthrow of slavery is my most earnest hope and prayer; but still I cannot blame those who, hating

slavery, and resolved to check its extension, are not prepared to extinguish it in other states unless the necessity is forced upon them by the instinct of self-preservation.

If I have made my meaning clear, the reader may understand how, while in Boston the republican party are in a great majority, and how, while the advocacy of pro-slavery sentiments would be unpopular and unfashionable, yet the abolitionists should have had, and should still have, but little weight or influence. Till very lately—in fact, till the outbreak of the insurrection—to hold abolition opinions was to exclude yourself from society. It has been my good fortune in New England to see a good deal of the abolitionist party, and I have never come across a set of people whom I admired and respected more. For the sake of principle they have suffered social martyrdom. They have been excluded from office, from political distinction, and even from the courtesies of social life. I don't believe myself that persecution is good for any man, and I have little doubt that the abolitionists have had their minds to a certain extent warped by persecution. Every man's hand was against them, and therefore they had an irresistible sympathy with all isolated and unappreciated sects and doctrines. The churches, one and all, were against them, and so the abolitionists have fallen away from the churches, and have thus lost in a great measure the support of the religious world. Religion, I suspect, has suffered more than the abolitionists by the separation, but still the abolitionists have suffered also. The great cause of Abolition has been mixed up with, and discredited by, the distinct causes of Spiritualism and Non-resistance and Women's Rights. Take Lloyd Garrison, for instance—as earnest and single-hearted a reformer, I believe, as the world has seen; yet the influence of his gallant life-long struggle against slavery has been nullified by the fact that he was also the avowed advocate of every one of the many "isms" which New England has given birth to. It is astonishing how little the leaders of the abolitionist cause are known of in their own country. The other day, at a party I was present at, I heard a lady ask, in apparently perfect good faith, and, as far as I could judge, without any affectation, whether Mr. Garrison was not a negro; and the remark hardly seemed to cause astonishment. I was surprised, too, to find how many of the people I met, most of whom were staunch Republicans, had never heard Wendell Phillips lecture; yet, to my mind, of the whole abolitionist phalanx, Wendell Phillips is the tower of strength. His friends say that he is the Aaron of the party, while Garrison has been the Moses. It may be so; but the words and voice which have stirred up the hearts of the New Englanders, for long years past, have been those of Phillips. Whatever your opinions may be, I defy you to listen to that scathing, living eloquence of his, and not be carried away, for the time at least. Most of us have a heart somewhere about us, and Wendell Phillips, more than any English orator I have ever heard, knows how to find the heart out, and work upon its chords.

Let me not be understood, by these remarks, to convey an impression that the influence of the abolitionists has been small. It is to them, in great measure,—to their unceasing testimony as to the truth of the "higher law,"—that the existence of the Republican party is due. The last few months, too, have much altered their social and political position: they are no longer against the Union, but advocates of the Union. As the people became more and more convinced that the abolitionist maxim is true, and that the Union is incompatible with slavery, the bitter opponents of slavery became, in popular idea, the friends of the Union. Indeed, the recent policy of the abolitionists is explained, better than by any elaborate explanation, by a saying of Wendell Phillips. Some one asked him, how he, who had been preaching for years, "that "the Union was the fruit of slavery "and of the devil," could be now the

advocate of the Union? His answer was, "Yes; but I never expected then "that slavery and the devil would secede "from the Union." So it is. Secession has brought the abolitionists and the republicans into the same camp; but the abolitionists are still a distant outpost, a sort of *enfans perdus* of the army of the Union.

BAD TIDINGS.

I had hoped to have written somewhat more at length of the society of Boston, of the pleasant houses, and kindly talk, and friendly people, that I have met with here. I had hoped, too, that the close of this letter would have been some glad augury of success for that free North I have learnt to know and to esteem so well. Unfortunately, it is not so. A month ago all seemed bright and prosperous for the Union. The port was almost in view, and the storm was well-nigh over. But since then there has been a change of fortune. The Union armies ceased to advance, and, in a war like this, not to advance is very like defeat. There was nothing actually wrong in the accounts we received. Every delay was satisfactorily explained; but still the broad fact remained, that McClellan was not making progress. People grew uneasy, but still without any definite alarm. It seemed impossible that such an army could meet with serious reverse. At the risk of sacrificing my own reputation as a prophet, I confess freely that I did not anticipate defeat. I am not, and never have been, as these letters perhaps have shown, a great believer in the strategy of the Young Napoleon. Nor have I felt much confidence in the fussy administration of the Cromwellian Secretary of War. But still I thought it almost impossible that the grand army of the Potomac, which I had seen marching forth from Washington in all the pride and pomp of war, could be defeated under any generals, when matched against such adversaries. If I erred, it was in common with many better judges; but that it was an error, is now too probable.

It was on the last day of June that the first tidings reached Boston of a tremendous battle, and of a victory which seemed more than doubtful. Four days have passed since then, and each day the magnitude of the battle has become more apparent, and the hope of victory has dwindled into the fear of defeat. Long before these lines appear in print, you will know the truth, which at present we are only guessing at. It is no use for me now, therefore, to try and calculate what the extent of the reverse has been, or to what causes that reverse is due. It is enough to say that the gloomiest views are now held throughout the North; that the question is, whether McClellan will be able to hold his own, not whether he will be able to advance on Richmond; and that in popular opinion the army of the Potomac has to be created again. It is possible, even probable, that these fears are exaggerated. But, for the present, the people are stunned with the feeling that their main army has incurred a serious, and, what is worse, a still almost unknown disaster.

What is to follow this blow, is a question it is too early yet to answer. To any one, who has observed the strength, and wealth, and power of the North, the feeling naturally is anticipation of its ultimate success, in spite of such defeats as that of the Peninsula, if it chooses to put forth its force. The doubt is, whether the full force will be put forth or no. So far as I can see, the one desire here is to know the truth, the whole truth; and, once given that, the North will, I think, be ready to act. I hear and read no word of despair, no cry for compromise. The one feeling, which has come prominently forward as yet, is that the national honour must be preserved, and the reverse retrieved. Save for this one definite conviction, all else is, as yet, chaos.

Meanwhile there is one fact I deem worth recording here. It so happened that I was present at a gathering of Secessionists, on the evening when the news of McClellan's defeat was first generally known. I could understand,

though I did not sympathise with, the exultation with which these gentlemen received the intelligence. But I was pained to see, that the real cause of their exultation was not that the Confederates had won a doubtful victory, but that this victory would give England a pretext to interfere. Their real hopes were based, not on the success of the Confederates, but on English interference in their behalf. I remember, as a child, having learnt that England was the home of the free, and that the slave and the oppressed looked to her for succour. It seems that now the *rôles* are changed, and that it is the slave-owner and the oppressor, who look to England for succour. I trust that, in saying so, I wrong my own country; but I wish that I felt surer of the faith that is in me.

E. D.

## NEW HEXAMETER TRANSLATIONS OF THE ILIAD.[1]

BY THE REV. DR. WHEWELL.

Are our readers tired of criticism about English hexameters? That may well be, without their being tired of hexameters themselves. The question about the possibility of such verses is best settled by writing them, and making readers like them. As was long ago said in the discussions on this subject, the fallacy of the impossibility of such verses is like the ancient fallacy of the impossibility of motion—*solvitur ambulando.* Southey was convinced of this; and intending to make English hexameter verse current, he proposed, as he writes to his correspondent Taylor, to march down upon the English public twenty thousand strong. Unluckily the result of this project was that most unhappy performance, *The Vision of Judgment.* And yet the introductory verses to that poem are allowed by all to be beautiful in rhythm as in expression.

But even of criticism on this subject, a word or two more may be said with advantage; especially as we have before us two new attempts to solve the problem of walking on hexametrical feet: the First Book of the Iliad translated by Sir John Herschel, and by Mr. Inglis Cochrane.

But we may venture to say that any discussion of hexameter versification is rendered much more difficult and confused than it needs to be, by the want, in the minds of English readers, of any clear views and settled notions about any kind of versification. Hexameters are considered as something strange and exotic in English poetry, because, in discussing their rhythm, we speak of *dactyls* and *spondees.* But we have in other kinds of English verse dactyls and spondees, just as much as in these; and anapæsts, and trochees, and iambs. May we be allowed a line of explanation? All verse, in order to be verse, is marked by a succession of beats or bars, as music is. The *beats* are the strong syllables, which, in order to agree with the familiar phraseology of classical grammarians, we may call *long* syllables. The *bars* are the *feet*, each foot consisting of the long syllable, and other syllables which accompany it. *Hexameters* have six beats in each line; the English couplet has five; the "octosyllabic metre" has four; thus—

"At close of day, when all is still."

This is an iambic verse. Add another foot and we have the usual couplet verse.

[1] The Iliad:—Book First, translated into English Hexameters by James Inglis Cochrane. Iliad, Book I. By Sir J. F. W. Herschel, Bart.

"At close of day, when all is still and calm."

But if we have two lighter syllables along with each strong one, we have the common anapæstic verse—

"At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still."

And if to this we add two more strong syllables, with their attendants, we have an hexameter.

"Oft at the close of the day, when the hamlet is still in the twilight."

Here the verse is made to begin with a strong syllable; and so the verse is dactylic rather than anapæstic. And thus we have the hexameter, not a jot differing in principle from any other English measure.

But this dactylic verse is easily read and accepted by the English reader, because the "short" syllables are really short and light; and because all the feet are dactyls, except the last. If we mix the trissyllable dactyl with dissyllable feet, and if the syllables which do duty as short, are really heavy and long—heavy and long, that is, in consequence of long vowels and accumulated consonants—then the verse is less readily accepted. Still this mixture and this heaviness are very frequent in the most popular measures, as well as in the hexameter. Take the following Irish ditty for example—

"My love he is fairer than a soft summer's day,
And his breath is far sweeter than new-mown hay,
And his hair shines like gold revived by the sun,
And the name that they give him is the Drinan Dhun."

The third line consists of two anapæsts and two iambs; and one of the anapæsts is, *shines like gold:* the two syllables *shine, like,* are long in pronunciation; but do duty for short syllables in the rhythm.

Take any of the long-lined part of "Maud," and it will be found that it has the same mixture of feet, the same heaviness of the short syllables:—

"Why do they prate of the blessings of peace? they have made them a curse.
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own.
And lust of gain in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearth-stone?"

These are really dactylic hexameters, and to make them quite regular, require only a syllable at the end of each line—or, indeed, do not require it, for the pause suffices to supply the need of it. But observe here, in the second of these lines we have *pickpockets* and *lusting for* as dactyls, combined with *each hand* and *all that,* dissyllable feet.

Take another quatrain:—

"For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolts sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,
And strike if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home."

Here we have, for dactyls, *battle-bolt, three-decker.*

These lines again are dactylic hexameters, though the third of them has four dissyllable feet. These hexameters differ from what are commonly so called, only, as I have said, in the absence of a syllable at the end of each line, and in the presence of the alternate rhyme. A very large portion of "Maud" consists of such hexameters. How, then, can any one pretend that hexameters are uncongenial to the strain of English versification?

But, in English hexameters such as are commonly described by the term, there is often an element which is extraneous to the ordinary tone of English versification: namely, in persons who are familiar with Greek and Latin poetry, a reminiscence of Greek and Latin hexameters. I say "often," not "always;" for there are English hexameters into the enjoyment of which this element does not enter: for instance, Mr. Longfellow's. But classical scholars, with their recollections of school scanning, expect that hexameters shall consist of *dactyls* and *spondees*, such as they have been accustomed to scan; and try to find dactyls and spondees in the attempts at English hexameters; and then often quarrel with such attempts because they do not conform to this expectation. Now, on this point, we may venture to say that spondees—dissyllable feet of which the two syllables have the same rhythmical strength—cannot constitute verse; because verse consists, as I have said, of a succession of beats, of which each has a *strong* syllable to which the others are subordinate. Even the noted spondaic verse:—

"Olli respondit rex Albai Longai,

is not a verse, if we read it, as we should read it in prose—

"Olli respondit rex Albai Longai."

The scholar may read Virgil without thus accenting the verses so as to *make* them hexameters; but then his enjoyment of the verse arises from his *knowing* them to be hexameters, in spite of his reading them as prose, as Mr. Munro has well said.

Still, of the dissyllable feet which, in dactylic verses, balance the trissyllabic feet, some are much more nearly spondees than others; and there is a great difference in different attempts at English hexameters, according to the prevalence of these spondaic feet; and we may notice this here the more especially, because the two versions before us, that of Mr. Cochrane and that of Sir John Herschel, have opposite characters in this respect, and may serve us well to illustrate the difference.

As I have said, the subordinate syllables of the dissyllable feet may differ much in actual length and strength, and may approach near to equality with the predominant or marking syllable. When this happens often, the dissyllable feet *approach* to the character of spondees, and the verse ought to please the classical reader. When this happens rarely, the verse runs smoothly and pleases the ordinary reader. Mr. Cochrane cultivates such spondees. Thus he has abundance of such verses as these:—

"Loud twang'd ringing the string of the silvery bow in rebounding,
Sleek mules foremost he smote, then swift dogs fiercely attacking;
Afterwards full at the host he his keen barb'd arrows directed."

Here we have the spondees, *loud twang'd, sleek mules, swift dogs, keen barb'd.* And these spondees tend to make the verses better, as imitations of the Greek and Latin rhythm; but they are somewhat repugnant to an English ear. The reason why they are so is this: these phrases, *loud twang'd, sleek mules, swift dogs,* are by themselves and in prose very nearly exact spondees. There is scarcely any difference

in the stress which is thrown on the two syllables. Yet the natural stress is really on the *second* syllable; whereas by the run of the hexameter it is thrown upon the *first* syllable of the two, and hence, in the verse, the effect produced is that of an inversion of the accent. That the more natural stress is on the second syllable, will be felt if we make an iambic line on that basis:—

"Loud twang'd the bow, sleek mules, swift dogs, were slain."

This sounds much more natural to the English ear.

Mr. Cochrane has, as I have said, cultivated the introduction of such spondees as those; and has in that way given his hexameters more the air of the hexameters of the grammar school. And even the English ear is hurt when the dissyllable feet which at school we called *spondees* are *too* light. Mr. C. gives as an example of a line, which is bad by this fault, the accidental hexameter, in our English Bible:—

"Husbands love your wives, and be not bitter against them."

A very poor sounding line, says he, in which, for spondees, we have trochees, of which the second syllables are very *short* or light, and so the whole line wants gravity. So far good. But when Mr. C. applies to such syllables the rules of Latin prosody, and would call them long if they have "a vowel before two consonants," he falls into a mistake which ruined the cause of hexameters in the Elizabethan days, and ever since till our own day. A vowel before two consonants is *not* short in English. *Cārpĕntĕr* is a very good dactyl, as the opponents of the Latin prosodical rules objected in Surrey's time. Surrey, with much ingenuity, wrote a great mass of hexameters (with pentameters) in which the Latin rules of quantity are observed, and the English habit of accents violated. The result is, that these verses are, to an English ear, intolerable; and this event, more than anything else, has given to English hexameters their evil repute. They are just emerging from this obloquy, and here is one of our most zealous hexametrists who relapses into this shocking heresy! Mr. C. quotes that other accidental hexameter:—

"Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?"

and says it is composed of dactyls and spondees, for as "heathen" ends with a consonant and the next word begins with a consonant, it may be considered a spondee; whereas the former line "Husbands, &c." is composed entirely of trochees. In the first place, the rule does not help him here: for the second syllable of hus*bands*, with *a* before three (rather four) consonants has certainly as good a right to be long as heath*en* with a consonant after it. But the fact is, that the rule itself is stark naught, when applied to English verse. No English ear is hurt at having short syllables with clusters of consonants at their end; take again Beattie's anapæsts:—

"At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove."

Here the "short" syllables are *at th, of th, en th, als th, org, uln;* and yet, certainly, no one can say that those anapæsts do not run on glibly enough. It is true, as has been said, that two consonants must take more time to pronounce than one; but they do not take more of *that time* which is measured by the flow of English verse, in which the strong or long syllable which marks the verse, sweeps along with it in its train the numerous shorter syllables, and equalizes the

length of the bars by its predominance. To have syllables which are short by the verse made long, or rather, heavy, by long words and clustered consonants, makes the verse heavy, but does not make it cease to be verse. It is not a matter of the *essence* of verse, but of its *quality*, as good or bad verse. How glibly do we glide over congregated consonants. Is not this a smooth verse ?—

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn."

Yet what a short syllable is *ense-br !* Thinking, therefore, with all admiration of the labour employed by Mr. Cochrane in the cultivation of spondees, and thinking in general with pleasure of the work, we still hold that his theory about the effect of two consonants is bad and obsolete.

He goes on to the end pursuing his spondees, often with great success. This is the conclusion of the Book :—

"Afterwards, soon as the light of the bright-orbed sun had departed,
Each of the others apart to his own home turn'd to repose him ;
Where the renown'd god, lame upon both feet, cunning Hephaistos,
Toiling had built a commodious dwelling for each to inhabit.
Zeus the Olympian went to his own couch, where he aforetime
Ever was wont to repose, whensoe'er sweet sleep overtook him.
There he assembled, and slept with the gold-thron'd Hera beside him."

For the sake of comparison, take the corresponding passage in Sir J. Herschel's version :—

"But when the sun had withdrawn his glorious light, and departed,
Then for needful repose each god retired to his palace ;
For, with ingenious craft, that cunning artist Hephaistos,
Famed for his skill, had constructed for each a separate dwelling.
Zeus ascended the couch, which when he consented to slumber,
Laying aside for an instant his flaming bolts, he frequented.
There he reclined, in celestial calm reposing ; and Hera,
Quitting her throne of gold, lay tranquilly sleeping beside him."

The former version is, as to versification, decidedly more classical ; the latter decidedly more English.

Both Mr. Cochrane and Sir John Herschel have previously come before the world as hexametrists. Indeed, I would point to Sir J. Herschel's version of Schiller's "Walk," as the best example which exists in the language, of hexameters and pentameters ; an example, I would venture to add, not inferior either in rhythm or phraseology to the grand philosophical poem of which it is a translation. And we may say further, that this metre, the hexameter alternating with the pentameter, is and must be a more agreeable measure than the hexameter alone. The great defect of the hexameter used alone, is its perpetual trochaic ending ; for the ending is really a trochee, not a spondee, and produces the feeble effect of a double rhyme, which is most agreeable when consummated by the fuller cadence of a single rhyme. Take as an example of Sir. J. Herschel's elegiacs any passage from "The Walk," and we shall feel the effect of this alternation. When the poem (which describes the progress of civilization) has to speak of the formation of cities, we have these fine lines :—

"Sacred walls ! from whose bosom the seeds of humanity, wafted
Ev'n to the farthest isles, morals and arts have conveyed.

Sages in these throng'd gates in justice and judgment have spoken :
Heroes to battle have rushed hence for their altars and homes :
Mothers the while (their infants in arms) from the battlements gazing,
Follow with tears the host, till in the distance it fades :
Then to the temples crowding, and prostrate flung at the altars
Pray for their triumph and fame—pray for their joyful return.
Triumph and fame are theirs, but in vain their welcome expects them.
Read how th' exciting stone tells of their glorious deserts :
'Traveller ! when to Sparta thou comest, declare thou hast seen us,
Each man slain at his post, e'en as the law hath ordain'd.'
Soft be your honoured rest ! with your precious life-blood besprinkled
Freshens the olive-bough—sparkles with harvest the plain."

It will be seen, I think, from these verses that Sir J. Herschel has a true ear for *English* versification ; and this appears also, I conceive, in the translation of Homer now published.

But I will leave the question of versification for the present. Readers may take their choice. Some may prefer the classical rhythm of Mr. Cochrane with its spondees ; others, the more native flow of such verses as the above, which certainly are not wanting in gravity and dignity, as well as ease.

We may now turn from the sound to the sense of these two new translations. Has either of them any marked superiority as a translation ?

Besides the rendering of the words and phrases, there is one important point in which the comparison of the two is curious—I mean the connexion of the successive sentences. It is possible for a translation to be exact, and even felicitous, in its adjectives and substantives, and yet to fail in giving truly the train of thought of the poem. When Mr. C. renders the address of Chryses thus :—

"Hear me, Atridæ, and all well-greav'd brave-hearted Achaians !
O may the gods who inhabit the mansions of lofty Olympus
Grant that the city of Priam ye sack, home safely returning !
*Further* my daughter beloved release, these ransoms accepting."—

we must feel that the connexion of the two clauses by the word *Further* is flat and unmeaning. Homer's connecting word is *But*, which Herschel has still better expressed by *Only*.

"May the great gods who dwell in the lofty Olympian mansions
Grant the destruction of Troy and a safe return to your country :
*Only* restore me my darling child and accept what I offer."

This is plainly what Chryses said and must say : "Let all other things be as they may ; only restore me my child. Keep everything else ; only give me her."

In the same way we have Achilles' first speech perverted by Mr. Cochrane :—

"Far from our home having come, now, King Agamemnon Atrides,
Back let us turn if we wish to avoid dire death and destruction."

This is surely somewhat incoherent. "Having come here, let us go back." Herschel gives the real train of thought ;—the conviction of the necessity of returning, forcing itself upon the Greeks, in spite of previous intentions and hopes.

"Surely, methinks, O Atrides ! the time is come for retreating
Baffled back to our homes, too happy with life but escaping."

Homer does not say this quite so much at length, but he says what Mr. Cochrane does not say. "*Now*, Atrides, *I am of opinion* that we shall have to return back, if we are to avoid death by any means."

Again, when Achilles refers to Agamemnon's claims to a compensation for the loss of Chryses; Mr. C. goes on thus:—

> "How shall the high-soul'd Argives again unto thee a reward give?
> We yet ignorant whether possessions in common are still stor'd,
> Instant division of spoil having followed the capture of cities."

Homer does not say that "we are ignorant whether there is any reserved treasure;" "but we know that there is none, everything having been divided as soon as taken;" and so says Herschel:—

> "How can our generous Greeks be tax'd, a new prize to assign thee?
> Public store have we none, where treasure is laid up in common.
> Soon as a town is sack'd, the spoil on the spot is divided."

That any new gift to Agamemnon must be a tax, is an inference, as Herschel allows, but a very simple and obvious inference.

Again, in the ensuing speech of Agamemnon, he says, as Mr. C. renders him:—

> "I will then go forth, and possess me
> Either of thine own portion, or that of Odysseus or Aias,
> Bearing it home; and the hero whose guerdon I seize *will be wrathful.*"

Very likely; but Agamemnon, even in his tyrannous mood, would hardly give this as a recommendation of such a course; he means, as Herschel makes him say:—

> "If not, I shall seize on the prize of another;
> Thine perchance, or the spoil of Aias or mighty Odysseus.
> Rage he may, upon whom I shall come; I reck not his anger."

Homer does not say, "will be angry," but adds the conditional particle κεν, which naturally suggests, "he may, but I care not."

The same want of congruity in the different clauses of a sentence we have in the beginning of this speech, as translated by Mr. C.:—

> "Never, in sooth, brave-soul'd as thou art, O godlike Achilles,
> Practise deception, for me thou shalt neither persuade nor entangle."

Herschel translates thus:—

> "Not so—brave as thou art, and of godlike person, Achilles—
> Not so deceive thyself, nor think to beguile or persuade me."

Mr. C.'s "Never in sooth practise deception," is a good general moral maxim, though it is difficult to see what *in sooth* adds to its force. But, "Never deceive thyself *so*," is what Homer says, applying it to the particular case. And, moreover, though Agamemnon may call Achilles "brave," as an admitted fact, he can hardly call him "brave-soul'd," without implying a special admiration of his character, which, at this moment, at least, he cannot intend to express.

These passages may serve to show the relation between the two new translations. I think there can be no doubt that in all these cases there is a great superiority on Sir J. Herschel's side as to the rendering of the meaning; and the same character runs through the whole of the translation. It is throughout current, connected, and forcible.

It may have been remarked in the passages which I have quoted, that in Herschel's translation a few phrases are thrown in, by which the connexion of the thought in Homer is wrought out more clearly than it would be by a literal translation. This is, in fact, inevitably necessary, if justice is to be done to the sense; besides this consideration, that if we are to have a translation line for line, we must

add something, because the English words are shorter than the equivalent Greek words. Sir John's additions are the briefest possible, and are such as to keep up the poetical colour of the poem, as well as to make its meaning plain; and that these additions may not mislead our readers, Sir John has taken the pains to mark them in italics throughout his version. For instance, he prints thus:—

> "For that Atrides his *sacred* priest had *rudely* dishonoured,
> Chryses, who *suppliant* came to the swift-sailing ships of the Grecians.
> Thus, *in his anguish*, he prayed with *earnest and* long supplication,
> Thus *loud sobbing*, he prayed, and his prayer reached Phœbus Apollo."

It is certainly curious to see this careful exhibition of the translator's additions to his original. Among other consequences, it enables us to discern the relative space occupied by saying the same thing in Greek and in English. And it is done in so strict and conscientious a manner as to be a very decided proof of the scrupulous care with which Sir J. H. has executed his version. But we rather incline to think that in reprinting this translation it would be better to suppress this distinction. Sir J. H.'s translation appears to us to be better adapted than any other which we have seen, to be a popular representative in English hexameters of Homer's Greek hexameters. The verse, as we have said, runs very easily, and is free from the taint of classical affectation which repels the popular reader, without, as it has appeared, winning the classical reader. The sense is rendered simply and clearly, and, for the most part, a poetical glow is thrown over the narrative and dialogue. But this distinction of italics will interfere with the poem's chances of popularity. It calls the attention to something besides the narrative and dialogue; something which is valuable in a school-book, but which is a stumbling-block in a poem. If, as we very much hope may be the case, Sir John goes on with his task and completes the Iliad, we trust that in publishing it as a whole he will omit these italics, and thus allow his readers to forget, as they easily may, that it is not an original. At the same time we are quite ready to offer our tribute of admiration to the fidelity with which Mr. Cochrane has translated every separate line of Homer. And his frequent spondees give to his verse an agreeable echo of that classical hexameter tone, which is to many ears a charm in English hexameters added to the ordinary charm of versification.

## VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC

### CHAPTER VIII.

THE SIGNOR AVVOCATO BORROWS A STOCK OF COURAGE FROM BARNABY.

When, at the close of day, on the Friday of Vincenzo's ill-fated expedition to Ibella, supper-time arrived at the palace, and no Vincenzo was forthcoming, Rose had no other alternative than to state candidly, and unreservedly, the nature of the errand on which the seminarist had gone.

"A fool's errand," observed the Signor Avvocato. "Del Palmetto will only laugh at him and very likely give him a good drubbing into the bargain. I am sorry, Rose, that you are mixed up in this silly affair. How was it you came to think of so absurd a present as a purse for a boy who has no money and wants none?"

"But you see, papa, it isn't always so easy to find out something new to give. Last year I made him a pair of velvet braces, the year before I worked him

slippers, and the year before that I embroidered his initials on a pocket-handkerchief, this time I was fairly puzzled what to do."

"Well, well," resumed the father, "I dare say it would have been all the same had you taken it into your little head to provide him with a pair of gloves. It was very wrong and rude of Federico. I have told you more than once not to encourage his familiarity."

"I never have, papa, but you also bid me be civil to him; and when a person you have known all your life, comes to wish you good-bye, before he goes away to fight, it is difficult not to be good-natured."

"Of course, of course, you were right," returned papa, dutifully; "but now, about Vincenzo, we must hope that, having probably found it difficult to see Del Palmetto, he thought it too late to return here, and has been wise enough to go back to the seminary at once. As he had to be there by mid-day to-morrow, he does not lose much of his holiday. He must lay his account, however, to a good lecture for having gone out alone. I am not to blame. I have repeatedly forbidden him ever to do so; he knows, as well as I do, that it is against rule; but I see very well that young fellow will end by getting me into hot water with the authorities. He is beginning to be unsteady, I am sorry to say, very unsteady."

Misgivings about his godson did not apparently weigh much on the god-father's spirits. He ate an excellent supper, slept an unbroken sleep the night through, enjoyed his early walk in his garden, his early chat with his labourers next morning, with as easy a mind as though Vincenzo had been the pearl of seminarists. The owner of the palace was a methodical man, a piece of choice clockwork. He rose every day at seven; walked out till eight, when he had a cup of coffee, which constituted his breakfast; then walked out again till nine. From that hour till eleven he transacted business, received visitors, and gave legal advice. The two hours remaining between that and one o'clock, the dinner hour, he devoted to music, his ruling passion; and any interruption of his musical studies was always peculiarly unwelcome. This regular distribution of his forenoons had undergone some slight modifications of late, since he had been promoted to the honour of being Mayor. Nevertheless, with few exceptions, he had managed so as to banish all the duties of his municipal office until the afternoons. Well, then, the amateur musician had not been ten minutes at his piano, on this particular Saturday, when a tap at the door of his retreat, and an entreating call from Rose, put a stop to the sonata he was trying over.

"Bless my heart! Rose, my dear, come in; what is it?"

"A messenger from the seminary with a letter," said Rose, thrusting in her curly head.

"Well, where is it?"

"The man says he must give it into your own hands, pāpa," replied Rose.

"Holy patience!" grumbled the Signor Avvocato, going into the passage. The messenger was waiting on the top of the first landing of the stairs that led to the Signor Avvocato's private rooms; the man was a servant belonging to the seminary, and well known by sight to the mayor.

"What news? good, I hope," said the gentleman.

"I should be sorry to be the bearer of any but good, Signor Avvocato," answered the messenger, rather sententiously, as he delivered the letter. "The reverend principal of the seminary charged me most particularly to place this myself in your own hands. So I hope you will excuse my intrusion; and, if there be any answer, I am here at your service."

"Very good," said Rose's father. "Just step into the kitchen and take some refreshment, while I read the contents of this despatch. Rose, you had better see if the cook is below; if not, send for her."

The style of living was very homely and primitive in the palace, whose inmates abundantly put in practice the

hackneyed axiom, that "one is best served by oneself." A host of servants were kept; but they were rarely within reach when wanted—all and each of them having the habit, when not engaged in some special duty, of giving a hand either in the garden, laundry, or dairy, in short, wherever there was at the moment most to do.

The Signor Avvocato returned to his seat before the piano to read his letter, flattering himself that he should be able to resume his sonata in a minute or two; but any such hope died within him, when he beheld the unusual length of the epistle. He rose from the music stool, and, with a jerk of impatience, threw himself on the sofa to master the contents of the despatch, with, at all events, more comfort to his body. The reader needs not be told that the letter contained a summary of Vincenzo's trespasses of the day before, the narration coloured of course by the narrator's opinions. "I see how it is," groaned the Signor Avvocato. "It is written in the book of fate that I am never to have a moment's peace;" and, having thus protested against the interruption, he again fixed his eyes on the catalogue of sins he held in his hand. The last paragraph ran as follows—

"Our spiritual head, the bishop of the diocese, has already had laid before him all the facts, which it has been my painful duty herein to detail for your information. Any ultimate decision rests with his grace; and, in the present state of the affair, it would be presumption in me to enter into conjectures as to the impression his grace is likely to receive, or as to the sentence he may deem it fit to pass on the offender. Still, I feel it almost a Christian duty to prepare you for what (to me) seems inevitable under the circumstances. I allude to the uselessness of any application for the re-admission of your *protégé* into an establishment, which, I regret to say, he has done all in his power to disgrace. You will remark, sir, that I do not even hint at a possible formal decree of expulsion; which, but for the high regard I entertain for your worthy self, would be only a just punishment for so aggravated a fault. One more observation and I have done. Political enthusiasm was the trait we were least prepared to meet with in young Candia's character; but that he is tainted with the new-fangled notions of the day can be proved, beyond a doubt, by abundant evidence. Where can he have contracted a bent of mind, pernicious to all, most especially to youth? Not here assuredly, not in our well-ordered peaceful community. But where then? I shall not seek to know; suffice it to say, that those who have fostered and encouraged such a tendency in the lad, have assumed a heavy responsibility. I have the honour to remain, sir, with the highest consideration, etc. etc. your most devoted humble servant."

"*In caudâ venenum,*" said the Avvocato, aloud, and with a bitter smile. "Could I only make sure that *old times* would never return!" The passionate tone in which the words were pronounced, the arm menacingly stretched forth, and the closed fist that struck the empty air, intimated, with infinite clearness, that the Signor Avvocato's blood was up at boiling point. "But I cannot be sure," he added, and the threatening arm fell supine upon the sofa. He pondered a little, went to the window, and called out, "Barnaby—some one send me Barnaby directly." Nor did the Signor Avvocato again seek the comfortable corner of the sofa, but paced uneasily up and down the room. As the staunch confidential servant, or rather faithful friend of his father—as one who had the honour and interests of the family more at heart than even the family themselves—Barnaby was *de jure* the adviser to whom the Signor Avvocato turned in all his difficulties. But it was less for the sake of the old gardener's clear good sense and trustworthiness, than for that of his combativeness, that his master wanted him at this moment. Just as the coward instinctively has recourse to the bottle for courage, so did the master of the palace, stung to the quick, seek the person of all others most certain to spur him on to the system of retaliation,

which the feeble-minded gentleman longed to adopt, yet shrunk from. Barnaby, by temperament and habit the despiser and hater of all compromise, ever the prompter and supporter of extreme measures, was the very man for the occasion. Barnaby unfortunately was missing. Barnaby, early that morning, had set out in the open cart and gone nobody knew where. This was what Rose came to tell her father; and so struck was she by his look of disturbance that she asked him if he had had any bad news.

"About as bad as can be," he replied, testily. "Insubordination, drunkenness, riot, profanation, and what not; these are the noble deeds of that precious favourite of yours. You may stare, but I am speaking of no one else than your friend Vincenzo—you have cause to be proud of having such a friend—he is expelled the seminary, as a matter of course. Didn't I tell you, that one of these fine days he would get me into a scrape with the authorities of that nursery of priests? Well, he has done it now, to his satisfaction, I hope. For the sake of that saucy scapegrace, I am bearded, insulted—yes, your father, a gentleman and a magistrate, is made a target for the most injurious imputations—yes, yes, yes, all true; read that, if you are curious to know more of the business;" and, hitting the letter angrily with his knuckles, he gave it to his daughter.

Rose, after she had looked over the obnoxious missive, exclaimed, in great agitation, "And where is Vincenzo now?"

"At Jericho, for aught I know or care," was the testy answer.

"And you really think, papa, that they will not take him back into the seminary?"

"Of course not; they have had enough of him."

"And so he will not be a priest after all," gasped the poor girl in sincere distress.

"There will be no lack of priests, my dear, though he be none. What's the use of crying, child? it won't mend the matter."

But Barnaby, what had become of him all this time? Shortly after eight that morning, he was pruning the ivy and honeysuckle overgrowing the entrance to his young mistress's favourite summer-house, when Lucangelo, the dairy-lad, who went always at dawn of day to Ibella with the surplus milk from the palace, happened to pass in the road beneath on his way home.

"Good day, Lucangelo," said Barnaby; "any news down there?"

Lucangelo was brimming over with news, which he was longing to pour forth. We are already in possession of the staple of it. Signor Vincenzo had been seen the day before making merry with three officers at the Caffé della Posta; and, dressed up as an officer himself, had been drinking and singing, and had finished off by dancing with the cook *coram populo*.

Barnaby pooh-poohed the story as a hoax—there must be a mistake as to the identity, some good-for-nothing wretch had personated Vincenzo. But Lucangelo stuck to his own version of the story as the true one, and gave as his authority a *de visu* witness, one of the maids of the caffé, who had helped to carry the culprit to bed. Notwithstanding which, Barnaby maintained a stout incredulity, and cautioned Lucangelo of the danger of spreading false reports, which might make him liable to be prosecuted for a libel against a member of so powerful an establishment as the seminary.

The moment the dairy-boy disappeared, so did all Barnaby's assumed indifference. He hurried to the stables; in a trice had Blackie in the shafts of the light open cart, and *en route* for Ibella. On reaching the town he drove straight to the Caffé della Posta; and there Battista, an old acquaintance of his, soon made him acquainted with all the particulars of Vincenzo's misadventure.

"A mere boyish frolic, and which ought not to be considered as any serious disgrace to the youth," concluded Battista, too philosophically disposed not to treat the matter lightly, and wishing

at the same time to humour the desire of his friend Barnaby to see it lightly treated.

"And where may the young scamp be now?" asked Barnaby.

"More than I can tell," was the answer. "Half an hour ago he was upstairs in the room where he slept; but now the bird is flown."

"Returned to his penitentiary, do you think?"

"To his what?" asked Battista.

"I mean, do you suppose he is gone back to the seminary?"

Battista shook his head, adding, "My opinion is that he was too down in the mouth for that. However, there's no saying what he may or may not have done. You had better go and see."

Barnaby followed the advice, and, instead of Vincenzo, found the porter, who assailed him with a terrific and graphic description of the missing lamb's trespasses. Barnaby treated the porter and his description with undisguised contempt; and, on the porter concluding his harangue by a declaration that he would rather give up the keys of the establishment than disgrace them by using them to let in that young sinner again, Barnaby clenched his fist, and retorted that he, the porter, was a disgrace, and his infernal jail a disgrace, and the Jesuits who had made it their nest, were a disgrace. Whereupon the two old men were within an ace of coming to blows, when such a catastrophe was warded off by an opportune reflection of Barnaby's —a reflection he duly communicated to his adversary—that vermin such as he was not worthy of a licking from the hands of a Christian.

Barnaby next went to his master's town house, in the faint hope that Vincenzo might have sought a refuge there. Again disappointed, the sturdy old fellow proceeded to call on the commandant of the National Guard, one of the Signor Avvocato's most intimate friends. Finding no tidings of Vincenzo there, he inquired at some of the largest shops to see if any information of the runaway could be obtained in those marts for gossip as well as wares; but no one had seen or heard of the boy. Beaten on all sides, and loth to prolong his own absence, the gardener at length made up his mind to drive back to the palace. No sooner was he within the gates than at least a dozen voices were raised to warn him that the Signor Padrone had been wanting him most particularly for the last hour and a half.

"I thought you were lost too," exclaimed the Signor Avvocato at sight of the familiar bottle-nose and goggle-eyes. "Do you know that—"

"I know everything," said Barnaby, dropping, without ceremony, into a chair, and wiping the sweat-drops of heat and agitation from his face and bald pate, with a bright orange cotton handkerchief; "I am just come from Ibella."

"Has he gone back to the seminary?" asked Rose, anxiously.

"He had wit enough not to do that," answered Barnaby.

"Is it all really true, Barnaby?" questioned Rose.

"True! what?" retorted Barnaby in his crabbedest tone.

"That he has behaved very badly."

"All nonsense and humbug. Pray who says so?" asked Barnaby, standing up and looking defiant.

The young lady was about to speak, when her father stopped her by an admonitory, "Rose! perhaps you will allow me to explain." Then, turning to Barnaby, the Signor Avvocato said, "The fact is, I have had a letter from the principal of the seminary, a letter which contains most serious charges against Vincenzo—of drunkenness, riot, and rebellion to his superiors."

"It is all false," shouted Barnaby; "false, I tell you, from beginning to end. Vincenzo was not drunk—a little excited perhaps, and if he was it was all the Marchesino's doing. Vincenzo's behaviour to the Signor Prefetto was from first to last respectful and dignified. I have had all the particulars from Battista, who waited upon the party. You can go and question him yourself if you please. Vincenzo never spoke one

word louder than another. He put on the Marchesino's uniform, it is true; only for a few minutes though, and he was as good as forced to do so. After all, there was no great harm in that. As Battista says, what was it but a mere boyish frolic, and no disgrace to anybody? Now you have the truth, whatever may be in your principal's letter."

"But he mentions there was dancing also," here put in the Signor Avvocato.

"Well, and suppose there was," said Barnaby, "you are not sure that Vincenzo danced, and if he did—Lord, dancing is not murder, is it?"

The Signor Avvocato chose to overlook the lameness of the argument, and said—

"As far as I can make it out, the whole affair is no bigger than a mole-hill; but, looked at through certain glasses, is magnified to the size of a mountain. And it is *à propos* of such a silly matter that the house of a respectable father of a family is to be denounced as a school of anarchy (not a muscle of Barnaby's ugly face stirred; anarchy was not within the circle of his acquaintance), that a man of honour is bespattered with mud!"

This was plain enough, and Barnaby bristled up immediately.

"Who bespatters you with mud?" he asked with an effort to be calm.

"Who? Why the writer of this letter," said the Signor Avvocato, taking it up and reading aloud the offending paragraphs already quoted.

Barnaby tried to speak, but the excess of his emotions choked him, and he spun round and round like a dog running after its tail; at last, when he recovered utterance, he exclaimed—

"And you have not torn that paper to shreds and sent it back to the writer with a damn as big as a house upon it."

"I will not permit you to use such unbecoming language, especially in the presence of my daughter," said the Signor Avvocato, authoritatively. "Rose," and he nodded towards the door. Rose obeyed the mute injunction.

Barnaby, abashed for a second, soon recovered both his anger and his free speech.

"St. Anthony himself, I declare," said he to his master, "would lose his patience with you. I never saw your equal for offering your left cheek when you have had a slap on the right. It's your way to put up, and put up everlastingly, with any kind of treatment, and pray what is the upshot? Why, that you are not respected. Oh! shake your head as much as you like, you are not half as much thought of as you ought to be. Signor Pietro, bless his soul in glory, never sat quiet under an affront, not he indeed; but you! you are not your father's son, you must have been changed in the cradle."

"You talk an infinite amount of nonsense, Barnaby," said the Signor Avvocato. "How do you know I am not going to resent this insolent attack?"

"Well, do it at once, and strike hard while you are about it," said Barnaby, with a partial clearing of clouds from his ugly face; "send a verbal message by me, that's your best way."

"No such thing," replied the master. "With the clearest case of right on our side, you would infallibly manage to put yourself and me in the wrong. You are far too vehement and intemperate of speech, Barnaby. I shall write an answer. Forms ought never to be overlooked between gentlemen.

"I don't pretend to know much about forms," observed Barnaby, his features collapsing into gloom, as he watched the Signor Avvocato sit down to his desk and begin to write. "What I do know is, that a rogue is a rogue, and I call him a rogue. Write strongly at all events; they hit you through Vincenzo, remember, and, form or no form, let them see that you are aware of the fact."

The Signor Avvocato wrote as follows:—

"Most Illustrious and Reverend Sir,—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your honoured letter of this day's date. The sad and unlooked-for intelligence it contains about my godson

Vincenzo occasions me an astonishment to the full as great as that you express. It seems scarcely credible that a boy, whose conduct hitherto has been rather praiseworthy than otherwise, should of a sudden so egregiously misbehave. However this may be, rest assured, reverend sir, that I shall do my duty by him—I mean, visit him with my severest displeasure. It is due to myself to state, once for all, that I was ignorant of his having left my house for Ibella unaccompanied—a violation of the rules of the seminary against which I have warned him over and over again. As to the extent to which the lad's present prospects may be injured by his offence, I wait with confidence, not presuming to prejudge it, the decision of the competent authority in whose power that decision alone rests. With reference to the charge of political enthusiasm, which you bring against the young pupil in question, allow me to say that I have never perceived in him any bias of the sort, unless you mean by political enthusiasm that sentiment of personal dignity which is becoming in every free citizen, whatever his age, joined to a proper respect for the fundamental laws of his country. In either case it is quite possible, and I am unable to regret that it should be so, Vincenzo may have imbibed some of the notions above mentioned under my roof—the more lucky for him, as such ideas do not apparently form part of the various and highly-useful instruction imparted in your distinguished and respectable establishment.

"Be pleased to accept, most illustrious and reverend sir, the assurance of the high consideration with which I have the honour to be, &c."

The Signor Avvocato read over his letter as if to himself, but yet sufficiently loud to allow Barnaby to learn the contents, sealed it, addressed it, and then consigned it to the messenger from Ibella, with directions to deliver it into the hands of the principal of the seminary, with Avvocato Stella's compliments.

"Only a bit of paper," observed the master, rubbing his hands with satisfaction; "only a little bit of paper, Barnaby, but it carries weight enough to fell an ox."

Barnaby said nothing, but shrugged his shoulders, as if dubious as to that conclusion. Evidently he would have preferred, to the long rigmarole he had just heard read over, to have been allowed to carry a message by word of mouth; he would have taken care to make it more than metaphorically heavy enough to fell an ox.

## CHAPTER IX.

### FLUCTUATIONS IN THE SAID STOCK OF COURAGE.

The Signor Avvocato sat down to his dinner in high spirits, ate and talked a great deal, and even cut one or two jokes at his daughter's expense. Her rueful looks and pensive demeanour betrayed, indeed, some painful preoccupation. He bade her cheer up. Vincenzo was not likely to play the truant long; people without money could not travel far. He would lay a wager with her that Vincenzo would make his appearance by supper time at latest. Unimaginative Rose was quite of the same opinion as her father. She did not feel the least alarm at Vincenzo's absence, not the least doubt as to his speedy return. She did not even care much how far he had deserved to incur the displeasure of his superiors. What preyed on her mind was the fact that he had incurred it, and the direful corollary of that fact, his being expelled the seminary, and therefore never being a priest. "As to that," observed her father, "nobody could say what the future held in store; the devil was never so black as he was painted, and then, priest or no priest, Vincenzo would not lack a friend so long as—ah! well, no use to say more at present." After this kindly hint the good-natured gentleman went to his own room, to enjoy his usual siesta of an hour or so, and then, refreshed by his

nap, he took his hat and cane and sallied forth to Rumelli. A motion of much importance, to which he anticipated opposition, and for which he himself would not have voted but for his official capacity, stood on the books for that day. The motion was to be that of sending an address to the king, expressive of the Rumellians' warm admiration of his Majesty's gallant conduct at the head of his troops. This, of course, was tantamount to an approval of the war, which in his heart of hearts the Signor Avvocato disapproved, and he was cognizant besides, that the marquis, in spite of his boasted neutrality, had been actively canvassing against it some of the more timorous councillors.

The Signor Avvocato was still revolving in his mind the best arguments wherewith to silence the opponents, when he came in sight of the Town Hall, and descried at the entrance the marquis and three members of the council in close conference; the marquis, a paper in his hand, was talking and gesticulating with great animation. On the mayor's nearing the group, the marquis strode up to him, saying, "Here is the mayor; perhaps he has received official news."

"None of any consequence," replied the mayor. "Are there any new rumours abroad?"

"Yes, indeed, and let us pray God they may not be true," replied the marquis, "though the channel through which they have reached me is unexceptionable."

"Well, but what have you heard?" asked the mayor anxiously.

"Nothing less," said the marquis, reading a paragraph from the letter in his hand, "than that an unexpected attack from a body of Austrians issuing from Verona, combined with a vigorous sortie of the garrison of Peschiera, has forced the besiegers to raise the siege and retire in disorder upon Lonato, leaving all their artillery and a number of prisoners in the hands of the enemy."

"Is your letter from the camp?" asked the mayor in as steady a voice as he could command.

"Why, no; but it is from Turin, and I am assured it is a faithful copy of a letter come direct from Lonato."

"Then it is not worth anything as proof," said the mayor reassured; "such news is too unlikely to be true. At the date of the last official bulletin, that is at nine o'clock last evening, all was going on favourably on our side at Peschiera and elsewhere."

"Very true," said the marquis; "but in war, my good sir, and I ought to know something about it, in war a moment suffices to turn the scale."

"The wish is father to the thought," mumbled the mayor to himself as he went up the town-hall steps.

But the marquis's intelligence, authentic or not, had not the less secured the defeat of the address. The councillors were not more willing to discuss it than the mayor to carry it under the circumstances; it was therefore adjourned *nem. con.* Business being thus unexpectedly at an end, and plenty of time at his disposal, it occurred to the Signor Avvocato that he might as well drive to Ibella, and investigate whether there were any grounds for the tidings communicated by the marquis. He accordingly despatched a messenger to the palace with orders for the gig to be sent down to him immediately, and in as short a time as possible the Signor Avvocato was driving to Ibella. "This report," thought he, as he held the whip suspended over Blackie, "though not likely to be true, may prove so, and, if it should, farewell to statuto and mayoralty; we shall have the Austrians instead. I have just hit on the right moment to write that bitter letter to the reverend principal. It was written to be sure under great provocation, but what of that? Not the less shall I have the seminary, and the chapter, and the bishop about my ears, let alone the marquis. A precious fool I was to allow that old firebrand Barnaby to get the better of my judgment. There is nothing for it, if that cursed news be true, except to try and compromise the matter, explain away and soften down somehow or other what I wrote. A bitter pill to swallow it will be; nevertheless, for ex-

treme evils extreme remedies. How that stiff-necked magnate will chuckle in his sleeve! I wish I had more of the devil in me than I have. What can they do to me after all—they can't kill me, nor hurt my daughter, nor take away my estate, nor my money? Ah, who can be sure of that? I am old enough to have seen some pretty proofs of what such people can do when they have the power. At all events, they can rob me of my peace of mind, and what is life worth without peace? No, no struggling; I was not born for it. But the reports may be false." And such, fortunately, was the case.

The account of the raising of the siege of Peschiera was only one among a multitude of hoaxes and falsehoods with which the so-called Austriacanti (Austrian sympathizers) endeavoured to alarm the country, and throw discredit on the Government.

The intendente laughed the mayor out of his fears; they had not an atom of foundation to rest on; nothing could be more cheering than the news from all sides. Peschiera was daily expected to surrender, &c. Whatever might be the issue of the war, the mayor might depend on this, the old régime was for ever annihilated, and so on. The Signor Avvocato breathed freely again, and mentally reconfirmed every syllable of his famous, yet lately deplored, letter. If he had come to make inquiries of the Signor Intendente, it was not that he had been gulled by that arch-codino of a marquis, but simply that he might have some tangible support to deny with authority rumours that unsettled people's minds, created distressing agitation, especially in rural districts like his own. And the droll part of the affair was, that the Signor Avvocato, basing his belief on that one particle of doubt harboured in his mind with which he had reached the Intendenza, was now fully persuaded that he had from the first entirely disbelieved the marquis's information.

"By the bye," said he, when the topic of public news was exhausted, "have you heard of my godson's escapade, and of the ridiculous fuss that has been made about it at the seminary?"

The intendente had heard the story, but told in a loose unconnected way. The Signor Avvocato, desirous of making the intendente perfectly acquainted with the subject, gave Barnaby's version of the matter, and mentioning the principal's letter, concluded by reciting his own answer, accompanied by a little good-humoured swagger.

"Capital!" said the intendente, laughing; then added, "however, the sooner you make it up the better."

"Catch me doing anything of the kind," said the Signor Avvocato, with a knowing wink.

"Ah! you will have to do so in the end."

"Not so," persisted the Signor Avvocato, glad for once in his life to play the *inexorabilis acer*.

"My dear sir," resumed the Signor Intendente, "he who has to live side by side with a punctilious neighbour had better not be over-punctilious himself. The clergy, my good friend, can do us much good; there's no gainsaying it; also an infinite amount of harm. Make up the quarrel, I say, and do not let personal pique interfere with the boy's career, and with your own comfort. Ten to one the principal is ready to meet you half way. Follow my advice; go and see him."

"Not for worlds," replied our sulky Achilles, who, however, had bethought himself that, as his being in the town would be known to everybody in it, he could not decently avoid paying a visit to the authority on whom Vincenzo's fate depended. "I'll tell you what I will do. I will go and pay my devoirs to his grace."

"That's right," said the intendente, "and pray offer his grace my best respects. If he had us all in an egg, how he would smash us; but, as he is a man of the world, he knows how to adapt himself to circumstances. Tell me first, do you wish me to take any steps with regard to your runaway?"

"Not for the present, thank you. I make sure of finding him at the palace

when I return; if not, I will have recourse to you."

The reception given to the Signor Avvocato by the head of the diocese was gracious in the extreme; he was treated with that mixture of amenity and gravity, which is the peculiar accomplishment of the high dignitaries of the Church when they are also men of the world. The bishop said he had had no time as yet to give the case of Vincenzo the full attention it required; the investigation was incomplete, and there were precedents to be consulted. His grace admitted that his first impressions had been strong, and contrary to the culprit; he now hoped, indeed believed, he was on the track of some extenuating circumstances—extenuating, he meant, to a certain degree. The best course for the moment, the best for all concerned, particularly for the young Seminarist himself, seemed to his grace—and perhaps the Signor Avvocato would take the same view—the best course seemed to be not to hurry forward any decision, to allow the matter to rest, allow the scandal, for scandal there had been, to die away of itself. The Signor Avvocato might depend on it, that no final sentence would be pronounced without all proper consideration being paid to the personal feelings and personal claims of the lad's worthy patron and godfather.

All that the Signor Avvocato could extricate from this maze of compliments, hints and reticences, was, that there was no intention of proceeding to extremities, and that after a little more see-sawing, Vincenzo would be received back into the seminary. A belief which sent the good gentleman home in very high spirits, so greatly elated indeed, that he drove straight to the Town Hall of Rumelli, and then and there made the town-clerk write and send orders of convocation to the councillors, for eight o'clock the next morning. On which occasion, after a spirited speech from the mayor, the motion for the address to his Majesty was carried unanimously by storm.

It was in the frame of mind incident on such a victory, followed, first by an excellent dinner, and then by a full hour of sound sleep, that Vincenzo's epistle found his godfather; and certainly no letter, especially one containing a confession of guilt, ever arrived with better chances of a favourable reception.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Rose's father, seating himself comfortably in a capacious arm-chair; "the dutiful runaway condescends at last to give us some news of his important self. Let us see what he says; here's an inclosure for you, Rose, some mighty serious communication, no doubt; there take it, my dear; ah! dated midnight, the goblin hour; place unnamed. So the young man is skulking, is he—we'll see who tires first."

"Papa! papa!" cried Rose, clapping her hands; "only think the purse is found—he has got it; I am so glad."

"Delighted for your sake, my dear;" said papa, reading aloud. "Most illustrious sir, and revered godfather—"

"But I don't understand what follows," interrupted Rose.

"Nor I," assented papa, after having perused the passage, alluding to the possible ultimate disposal of the purse, in the note to Rose. "Some downright nonsense to which I have not the key, Rose."

"Why does he say," continued Rose, "if I am to meet you no more? Does he mean to stay away for ever?"

"Who knows?" said the Signor Avvocato; "but now, Rose, my child, let me go on with my own letter;" and, having obtained silence, he read on, every now and then giving vent to his varied feelings by such comments as these: "Ah! truth will out; a little excited forsooth—beastly drunk he means; why, he even allows he was so far gone as to have no distinct recollection in the morning of what had taken place the evening before. *Habemus reum confessum*, as we say in law; most repentant, of course, heartily ashamed, of course, and well he may be." Here came another dip into the letter, and then another annotation; "It is only fair to say that no one could

accuse himself with a better grace or in a better style. I had no idea, upon my word, that the boy could write so well. I hope he had no prompter." Here, he stopped and read on a few lines. "Ah! we are coming at last to the kernel of the affair—here's an open declaration that he will not take orders."

"Not take orders!" repeated Rose, with something like a groan.

"No; he flatly refuses to do so. He says, he studied for the Church, out of obedience to his father; but that he never felt any decided vocation, and the little inclination he had is now gone; and he shrinks from the awful duties and responsibilities of the priesthood. Well, sir, I understand, and appreciate your scruples; but why not have made them known sooner—when your father died, for instance? No one wished to force you to enter the Church; now it seems to me too late to change—what else can you do to earn an honest penny, unless you go back to the spade, and your hands are grown too soft for that sort of work. Let us see what he says next: hm! hm! hm! By heaven! the boy is gone crazy," all at once shouted the Signor Avvocato. "Can you guess what he has done, Rose?"

"What is it, papa?" cried Rose.

"Why, enlisted as a soldier, and is off to join the troops before Peschiera."

"Off to fight? And suppose he is killed," exclaimed Rose, in blank terror.

"Well, if he is killed, if he is killed;" kept on muttering the elderly gentleman, sorely tempted, yet unwilling to wind up his phrase with a "serve him right." He did refrain, however, and said instead, "First of all, Rose, all who go into battle are not killed; and secondly, some time must elapse before he is sent into action; he must go through some amount of drilling, and we may be able to get him back before the worst happens."

"Oh yes! do, dear papa, send after him directly;" was Rose's eager answer.

"To send is easy enough, my dear; whether he will be given up to us is not so certain," returned the Signor Avvocato. "In a legal point of view, to be sure, he being a minor, and unauthorized by me, his guardian, so to say, the enlistment ought not to stand good; but at a moment like this, when soldiers are so much needed, legality is a poor shield. Whatever else is doubtful, one thing is as clear as daylight to me, and that is, this dear godson of mine is born to be my plague. Do what you will to do to your neighbour as you would be done by, be liberal to your tenants, respect the laws, it is all in vain as far as your own tranquillity is concerned. Turn which way you will, some new buffet is ready for you. Rose, give over crying, like a good girl, and go and send Barnaby here."

While Rose was away on this errand her father continued his reflections in the form of a monologue. "Much depends on what sort of a man this Colonel Roganti is; in all likelihood, a martinet, who has but one idea in his head, discipline, swears by discipline, knows of no other reason except discipline, can't follow any argument save one that enforces discipline. Fancy that hop o' my thumb taking it into his head to turn soldier, as if he were a man! Why, one of those big Croats could swallow the whole of him at one mouthful. Be a soldier, indeed! you'll soon find out to your cost what soldiering means, my fine fellow, if I don't succeed in extricating you from this scrape. And try I must, for I should not like any harm to happen to the boy; I can't help caring for him, though he does worry me to death with his vagaries! I never dreamt of his having such a spirit, not I. What pluck in a boy of seventeen! of all things in man or boy, I admire pluck most, perhaps, because I haven't an overplus of it myself. He comes of a brave stock, Master Vincenzo; his father, before he fell ill, was the boldest man alive; he would have faced the devil himself." Here Rose again made her appearance, bringing with her Barnaby.

"Ah! well, Barnaby, you have heard the news, I suppose. What may be your opinion of this new freak of our scapegrace, eh?"

It formed an essential part of Ugly-and-Good's philosophy never to evince surprise at any occurrence, nay, to take for granted that, whatever happened, he had foreseen it; a power of divination which dwindled away in the present case, under a vigorous cross-questioning from his master, into his having for a length of time past conjectured that Vincenzo had something on his mind.

"Yes, the determination to plague us all to death, that's what he had on his mind," said the Signor Avvocato, fretfully. "I can see that clearly enough now myself—but that is nothing to the purpose; the question is, what is best to be done to remedy the evil? What do you advise, Barnaby?"

"Advise, indeed! What's the use of advising when one is sure the advice won't be taken?"

"How do you know that?" asked the Signor Avvocato, in a persuasive tone. "Speak out, man."

"Well, then, my advice is," answered Barnaby, roughly, "let him go and be a soldier."

"Oh! Barnaby," cried Rose, half-reproachfully, half-entreatingly. "Or," went on the old gardener, "send after him, and get him back; but only if you mean to give up that nonsense of making him wear a black robe."

"Oh! Barnaby," again cried Rose, this time in the tone of a child deprived of a favourite toy.

"Allow me to tell you," said the Signor Avvocato, "that you are wandering from the question."

"Not a bit, not a bit," stoutly affirmed Barnaby.

"Really," said the master of the palace, "there is no discussing any subject with you, Barnaby. You are too despotic."

"Of course I am, when I see but one right way," retorted Barnaby. "I tell you that Vincenzo is not of the stuff of which priests are made. I tell you he has been pining these six years to confess as much to you himself, and has never dared to do so. You are not bound to follow my advice, you know. You are master, and I am man. Send him to the seminary again, and see what will come of it:" and so saying, with a grotesquely awkward flourish of his right hand, Barnaby walked towards the door.

"Be so good as to send Guiseppe to me," said the Signor Avvocato. Barnaby stopped, turned round, and asked almost defiantly, "What for, sir?"

Guiseppe, be it known, was a very intelligent young man of the neighbourhood, now in the Signor Avvocato's employ, and who had *de facto* superseded Barnaby in the management of the estate. Barnaby was extremely jealous of Guiseppe.

"What for?" repeated the Signor Avvocato. "I intend to send him to Novara. Vincenzo must not be forsaken."

"Nor shall he, so long as—" gasped forth the irascible old gardener, who had recourse to his usual panacea of two or three circles—dog-fashion, to recover his utterance; "nor shall he, as long as Barnaby Mele has a leg to stand upon. No one goes to Novara, mind that, sir, but me." The goggle eyes, twisted towards his nose, were full of threats. "I'll have Blackie in the cart in a moment;" and the old fellow, waiting for no answer, limped briskly away.

"Holy patience!" bawled the Signor Avvocato. "Where are you going? Stop, I tell you."

"Do you mean to prevent my going to Novara?" roared back Barnaby.

"You shall go, you shall go, but not in such a hurry, before one has had time to think of what is best to be done. Let's suppose you reach Novara safely, and find this Colonel Roganti—Vincenzo says the colonel has his head-quarters there—well, how can you make sure of gaining access to him, unless you have some letter of introduction?"

"Never you fear," said Barnaby; "let me alone for managing that."

"Wait a little," said the master; "granted that you do make your way to the colonel's presence, what authority will you be able to produce, so as to make good your claims to Vincenzo?"

"Authority!" repeated Barnaby,

scornfully;" I'll show him authority enough, I warrant me."

"Old goose, I'll tell you what you will do—pick a quarrel, make a mess of the business, and get sent to prison for your pains."

Barnaby laughed outright. "Let them try, that's all."

The Signor Avvocato pondered a little, then said, "I have it. I'll give you a letter to the Intendente of Ibella; the Intendente of Ibella will give you a line or two to the Intendente of Novara; and, when you arrive there, go straight to the Intendenza, and do nothing until you receive directions from the Intendente himself, and abide entirely by what he advises, and no mistake, mind. Now you may go and get the horse ready while I write my letter."

Half an hour after this stormy debate, Blackie was trotting at a round pace to Ibella, with Barnaby and the Signor Avvocato's despatch.

*To be continued.*

## THE GROWTH OF SONG.

BY WILLIAM STIGANT.

The Poet caught the notes of praise which angel voices sang,
When first from chaos at God's word the world's fair order sprang;
And he has striven aye to shape the tones for mortal tongue,
Which duly praise His blessed works the heavenly courts among.
He first, amid the earth's dim dawn, bid man upraise the head,
And see the glow of light divine upon all nature spread.
"Behold the stars, the sun, the sky, the radiant hues of earth!
Their glories of more glorious things but symbolize the worth.
Each grain of dust is surely type of thought in thee divine,
The zenith-stars themselves less high than stars within thee shine.
If boundless is the universe, yet vaster is the soul
Which comprehends the Infinite in its supreme control,
Which all creation like a glass before its face doth hold,
And sees the semblance of its growth from off the tablets roll'd,
Which thence transfigures more and more its intuitions dim,
To weave the notes whence all shall frame the universal Hymn,
The great Song of Humanity, as through the tracts of space,
It clearly sees, at length, the bourne of God's appointed grace."
So sang the Poet. Men he led like children through the world,
Unveiling aye the wonder deep within each atom furled;
And all the words he spake, on minds like beams of sunlight fell,
To rouse each sleeping germ of sense from out its silent cell.
The desert wastes of human life then blossom'd into flowers,
Which heaven-born glory aye has nursed with never-ceasing showers.
And as the Poet was at first, such is his mission still,
To trace in common things the marks of God's eternal will;
To take the threadbare woof of speech, and weave it into song,
So that its faded worth shall gleam with splendour new and strong;
To see the angel virtues kneel in unknown lowly guise,
Healing the worn and bruised feet with Balm of Paradise;
To strip the weight of gross desire from off the struggling soul,
Until it wings a freer flight towards the destined goal;

To take all nature, like a book, within his easy hand,
And read the cabalistic sign none else may understand;
To consecrate each birth of thought which marks the flow of time,
And make each faintly looming truth a heritage sublime;
To seize the inspirations deep of every passing hour,
And make them cry from out his song, with never dying power;
To know the glory of his age—to feel its sorrow so
That his own verse shall tidemark be of mankind's deepest woe;
To drink with rapture every ray of radiance from above,
And give eternal Youth and Hope to Charity and Love.
And aye across to ancient lands the Poet's eye shall sweep,
And rouse the soul of ages gone from their sepulchral sleep.
The great of old shall then arise in spectral awe and might,
And he shall scan their kingly forms with marvel and delight;
And from his heart and his own time shall aspirations stream,
To shape his visions as they sweep to new heroic Dream,
To teach the swelling souls of men to virgin heights to soar,
And see a newer golden age, more bright than all before.
Such has the Poet's mission been, such shall it ever be,
Until the springs of thought shall freeze in dark humanity.
And aye, in spite of worldling's mock and pedant's barren sneers,
The Poet well or ill sustains the burden of the years;
And as the sky is tinged with breath of every veering air,
So does his soul record the change of gloomy days and fair;
Now flashing with electric heat, through storm of doctrines new,
Now doming all his age with spheres of deep and tranquil blue.
And still his task is never done, it waxes with the years;
For grander looms the Goal of Life, the nearer it appears.
The sympathies of Love are lit with more ætherial dyes,
The evanescent gleams of light are swifter to the eyes;
And new emotions, new desires, are born within the breast,
Whose tones at first are weak as those of fledglings in the nest.
Their tender notes the Poet takes, with ever new delight,
To bring the diapason up to more celestial height.
For more and more the spirit spurns its narrow prison place,
And more and more it dares to scan Heav'n's splendours in the face.
Thus Peace and Freedom, Love and Hope, with unappeas'd desire,
Shall purge from out the Poet's soul all grosser baser fire,
Until his psalms approach to those which angel tongues shall sing,
When Christ shall be revealed, enthroned with Heav'n's eternal King;
And Consummation-glory come and fill the world, and show
The dying, fleeting, phantom shapes of Death, and Sin, and Woe.

# THE POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.[1]

BY THE EDITOR.

A MAN of very shy demeanour, of largish build about the head and shoulders, with a bland and rather indolent look, and a noticeable want of alertness in his movements—such, to a stranger meeting him casually, appeared that Arthur Hugh Clough, of whom, till his death the other day at the age of forty-two, all those who knew him intimately were wont to speak in terms of such unusually high regard. Many persons to whom the name of Clough was only beginning to be adequately known when a premature death removed him will now take up with interest the beautiful little volume in which his Poems are first collected, and in which they are introduced by a brief Memoir from the pen of his friend, Mr. F. T. Palgrave.

A collected volume of Poems may either be read with a view to enjoying and appreciating them individually on their own account, without much reference to their connexion with the mind that produced them; or it may be read throughout with a special attention to that connexion, and with a desire to detect, underneath each, that mood or moment of the author's mind of which it was a product, and so, in the whole series, taken chronologically, to see the representation of a completed intellectual life. Whether the one mode of reading or the other shall be pursued depends greatly on the nature of the Poems. It were a morbid excess of the biographical spirit that, in reading the collected metrical romances, ballads and songs of Scott, should always be groping through the heroic stir of the action, and the descriptions of natural scenery, for more and more definite conceptions of Scott's own personality. No one can think that much would be made by the process. Yet, notwithstanding what such an instance may suggest, it may be asserted that, in all cases in which we have the collected remains of a poet before us after he is dead, there is a certain necessity, as well as propriety, in viewing them as the representative relics of a human spirit, thus and thus fashioned and circumstanced while it lived, and so in thinking back, page after page, as we read, to the vanished hand that wrote and the heart that the writing expressed. If there has been a deepening and improvement of our style of current literary criticism since the days when Jeffrey was the chief master of that older style which consisted in the application to book after book of what may be called "the alternate beauty-and-blemish principle," it has been owing chiefly to an increased habit of trying to discern, even through each successive work of a living poet, the peculiar cast of his philosophy, the nature of the real thoughts that are occupying or besetting him. Poets may complain of this, and may have ground for complaint in the mistakes made about them from the direct interpretation of what they conceive and express only vicariously. But there is soundness in the method, however it may be misused. At all events, when the remains of a poet are put forth collectively after his decease, there is, in the fact, a kind of solicitation to the reader not only to accept and enjoy each piece or poem separately for what it is worth, but also so to read as to figure to himself deliberately and distinctly this one more physiognomy, to be added to the portrait-gallery of the dead whom he is bound to remember.

In the present case there is no need to argue this matter farther. These poems of Clough are, indeed, interesting in themselves. They have such

[1] Poems. By Arthur Hugh Clough, sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. With a Memoir. Macmillan and Co.: Cambridge and London. 1862.

merits of thought and expression that, were the volume torn up, and the anonymous leaves scattered here and there, in Australia or Western America, or wherever else afar off the English language is spreading, there would be some, doubtless, whom the fragments would arrest, and who would con them and repeat them as fine things by some unknown author. And yet to us, receiving the volume as it is now published, it becomes plain, after the first glance at the nature of its contents, that we should not half understand it, unless we kept before us, in reading it, the image of the author, Arthur Hugh Clough—nay, unless we remembered that he was born in 1819, was known in his boyhood as Arnold's favourite pupil at Rugby, went thence to Oxford and became one of the brightest hopes of the place, but in 1848 gave up his connexion with Oxford, and thereafter, till his death in 1861, led a life more at large.

In a vague way there are two periods of Clough's life represented in the poems — which periods are also discriminated in Mr. Palgrave's memoir. The first is the period, beginning with Clough's twenty-first and ending in his twenty-ninth year, during which he was still an Oxford scholar; the second is the period, extending from his twenty-ninth year to his death, during which he had no official connexion with the University, but was living, as we have said, "more at large."

If we were to say that, during the first or earlier period, Clough is presented to us as one of those who, in the language of that time at Oxford, would have been described, and would, in the language of many, still be described, as Sceptics, Rationalists, or Radicals, we should be probably hitting the right nail roughly on the head. Considering, however, how unpleasantly exact are the common associations with these names, we should then certainly be doing him an injustice, except with those who can surround a definite designation with the due penumbra. It is better, therefore, to quote Mr. Palgrave's more general words respecting the Oxford period of his friend's life. "Clough's residence at Oxford," says Mr. Palgrave, "was cast at a time when one of the "theological tempests, which during "the last hundred years have so often "arisen there, was raging at its fiercest. "It was a controversy from which few "could hold aloof—least of all, a mind "lively, susceptible, and speculative. "And for a while the movement of that "day attracted him, by holding out the "ideal of a more devoted and unselfish "life, and a higher sense of duty, than "the common. But he learned early "to distrust a theory not resting on "honest acceptance of our human na-"ture, and was soon named as one of "the foremost who battled for just "freedom of opinion and speech, for libe-"ration from what he esteemed archæo-"logical formulas, for more conscien-"tious fulfilment of obligations towards "the students—for a wider course of "studies, lastly, than those who had "grown up under the older system were "willing to contemplate." So far the information given by Mr. Palgrave might amount simply to this, that Clough, after a moment of attraction towards Puseyism, swung decidedly the other way—becoming, in general and academic politics, a noted liberal, and in theology one of that band of free and then struggling young thinkers to the influence of some of whom, carrying their tendencies into the Church, and developing them within its bounds, may be traced the present "Essays and Reviews" outburst. But that this is hardly enough, Mr. Palgrave seems to indicate by subsequent expressions. "It would be no true picture of Clough in his youth," he says, "that presented him as mainly "a 'practical man;' indeed, a certain "unaptness or want of shrewd rapidity "(as shown in his honours examina-"tion), a sensitive fairness and chivalrous "openness of dealing, marked him as "the poet who walked the world's way "as matter of duty, living a life, mean-"while, hidden with higher and holier "things, with the friends and books he "loved so fondly, with deep solitary

" thought, with Nature in her wildness " and her majesty." In other words, Clough at Oxford was mainly a meditative spirit, trying to the very core the beliefs in the midst of which he found himself, and coming to peculiar speculative conclusions. The nature of these conclusions is also indicated. The " con- " sciousness of the strange things of " life, verbally recognised by most of " us, or put by as impractical, was to " him the 'heavy and weary weight' " which men like Wordsworth or Pascal " felt it. The 'voyant trop pour nier, " et trop peu pour s'assurer' of the " greatest of French thinkers, as truly " expressed Clough's conviction; and, " convinced thus, it was with mingled " perplexity and wrath that he listened " to the popular solutions which he " heard so confidently, often so threat- " eningly vaunted—to the profane pre- " tence of knowledge (as he thought it) " disguised under the name of Provi- " dential schemes, or displayed in dog- " matic formulas." The meaning of all which, expressed in the rough and ready language of the religious newspapers, certainly is that Clough had come to be a " sceptic" in his relations to the established theology. But, as Mr. Palgrave feels, there is a coarseness, apt to be very unjust in the case of such a mind as Clough's, in this rough and ready mode of designation, practised by those who are so fond of sorting their fellow-creatures accurately beforehand into the two divisions of the sheep and the goats, and who, it is pretty certain, will find themselves mistaken, in not a few instances on both sides, when the partition comes to be made by the true authority. Hence Mr. Palgrave prefers general language in describing the sum of his friend's speculative conclusions, even on their negative side. Hence, too, he adds a caveat, of positive purport, intended to prevent people from supposing that, when they have learnt that Clough was a truant from the established theology, they have merely to call up certain flagrant contemporary instances of similar truancy, in order to understand his mood and his company. His divergence from the beliefs and forms of Oxford, says Mr. Palgrave, " was not such as ever estranged him in " heart from that noble corporation " which, more than any other of modern " times, is apt to retain a life-long hold " on the affections and the honour of its " members; nor was it, again, such as, " after his withdrawal, could be laid at " rest within the bonds of some dif- " ferent system. This was no logical " tangle, no scepticism in the common " sense, no sudden imagined discovery, " caprice of vanity, fanciful reverie, far " less pride of heart or of intellect. " Rather, if frank submission to the " inexplicable mysteries of creation, if " a reverence which feared expression, " a faith in the eternal truth and justice, " be the attributes of a religious mind, " Clough possessed it with a reality " uncommon in the followers of any " religion." This is also true. Clough, in parting from the existing theology, made no attempt to turn again and rend it. His was no combative or aggressive scepticism. On the contrary, he remained singularly tolerant and courteous in his relations to those whom he had himself quitted. Nor, on quitting them, did he walk across to any of the refuges already marked out and palisaded on the other side of the great plain of opinion. He did not range himself with the Unitarians; he did not behave as if it occurred to him that one extraordinary Frenchman might really have effected in our day the final generalization of all things for ever and ever, and so betake himself either to the earlier or the later Comtism; above all, there was no sign of a tendency in his case to that far-off part of the plain, strewn with skeletons and dead dogs, where waves the senna-coloured banner of Atheistic Secularism. He walked forth, if anything, a pure natural Theist, or perhaps this with such additions, such constitutional sympathies with the good in what he was leaving, that, had there been any prospect of that Church of the Future so often talked of, but the requisite broadness of which as yet defies our art of ecclesiastical architecture,

he might not have walked forth at all. He walked forth, at all events, really himself—Arthur Hugh Clough.

Now there is record of all this in the poems, and especially in the shorter pieces at the beginning of the volume. These poems bring Clough distinctly before us as the scholarly young Oxonian of high promise and sociable habits, genial and respected, more than most in his college, and in the whole venerable city of colleges, but liking much to be alone with himself, and, when thus alone, meditating, meditating. For example—

"——Roused by importunate knocks
I rose, I turned the key, and let them in,
First one, anon another, and at length
In troops they came; for how could I, who once
Had let in one, nor looked him in the face,
Show scruples e'er again? So in they came,
A noisy band of revellers,—vain hopes,
Wild fancies, fitful joys; and there they sit
In my heart's holy place, and through the night
Carouse, to leave it when the cold grey dawn
Gleams from the East, to tell me that the time
For watching and for thought bestowed is gone."

But the tenor of his meditations, whether in the secrecy of his own rooms, or at the college-lectures, or abroad in his daily walks, is also recorded. For a time the mood is that of pure doubt—of ascertained severance of his intellect from surrounding beliefs, of consequent uncertainty how he ought to conduct himself, and of longing for more light. Thus—

IN A LECTURE ROOM.

"Away, haunt thou not me,
Thou vain Philosophy!
Little hast thou bestead,
Save to perplex the head,
And leave the spirit dead.
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
While from the secret treasure-depths below,
Fed by the skiey shower,
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
Wisdom at once, and Power,
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?
Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
When the fresh breeze is blowing,
And the strong current flowing,
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?"

Many more passages might be quoted, indicating, under various modes of expression, the constant settling of his mind in the same course of thought, together with the anxiety which thence resulted as to his own proper conduct in the circumstances in which he found himself—an anxiety which gradually ripened into a conviction that he could pursue the ecclesiastical career, to which a prolonged connexion with Oxford naturally pointed, only by reconciling himself—

"To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
Unskill'd to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
And with much toil attain to half-believe."

The following passage, written perhaps before this conviction was so clear as it ultimately became, is worth noting for the peculiar strain of prayer that runs through it.

"So be it: yet, O Good and Great,
In whom in this bedarkened state
I fain am struggling to believe,
Let me not ever cease to grieve,
Nor lose the consciousness of ill
Within me;—and, refusing still
To recognise in things around
What cannot truly there be found,
Let me not feel, nor be it true,
That while each daily task I do
I still am giving day by day
My precious things within away,
(Those thou didst give to keep as thine)
And casting, do whate'er I may,
My heavenly pearls to earthly swine."

The notion which pervades these lines is one which recurs again and again in Clough's verses, and on which, as being the standard recipe always offered to persons in his mental condition, he had evidently ruminated a great deal.

"Do the law and thou shalt know the doctrine," is the profound aphorism of Scripture itself—an aphorism the attenuated form of which, in modern religious casuistry, is that, if the doubter will only persevere in the routine of plain and minute duties lying before him, and will abstain as far as he can, during this regimen, from the questionings that have been perplexing him, he will find light unawares breaking in upon him, and will come out of the

tunnel at last. Now this notion, we say, is one which Clough ruminated with peculiar persistency. For a time he had evidently considerable hopes from it. It may have been noted, and it is certainly worth noting, how many of the most daring sceptics in matters of theology have been strict and even fanatical in their conformity to the established ethics—refraining almost with horror from themselves applying the spirit of investigation to what has come down rooted in the common convictions of men in this department, and discouraging all disintegration of the common morality by others, notwithstanding that it might be supposed, from their own point of view, that the two sets of common beliefs, the theological and the ethical, do intertwine at their roots, and that, at all events, there might be the chance of error and of premature conclusion, as well in the theory of earthly duty and of social arrangements as in that of man's metaphysical relations. In Clough it is evident that there was this apparent inconsistency, and that, even when he doubted in theology most, he was firm and orthodox in his creed as to what is moral, noble and manly. Hence as respected the essentials of duty, as respected fidelity to the common sense of right and wrong in all greater things, he *was* prepared to accept the recipe offered to doubters, and to trust in it. Thus—

"The Summum Pulchrum rests in heaven above;
Do thou, as best thou may'st, thy duty do:
Amid the things allowed thee live and love;
Some day thou shalt it view."

But, in the actual circumstances of his case, and in the form in which the maxim was urged upon him and on others, as an easy commonplace of modern religious casuistry, his feelings towards it were different. Duty! yes; the great law of the heart and of all noble tradition; the "whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report"—it is not about this that there is the difficulty! In this sense, who would not be contented to do his duty in hopes of the dawning of the doctrine? But action in the vast region of contingent morality; the choice, among a hundred ways of activity, of that which is fittest and in which one may do one's duty best; and then, moreover, the question of the actual morality or immorality of those very so-called "duties," a quiet perseverance in which is prescribed as the proper regimen—the little compliances and hypocrisies, the small concealments and strains of conscience, the eating of the meats offered to idols! Looking at the matter from this point of view, Clough finds by no means such comfort in the usual recipe for the doubter as he had acknowledged in the broader aphorism and the broader interpretation. He becomes impatient of it. It was not, indeed, till a somewhat later period, and after he had pondered the maxim on various sides in freer circumstances, that he put into words, in one of his poems, the following striking and subtle verdict upon it:

"*Action will furnish belief;* but will that belief be the true one?
This is the point, you know. However, it doesn't much matter.
What one wants, I suppose, is to predetermine the action,
So as to make it entail, not a chance belief, but the true one."

There is something far more bitter in the following poem, written at the time when he was first turning the maxim round and round, and hearing from others and pronouncing to himself the word "Duty" without having the benefit of a suitable working definition of it.

"'Duty'—that's to say, complying
With whate'er 's expected here;
On your unknown cousin's dying,
Straight be ready with the tear;
Upon etiquette relying,
Unto usage naught denying,
Blush not even, never fear;
Claims of kith and kin connexion,
Claims of manners honour still,
Ready money of affection
Pay, whoever drew the bill.
With the form conforming duly,
Senseless what it meaneth truly,
Go to church—the world require you,
To balls—the world require you too,
And marry—papa and mama desire you,
And your sisters and schoolfellows do.

'Duty'—'tis to take on trust
What things are good, and right, and just ;
  And whether indeed they be or be not,
  Try not, test not, feel not, see not :
  'Tis walk and dance, sit down and rise
  By leading, opening ne'er your eyes ;
Stunt sturdy limbs that Nature gave,
And be drawn in a Bath chair along to the grave.
'Tis the stern and prompt suppressing,
  As an obvious deadly sin,
All the questing and the guessing
  Of the soul's own soul within :
'Tis the coward acquiescence
  In a destiny's behest,
To a shade by terror made,
Sacrificing, aye, the essence
  Of all that's truest, noblest, best :
'Tis the blind non-recognition
  Or of goodness, truth, or beauty,
Save by precept and submission ;
  Moral blank, and moral void,
  Life at very birth destroyed,
Atrophy, exinanition !
'Duty' !—
Yea, by duty's prime condition,
  Pure nonentity of duty !"

We do not know that in any of the poems Clough reaches a greater depth of sceptical sarcasm than this ; but there are some later ones in which he indulges in a kind of playful irony, under which something of the same spirit is concealed.

As even in these pieces, where the sentiment is mocking or satirical, one can discern the writer's natural theistic faith inspiring the expression and giving it pungency, so the pieces which are truly most characteristic of Clough are those in which this positive or really religious faith avows itself more strongly and directly, and the strange truth is hinted, that it is jealousy for the purity of this faith, and nothing else, that is the actuating principle in what others would call his scepticism. Here, surely, is a prayer, the general solemnity of which so overtones the discords from common belief which the expert ear may nevertheless detect in it, that, if read in the diary of an old saint, it would seem not out of keeping :

*Qui laborat, orat.*

"O only Source of all our light and life,
  Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
  Alone aright reveal !

"Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
  Thy presence owns ineffable, divine ;
Chastised each rebel self-encentered thought,
  My will adoreth Thine.

"With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
  Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart,
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
  Can see Thee as Thou art ?—

"If, well-assured 'tis but profanely bold
  In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion hold
  In ways unworthy Thee ;

"O not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive,
  In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare ;
And, if in work its life it seem to live,
  Shalt make that work be prayer.

"Nor times shall lack when, while the work it plies,
  Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And, scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
  In recognition start.

"But, as thou willest, give or e'en forbear
  The beatific supersensual sight,
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
  Approach Thee morn and night."

On the whole, there is, perhaps, nothing in the volume so characteristic of Clough, —exhibiting so exactly the blending of the positive and the negative in his conclusions — as the following, dated 1845 :—

THE NEW SINAI.

"'Lo, here is God, and there is God !'
  Believe it not, O man ;
In such vain sort to this and that
  The ancient heathen ran :
Though old Religion shake her head,
  And say in bitter grief,
'The day behold, at first foretold,
  Of atheist unbelief :'
Take better part, with manly heart,
  Thine adult spirit can ;
Receive it not, believe it not,
  Believe it not, O Man !

"As men at dead of night awaked
  With cries, 'The king is here,'
Rush forth and greet whome'er they meet,
  Whoe'er shall first appear ;
And still repeat, to all the street,
  ''Tis he,—the king is here ;'
The long procession moveth on ;
  Each nobler form they see,
With changeful suit they still salute,
  And cry, ''Tis he, 'tis he !'

"So, even so, when men were young,
And earth and heaven was new,
And His immediate presence He
From human hearts withdrew,
The soul perplexed and daily vexed
With sensuous False and True,
Amazed, bereaved, no less believed,
And fain would see Him too:
'He is!' the prophet-tongues proclaimed;
In joy and hasty fear,
'He is!' aloud replied the crowd,
'Is, here, and here, and here.'

"'He is! They are!' in distance seen
On yon Olympus high,
In those Avernian woods abide,
And walk this azure sky:
'They are, They are!' to every show
Its eyes the baby turned,
And blazes sacrificial, tall,
On thousand altars burned:
'They are, They are!'—On Sinai's top
Far seen the lightnings shone,
The thunder broke, a trumpet spoke,
And God said, 'I am One.'

"God spake it out, 'I, God, am One;'
The unheeding ages ran,
And baby-thoughts again, again,
Have dogged the growing man:
And as of old from Sinai's top
God said that God is One,
By Science strict so speaks He now
To tell us, There is None!
Earth goes by chemic forces; Heaven's
A Mécanique Céleste!
And heart and mind of human kind
A watch-work as the rest!

"Is this a Voice, as was the Voice,
Whose speaking told abroad,
When thunder pealed, and mountain reeled,
The ancient Truth of God?
Ah, not the Voice; 'tis but the cloud,
The outer darkness dense,
Where image none, nor e'er was seen
Similitude of sense.
'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense
That wrapt the Mount around;
While in amaze the people stays,
To hear the Coming Sound.

"Is there no prophet-soul the while
To dare, sublimely meek,
Within the shroud of blackest cloud
The Deity to seek?
'Midst atheistic systems dark,
And darker hearts' despair,
That soul has heard perchance His word,
And on the dusky air,
His skirts, as passed He by, to see,
Hath strained on their behalf,
Who on the plain, with dance amain,
Adore the Golden Calf.

"'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense;
Though blank the tale it tells,
'No God, no Truth!' yet He, in sooth,
Is there—within it dwells;
Within the sceptic darkness deep
He dwells that none may see,
Till idol forms and idol thoughts
Have passed and ceased to be:
'No God, no Truth!' ah though, in sooth,
So stand the doctrine's half;
On Egypt's track return not back,
Nor own the Golden Calf.

"Take better part, with manlier heart,
Thine adult spirit can;
'No God, no Truth,' receive it ne'er—
Believe it ne'er—O Man!
But turn not then to seek again
What first the ill began;
'No God,' it saith; ah, wait in faith
God's self-completing plan;
Receive it not, but leave it not,
And wait it out, O Man!"

In the poems of subsequent date to this, passages may be found in which, sometimes the positive part of this speech, sometimes the negative part, may seem urged in greater proportion; but never through them all, as far as we have been able to see, is there any real recantation of the sum of the speech, or any advance beyond it. In other words, we have here, as in the tantamount parts of contemporary poems, that conclusion, or that generalization in matters of speculative theology, from which Clough never budged. He had found here—one may not call it, perhaps, his resting-place, but the platform on which it was to be his life to walk and wait. It was as if the last words we have quoted of the poem were addressed to himself, and he obeyed them punctually. And here is a peculiarity in Clough's intellectual career, as compared with that which has actually been the career of many a man who would be classed along with him, and as compared with the career suppositiously assigned to men of his class in most Art and Culture novels. The supposition is, that a man in his mental condition cannot rest in it—that, as by a law of the human constitution, he must go either backward or forward, in search of other ground, of a more definite footing. The supposition is that a man in this mental condition must walk incessantly to and fro as a maniac, till at length his paroxysm will be ungovernable, and he will overleap walls, so as to be caught

and bound. Such is the almost invariable representation in the Art and Culture novels that treat of the phenomenon of modern scepticism; and there are instances in abundance in real history which seem to verify it. It may be questioned, however, whether, in the case of men who have once worked themselves exactly or nearly into Clough's speculative state, the representation is correct; and certainly in Clough's own case it does not hold true. On the contrary, a kind of resigned and humble satisfaction with that speculative state as the truest attainable, a kind of jealous watchfulness lest he should be lured or driven out of it, a kind of resolution never to go backward or forward from it, and to regard all promises of more definite certainty inducing him to do either as temptations of evil—this is what we see in Clough. As we have said, the very actuating principle of that which seemed and might be called his scepticism was his zeal for the purity of that which he conceived to be true religion. True religion with him consisted, it would seem, in the firm, resolute, unswerving conviction of the inscrutability of the Supreme. With the purity of this conviction, he seems to have thought, was bound up no one could tell what potency of varied intellectual and moral consequence for the human spirit. There were temptations from within and without to abandon it, and to clutch at systems and certainties; but, as all these proceeded on the assumption of the scrutability of that which had been declared to be inscrutable, it was man's never-ending duty to beware of them as nothing else than inclinations or baits to idolatry and Baalism. It is astonishing how explicitly this strange notion, perceptible in the pieces already quoted, is avowed in passages in the later poems; and the passages which do avow it are peculiarly noteworthy as revealing Clough's speculations in their essence. Here is one :—

"O Thou, in that mysterious shrine
Enthroned, as I must say, divine!
I will not frame one thought of what
Thou mayest either be or not.
I will not prate of 'thus' and 'so,'
And be profane with 'yes' and 'no,'
Enough that in our soul and heart
Thou, whatsoe'er Thou mays't be, art."

The same contentedness "not to know" is expressed and recommended more at large in one entire poem :—

## THE QUESTIONING SPIRIT.

"The human spirits saw I on a day,
Sitting and looking each a different way;
And hardly tasking, subtly questioning,
Another spirit went around the ring
To each and each: and as he ceased his say,
Each after each, I heard them singly sing,
Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,
'We know not,—what avails to know?
We know not,—wherefore need we know?'
This answer gave they still unto his suing,
'We know not, let us do as we are doing.'

"'Dost thou not know that these things only seem?'—
'I know not, let me dream my dream.'
'Are dust and ashes fit to make a treasure?'
'I know not, let me take my pleasure.'
'What shall avail the knowledge thou hast sought?'—
'I know not, let me think my thought.'
'What is the end of strife?'—
'I know not, let me live my life.'
'How many days or e'er thou mean'st to move?'—
'I know not, let me love my love.'
'Were not things old once new?'—
'I know not, let me do as others do.'
And, when the rest were overpast,
'I know not, I will do my duty,' said the last.
'Thy duty do?' rejoined the voice.
'Ah do it, do it, and rejoice;
But shalt thou then, when all is done,
Enjoy a love, embrace a beauty
Like these, that may be seen and won
In life, whose course will then be run;
Or wilt thou be where there is none?'
'I know not, I will do my duty.'

"And taking up the word, around, above, below,
Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,
'We know not,' sang they all, 'nor ever need we know!.
We know not,' sang they, 'what avails to know?'
Whereat the questioning spirit, some short space,
Though unabashed, stood quiet in his place.
But as the echoing chorus died away,
And to their dreams the rest returned apace,

"By the one spirit I saw him kneeling low,
And in a silvery whisper heard him say:

'Truly thou knowst not, and thou needst not know;
Hope only, hope thou, and believe alway;
I also know not, and I need not know;
Only with questionings pass I to and fro,
Perplexing these that sleep, and in their folly
Imbreeding doubt and sceptic melancholy;
Till that, their dreams deserting, they with me,
Come all to this true ignorance and thee.'"

Again, in the following passage in one of the long poems of the volume, where, if we suppose himself the speaker (as we must) he actually turns the tables upon those who insist upon the necessity of theological certainty, and bids Certainty avaunt as Humanity's evil genius:—

"What with trusting myself, and seeking support from within me,
Almost I could believe I had gained a religious assurance,
Formed in my own poor soul a great moral basis to rest on.
Ah, but indeed I see, I feel it factitious entirely;
I refuse, reject, and put it utterly from me;
I will look straight out, see things, not try to evade them;
Fact shall be fact for me, and the Truth the Truth as ever,
Flexible, changeable, vague, and multiform, and doubtful.
Off, and depart to the void, thou subtle fanatical tempter!

"I shall behold thee again (is it so?) at a new visitation,
O ill genius thou! I shall, at my life's dissolution,
(When the pulses are weak, and the feeble light of the reason
Flickers, an unfed flame retiring slow from the socket,)
Low on a sick-bed laid, hear one as it were, at the doorway,
And, looking up, see thee standing by, looking emptily at me;
I shall entreat thee then, though now I dare to refuse thee,—
Pale and pitiful now, but terrible then to the dying.—
Well, I will see thee again, and, while I can, will repel thee."

If we have dwelt so long among the poems illustrating the nature of Clough's speculative philosophy, it is because here a critic may hope to be of use in elucidating what is not quite patent; whereas, with respect to the rest of the volume, he can do little more than make extracts, or note what every reader will note for himself. But the proportions of things must not be mistaken. Necessary as it is to assign importance to Clough's speculative tendencies and conclusions, not only because they are the key to his life, but also because they really pervade his poetry in a latent manner, it must not be forgotten that Clough did not spend all his time in such "thinking about thinking," but pretty soon packed his speculations up, as every poet is bound to do, into the form of a working and producing mind. Even in his Oxford time he was not always pondering "the problem of the Universe;" he was reading, joining in sprightly talk, indulging in sweet bachelor fancies, taking splendid long walks, and enjoying vacation excursions. Mr. Palgrave tells us how "during "several summer vacations he had "searched out the glens and heights, "lakes and moors of Wales and West-"moreland and Scotland;" how such was his passion for natural beauty that, in describing any spot that had impressed him, his eyes would brighten and his voice soften at the remembrance; moreover, that "to his enthusiasm for "nature he united that other enthusiasm "for energetic walks and venturesome "wanderings, bathing, swimming, and "out-of-doors existence in general which "may perhaps be claimed as an im-"pulse peculiarly English." Accordingly, even among his earlier short poems there are some which testify to this range of his tastes and activities, and which are records of general feelings and impressions, or even small exercises of imagination on selected topics, rather than personal confessions or meditations.

It is, however, chiefly the poems written after his separation from Oxford—making about two-thirds of the contents of the present volume—that are of this general kind. The passing from the "subjective" to the "objective" (if we may venture once more on these ill-liked but not yet superseded phrases) in the style and aim of his poetry is, indeed, that which chiefly

marks the epoch of his separation from Oxford. It was as if, considering the nature of the speculations which had so long been occupying him, and which it was now becoming desirable that he should have done with in that form, and should pack up into a faculty for working and producing, he saw that he could not complete the packing up, or even honestly pack up at all, unless he transferred himself from Oxford, where there *are* local rules of contraband, to that more general world where everybody may go about with his packages and no one has a right to stop or examine them.

His farewell to Oxford, as Mr. Palgrave says, was his *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, published in the autumn of 1848. Here certainly was as healthy a burst as Goethe himself could have desired to see, out of the "subjective" into the "objective." Who does not know the "Bothie"—in its form, a new feat in our literature, inasmuch as it really settled in the only true way, namely, by a capital example, the question, still argued, whether hexameter verse will do in English; in its matter, such a hearty and delightful story of the adventures of a reading party of young Oxonians, who have gone, with their tutor, to the Highlands for the long vacation, and, in particular, of the marriage theories of one of them, Philip Hewson, ending in his love for the demure Highland maiden Elspie, whom he at last marries and takes with him to New Zealand? Or, if there are any of our readers who do *not* yet know the "Bothie," they are to be envied the pleasure which remains for them of a first acquaintance with it. It is as good as a month in the Highlands for oneself to read of those glorious young fellows there.

"How they had been to Iona, to Staffa, to Skye, to Culloden,
Seen Loch Awe, Loch Tay, Loch Fyne, Loch Ness, Loch Arkaig,
Been up Ben Nevis, Ben More, Ben Cruachan, Ben Muick-dhui;
How they had walked, and eaten, and drunken, and slept in kitchens,
Slept upon floors of kitchens, and tasted the real Glen-livat,
Walked up perpendicular hills, and also down them,
Hither and thither had been, and this and that had witnessed,
Left not a thing to be done, and had not a copper remaining."

Evidently Clough threw into this poem a great deal of rich humorous substance that had been accumulating in him during his Oxford days—reminiscences of his own Highland excursions, observations of character among his constant companions and in these excursions, literary impressions, and thoughts upon all things and sundry. One knows not whether to admire most the delight in open-air scenery and sports, and the power of describing them which the poem exhibits, or the power which it also exhibits of the brief and graphic hitting-off of physiognomy, costume, modes of thinking and character. And then the humour all through, the happy phrases, the surprises in the turns and variations of the hexameters, and the breaks of powerful feeling, high imagination, and fine sense through the humorous medium. It would be too much to say that Clough had any special or pervading meaning of which he intended the poem as a whole to be the vehicle; but, so far as we may fix on anything of the kind, it is to be found doubtless in Hewson's Radical theories on the subject of women and their education. These theories are urged by Hewson himself in vehement protests against modern fine-ladyism, and enthusiastic pictures of what women might be if they would abandon boudoir, toilette, carriage, drawing-room and ball-room, and become once more natural and healthy beings, doing needful household work, or even milking the kine in the field, like Rachel, and watering cattle.

"Never I properly felt the relation between men and women,
Though to the dancing-master I went, perforce, for a quarter,
Where, in dismal quadrille, were good-looking girls in abundance,
Though, too, school-girl cousins were mine, —a bevy of beauties,—
Never, (of course you will laugh, but of course all the same I shall say it,)
Never, believe me, I knew of the feelings between men and women,

Till in some village fields in holidays now getting stupid,
One day sauntering 'long and listless,' as Tennyson has it,
Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hobbadihoyhood,
Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnetless maiden,
Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden uprooting potatoes.
Was it the air? who can say? or herself, or the charm of the labour?
But a new thing was in me; and longing delicious possessed me,
Longing to take her and lift her, and put her away from her slaving.
Was it embracing or aiding was most in my mind? hard question!
But a new thing was in me; I, too, was a youth among maidens:
Was it the air? who can say? but in part 'twas the charm of the labour.
Still, though a new thing was in me, the poets revealed themselves to me,
And in my dreams by Miranda, her Ferdinand, often I wandered,
Though all the fuss about girls, the giggling, and toying, and coying,
Were not so strange as before, so incomprehensible purely;
Still, as before (and as now), balls, dances, and evening parties,
Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and hearing them singing,
Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on the dreary piano,
Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces of escort,
Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air balloon-work,
(Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a carriage,)
Utter removal from work, mother-earth, and the objects of living.
Hungry and fainting for food, you ask me to join you in snapping—
What but a pink-paper comfit, with motto romantic inside it?
Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a table of nosegays.
Better a crust of black bread than a mountain of paper confections,
Better a daisy in earth than a dahlia cut and gathered,
Better a cowslip with root than a prize carnation without it."

The rest of the Oxonians laugh at Philip's exaggerations, and chaff him; but one of them, Hobbes, the dreamy and corpulent, comes to his rescue, and, catching at an analogy that has been started in the course of talk, between architecture and feminine beauty, takes Philip's part, if only from the momentary fascination of this analogy. There shall be a Pugin of women, Hobbes declares; and Philip shall be the man.

"Philip shall write us a book, a Treatise upon *The Laws of Architectural Beauty in Application to Women;*
Illustrations, of course, and a Parker's Glossary pendent,
Where shall in specimen seen be the sculliony stumpy-columnar,
(Which to a reverent taste is perhaps the most moving of any,)
Rising to grace of true woman in English the Early and Later,
Charming us still in fulfilling the Richer and Loftier stages,
Lost, ere we end, in the Lady-Debased and the Lady-Flamboyant:
Whence why in satire and spite too merciless onward pursue her
Hither to hideous close, Modern-Florid, modern-fine-lady?"

But all this chaffing and theorising ends, as regards Philip, in his love for Elspie, in which what is good in his theories is carried out with no great shock to the conventionalities. In the love-making of Philip and Elspie there are some really noble passages.

The poem entitled *Amours de Voyage*, written in 1849, or about a year after the Bothie, is in the same English hexameter verse, with little interspersed specimens of English elegiacs in alternate hexameters and pentameters. There was, indeed, a natural affinity of Clough's scholarly genius for these classic forms of metre. But, on the other hand, while thus obeying an instinctive fondness for the disused forms of the classic metres, he seems to have had as decided an instinctive conviction that the *matter* in which a poet should deal should be contemporary circumstance, the things and men of his own day. The *Amours de Voyage*, at all events, is a thoroughly contemporary poem. The little Epilogue in elegiacs, appended to it, tells what is its general tenor, and when and where it was written.

"So go forth to the world, to the good report and the evil!
Go, little book! thy tale, is it not evil and good?
Go, and if strangers revile, pass quietly by without answer.

Go, and if curious friends ask of thy
rearing and age,
Say, 'I am flitting about many years from
brain unto brain of
Feeble and restless youths born to in-
glorious days:
But,' so finish the word, 'I was writ in a
Roman chamber,
When from Janiculan heights thundered
the cannon of France.'"

In other words, the poem was written in Rome during the Mazzinian defence of that city and of the Roman Republic against the French in 1849, and it is the expression of a number of miscellaneous thoughts and feelings, such as may be supposed to have been flitting about in the minds of restless youths in those days, through the medium of the story of one such English youth, Claude, making the tour of Italy, and at Rome casually thrown into the society of an English family, and, against his will, falling in love with one of the girls. The story, stragglingly told in the form of letters from Claude himself, or from one or other of the girls, has no proper *dénouement*; and the interest and power of the poem lies in the passages of general thought and feeling (one or two of which we have already quoted by anticipation) and in the historical notes and allusions which it contains. Here is Claude's first impression of Rome.

"Rome disappoints me much; I hardly as
yet understand, but
*Rubbishy* seems the word that most exactly
would suit it.
All the foolish destructions, and all the
sillier savings,
All the incongruous things of past incompa-
tible ages,
Seem to be treasured up here to make fools
of present and future.
Would to Heaven the old Goths had made a
cleaner sweep of it!
Would to Heaven some new ones would
come and destroy these churches!
However, one can live in Rome as also in
London.
Rome is better than London, because it is
other than London."

Again, going more into particulars with respect to Rome as the seat of the Papacy—

"Luther, they say, was unwise; like a half-
taught German, he could not
See that old follies were passing most
tranquilly out of remembrance;
Leo the Tenth was employing all efforts to
clear out abuses;
Jupiter, Juno, and Venus, Fine Arts, and
Fine Letters, the Poets,
Scholars, and Sculptors, and Painters, were
quietly clearing away the
Martyrs, and Virgins, and Saints, or at any
rate Thomas Aquinas:
He must forsooth make a fuss and distend
his huge Wittenberg lungs, and
Bring back Theology once yet again in a
flood upon Europe:
Lo you, for forty days from the windows of
heaven it fell; the
Waters prevail on the earth yet more for a
hundred and fifty;
Are they abating at last? the doves that
are sent to explore are
Wearily fain to return, at the best with a
leaflet of promise,—
Fain to return, as they went, to the wan-
dering wave-tost vessel,—
Fain to re-enter the roof which covers the
clean and the unclean,—
Luther, they say, was unwise; he didn't
see how things were going;
Luther was foolish,—but, O great God!
what call you Ignatius?
O my tolerant soul, be still! but you talk of
barbarians,
Alaric, Attila, Genseric;—why, they came,
they killed, they
Ravaged, and went on their way; but these
vile, tyrannous Spaniards,
These are here still,—how long, O ye
heavens, in the country of Dante?
These, that fanaticized Europe, which now
can forget them, release not
This, their choicest of prey, this Italy; here
you see them,—
Here, with emasculate pupils and gimcrack
churches of Gesu,
Pseudo-learning and lies, confessional-boxes
and postures,—
Here, with metallic beliefs and regimental
devotions,—
Here, overcrusting with slime, perverting,
defacing, debasing,
Michael Angelo's dome, that had hung the
Pantheon in heaven,
Raphael's Joys and Graces, and thy clear
stars, Galileo!"

But the most remarkable thing about the poem is the testimony borne all through it to the nobleness of that Mazzinian defence of Rome, and to the fine behaviour of the people in those last days of their brief Republic.

Their brief Republic! Yes, though we are now apt to forget the fact, there *was*, in 1849, an independent Republic in the Roman States, instituted by the all but unanimous vote of the Roman people in their own legal parlia-

ment assembled, and maintained for a time without doing harm to anybody,—except perhaps the impalpable harm done to the genteel feelings of diplomatists, and fine personages like my Lord Normanby, disgusted that a new thing calling itself a Republic should dare to exist on an earth honoured by their temporary residence in it—till France sent her cannon to blow it to atoms, and Great Britain, sneaking in the wake of France in that blessed transaction, assured France privately through that identical Lord Normanby, then her Britannic Majesty's ambassador at Paris, that the suppression of the Republic, and "the "restoration of the Pope under an im-"proved form of government" was an enterprise in which Britain wished France well, and her success in which would delight the British Protestant soul. Oh, we are a generous and a far-seeing nation! We are wise always at the right moment; we never make mistakes. What man among us, what newspaper, but now holds the doctrine of the necessary unity of Italy, exults in that doctrine, treats it as an axiom in European politics? And yet, methinks, as I write, I could count back, by not a great many months, to the time when, with ninety-nine out of every hundred even of our liberal public men, and with all our newspapers, or nearly all, this unity of Italy, now an axiom which it would be a shame to question, was a blackguard chimera, a mad dream of a few Italian idiots, Mazzini in their midst. Give me a pair of scissors and access to files of our leading newspapers, and I could fill sheets of letter-press with rather astonishing proofs to that effect, in the shape of extracts from the speeches and the articles of men who have now conveniently forgotten their own words, and flaunt in a rhetoric magnificently opposite. Oh, but we are a wise and generous people! We can change our views, accept blackguard chimeras, and still, to prove our consistency, go on reviling their authors and preachers, and calling them fools and blackguards, as we did before!

It is refreshing, we say, in the midst of all this, to turn back to what a man like Clough felt and said at the time and in the place. As an independent and cultured Englishman travelling in Italy, he was not a partisan. Italian politics were no particular concern of his. Possibly, he was rather bored with them, and with all that tumult of democracy, the worth of which he had doubtless estimated in the course of his historical readings. And so with his Claude in the poem. He represents him as rather a *blâsé* intellectual youth, cold and critical, wanting only to see the marbles and antiquities of Rome, and somewhat put about by the fact that the time of his visit chanced to be that a patriotic tumult. But, being on the edge of such a tumult, he can look on and see; and what he sees with his own eyes he can report honestly, without caring whether it is what people at a distance want to have reported or not. Well, gradually, in the midst of the fighting Romans—of those Romans whom, with all the rest of the world, he had supposed to have no fighting-stuff in them, and whom he is glad to see really having the pluck after all—in the midst of these Romans, manning their walls against the French, replying with cannon to the French cannon, and meeting the French at their gates, he begins himself to be stirred with the battle-spirit. Shall he get a horse and join them? No, it is no business of his; but, hang it! he almost wishes it were! For, if there is a wrong and a right in the world, they are thoroughly in the right in what they are doing; they are behaving splendidly, poor fellows; it does his heart good to hear that in this and that sally they have drubbed the Frenchmen. Let them write in the newspapers at home what they like about Rome being in a state of terrorism, in the hands of a few foreigners, Socialists, and Red-Republicans, who are actually selling the Roman works of art to the Yankees! It is not true; don't believe a word of it! He has himself, indeed, seen one priest, who was said to be trying to escape to the Neapolitans,

murdered in the streets by the furious people. At least, he saw a great crowd, a scuffle in one part of it, hands raised, blows falling, and then, after a while, a man's legs in an unusual position. This he did see; it was a pity; but what of it?—you can't have a city in siege, and holy men sneaking out to the enemy, without such things happening! And how well the government behaves, condemning and discouraging all acts of the sort, so that the docile people are raised even above their instinct of vengeance, and, one or two such acts done and repented of, are really a marvel of good order!

> "Ah, 'tis an excellent race,—and even in old degradation,
> Under a rule that enforces to flattery, lying, and cheating,
> E'en under Pope and Priest, a nice and natural people.
> Oh, could they but be allowed this chance of redemption!—but clearly
> That is not likely to be. Meantime, notwithstanding all journals,
> Honour for once to the tongue and the pen of the eloquent writer!
> Honour to speech! and all honour to thee, thou noble Mazzini!"

Clough's writings during the rest of his life were not so numerous as might have been expected. For a year or two he was Professor of English Literature in University College, London. He then went to America, where he resided for some time, so that there are still pleasant memories of him in Boston. Returning to England, he accepted an official post in connexion with the Committee of the Privy Council on Education; in subsequent years he made tours abroad, either on official business, or for his health; and in one of these he died at Florence, where he is buried. A labour of this portion of his life was his revision, published some time ago, of the old English translation of Plutarch; but with this exception, so far at least as there is indication in the present volume, his writings, not already named, consist only of a few short occasional pieces of verse, appended in the volume to the similar short pieces of earlier dates, and of a little metrical sketch and tales, composed but a month or two before his death, and printed at the end of the volume under the title of *Mari Magno*. Some of the short pieces have a peculiar wit and sprightliness, with a certain flavour of Burns and of Béranger perceptible in two or three of them. The Tales entitled *Mari Magno*—supposed to be stories told on board a steam-ship by one or two passengers to America—are in the plain, hard manner of Crabbe, with even a repetition, hardly to have been expected in Clough, of Crabbe's fault of distorting, sheerly for the rhyme's sake, the natural prose order of the words. In their kind, however, they are good; and they are interesting as being different from anything else of Clough's. The last of the three, called "The Clergyman's Tale," is particularly powerful in its execution and in its ethical purpose.

## "IN CLEAR DREAM AND SOLEMN VISION."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."

I HAD a friend—and, though he is now elsewhere, why shouldn't I say I have him still? He was a man of great powers and of greater gifts. He might have made himself almost anything a man may be; but he died unfulfilled, "deprived of the residue of his years;" and this owing much, among other things, to an imperfect and damaged organism and an intermittent will. He was an advocate and judge, and had in him the making of a great lawyer—good sense, vast and exact memory, a logical, vigorous understanding, and readiness, fulness, and felicity of speech. He had in him, as Jonathan Edwards would have said, more than the average *quantity* of being; and, now that he is gone, I feel

what a large space he filled in my mind. His was a large, multilocular brain, with room for all sorts of customers. But it is to his "study of imagination" I now refer in what follows.

He was a mighty dreamer, especially in the *diluculum* or "edge o' dark" before full awakening; and he used to relate to his cronies these Kubla Khan-like visions with amazing particularity. Many of us would have it that he made up his dreams, but I had the following proof of the opposite.

Many years ago, when we were at college, I had gone up to his lodgings to breakfast with him. I found him sound asleep, his eyes open and fixed as in a mesmeric trance; he was plainly rapt in some internal vision. I stood by him for some seconds, during which his colour and his breathing came and went as if under some deep feeling, first of interest and wonder — finally of horror, from which he awoke into full consciousness, scared and excited, asking me instantly to write. He then, in an anxious, eager voice, began thus :—

> 'Tis noon, but desolate and dun
> The —— landscape lies,
> For 'twixt it and the mounting sun
> A cloud came crawling up the skies;
> From the sea it rose all slowly,
> Thin and grey and melancholy,
> And gathered darkness as it went
> Up into the —— firmament.

Here he stopped, and, with a shrug of regret, said, "It's gone!" The blanks were two words I could not make out, and which he never could recall. It would be curious if those who may read these lines were to try what adjectives of two syllables they liked best, and send them on to Mr. Macmillan: it would form an odd poetico-statistical inquiry.

He then gave the following fragments of his vision, which he said was complete, and in verse :—

He found himself in the midst of a vast marshy plain, in utter solitude, nothing around him but the dull, stagnant waters, overrun with dry reeds, through which by fits there stirred a miserable *sough*, leaving the plain oppressed with silence, and the dead, heavy air. On the small bit of ground where he stood was a hut, such as the hunters of water-fowl might frequent in the season; it was in ruins, everything rude and waste, and through its half-shut, broken door, he was aware of the presence and of the occasional movements of a man, at times as if fiercely struggling in the darkness with some one else. Opposite the door sat and brooded a large white dove—its lustrous dark eyes fixed on the door—all its feathers as if "stirred with prayer," and uttering a low croodlin sound as in an ecstasy of compassion and entreaty, leaning gently towards its object.

Suddenly, and without noise, an ugly bird, long-legged, lean, mangy, and foul, came poking with measured steps round the end of the hut. It was like the adjutant crane of Eastern cities, and had an evil eye, small and cruel. It walked jauntily past the dove, who took no heed, and stood like a fisher on the edge of the dead and oozy water, his head to one side, and his long sharp beak ready to strike. He stood motionless for an instant; then, with a jerk, brought up a large, plump, wriggling worm, shining, and of the colour of jasper.

He advanced to the dove, who was yearning more and more towards the door. She became agitated, and more earnest than ever, never lifting her eyes from their object, and quivering all over with intensity. The evil bird was now straight in front, and bent over her with the worm. She shut her eyes, shuddered all through—he put his dirty black foot on her snowy back and pressed her down, so that she opened her mouth wide, into which the worm was instantly dropped. She reeled over dead, towards the hut, as if the last act of life was to get nearer it.

Up to this moment the struggle inside the hut had gone on, lulling and coming again in gusts, like the wind among the reeds, and the arms of more than one might be seen across the dark ragged door-way, as if in fell agony of strife.

The instant the dove died, all sound

and motion ceased within, and the whole region, as my friend said, "shook throughout." He was aware that within Judas, "the son of perdition," lay alone and dead.

Such was this "clear dream," and these are many of the words my friend used. It has always seemed to me full of poetry in *posse*—amorphous and uncrystallized—but the germ there, to which the author of *The Devil's Dream*, Mr. Aird, might have given, or if he likes may yet give, "the accomplishment of verse."

That lonely and dismal place and day, desolate and overshadowed as in eclipse at noon—the wretch within and his demon—the holy, unfailing dove—

"White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure"—

in such a place—the tall, stealthy fellow, with the small cruel eye—the end—what was going on elsewhere on that same day—"the hour and the power of darkness"—the eternity and the omnipotence of light and love—"the exceeding bitter cry"—"the loud voice," and "It is finished"—was there not here something for the highest phantasy, some glimpse of "the throne and equipage of God's almightiness?"

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Since writing out this little piece, a friend has sent me the following "rough-cast lines." He had heard, many years ago, of this dream, and, under the impression of its strange, weird power, he wrote these verses, which, he must allow me to say, leave him without excuse if he has not written more :—

THE SUICIDE OF JUDAS.

Forth from the city walks the desolate man,
Leaving behind him all that vast commotion
And popular clamour, gathered in the streets
By his own deed and scheming that same dawn.
Oh! were the morning back, the calm clear morning,
The streets unfilled and all again to do!
Forth still he walks, and gains the desert fields,
And climbs their stony fences without aim,
Sole moving figure under a hot sun.
And, as he moves and walks, the hot sun too
Forsakes the zenith; and for three whole hours
A darkness, as of doom, hung o'er the land.
Within the city then the unnamed horror
Held its huge course, the while without it moved,
Groping across the fields, that desolate man.
And, as the darkness passed away, he issued
Out on a marshy ground where high reeds grew,
Bending their heads amid some slimy pools.
A ruined hut stood near, its door unhinged,
Its thatch half torn away, its rafters loose,
And in its ragged window two crossed bars.
Into this hut the haggard outcast reeled,
And, as he passed, the hingeless door fell in.
Then over all the place there crept a mist;
A sultry shudder seemed to shake the reeds;
And yet in all the stillness nothing breathed.
Sudden from round the gable of the hut
Slow stalked with hideous gait a water-bird
Long-legged and large, which, making for the pools,
Stooped down its crane-like neck amid the reeds.
Then, at that instant, from the hut there came
A sound of something falling, and a shriek;
And all beneath the rafters and the thatch
Two human arms swung round and round like flails.
The mist crept on,
And vapoury evening gathered o'er the pools;
The obscene bird still stood among the reeds;
And there within the hut the dead man lay.

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The above dreamer was the well-known (on his own side of the Tweed) A. S. Logan, sheriff of Forfarshire. He was the successor, but in no wise the ape, in the true Yorick line—"infinite jest, most excellent fancy"—of the still famous Peter Robertson, who served himself heir to that grostesque, sardonic wit, John Clerk, of Eldin.

Logan differed from each as one wine or one quaint orchid—those flower-jesters, which seem always making faces and fun at us and all nature—from another. He had not the merciless and too often unspeakable Swiftian humour of Lord Eldin, nor the sustained, wild burlesque and jocosity of Lord Robertson; but he had more imagination and thought, was more kindly affectioned than either, and his wit was more humorous, his humour more witty. Robertson was a wonderful being: it is not easy to exaggerate his comic powers. A natural son of Falstaff, he had his father's body as well as soul, such a mass of man, such an expanse of countenance—pro-

bably the largest face known among men—such eyes gleaming and rolling behind his spectacles, from out their huge rotundity, chubby-cheeked, and by way of innocent, like a *Megalopis Garagantua* unweaned—no more need of stuffing for his father's part than had Stephen Kemble; while within was no end of the same rich, glorious, over-topping humour; not so much an occasional *spate* of it, much less a tap, or a pump; not even a perennial spring; rather say an artesian well, gushing out for ever by hogsheads, as if glad to escape from its load of superincumbent clay; or like those fountains of the great oil deep, which are astonishing us all. To set Peter a-going was like tapping the Haggis in that *Nox Ambrosiana*, when Tickler fled to the mantel-piece, and "The Shepherd" began stripping himself to swim; the imperial Christopher warding off the tide with his crutch in the manner and with the success of Mrs. Partington—so rich, so all-encompassing, so "finely confused" was his flood of Rabelaisian fun. I dare say most of us know the trick played him by his old chum, John Lockhart (what a contrast in mind and body, in eye and voice!) when reviewing his friend's trashy "Gleams of Thought" in the *Quarterly*, how he made the printer put into the copy for the poet this epitaph—

> "Here lies that peerless paper-lord, Lord Peter,
> Who broke the laws of God and man and metre."

There were eight or ten more lines, but Peter destroyed them in his wrath.

In the region of wild burlesque, where the ridiculous, by its intensity and mass, becomes the sublime, I never met any one to approach "Peter," except our amazing Medea-Robson. He could also abate a tiresome prig as effectually as Sydney Smith or Harry Cockburn, though in a different and ruder way. He had *face* for anything; and this is by half (the latter half) the secret of success in joking, as it is in more things. Many of us—glum, mute, and inglorious as we are—have jokes, which, if we could but do them justice, and fire them off with a steady hand and eye, would make great havoc; but, like the speeches we all make to ourselves when returning from our Debating Society—those annihilating replies, those crushing sarcasms—they are only too late, and a day after the fair. But Lord Peter had no misgivings. When quite a lad, though even then having that spacious expanse of visage, that endless amount of face, capable of any amplitude of stare, like a hill-side, and a look of intentional idiocy and innocence, at once appalling and touching—at a dinner-party, the mirth of which was being killed by some Oxford swell, who was for ever talking Greek and quoting his authorities—Peter, who was opposite him, said, with a solemnity amounting to awe: "Not to interrupt you, sir! but it strikes me that *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* is against you," keeping his eyes upon his victim with the deepest seriousness—eyes like ordinary eyes seen close to the big end of an opera-glass of great magnifying power, opalescent, with fluctuating blinks, as if seen through water, the lamps as of some huge sea moon-calf on the gambol through its deep. The prig reeled, but recovered, and said: "If I mistake not, sir, Dionysius of Halicarnassus was dead ninety or so years before my date." "To be sure, he was. I very much beg your pardon, sir; I always do make that mistake; I meant *Thaddeus of Warsaw!*"

But, indeed, there was the sad thing—that which is so touchingly referred to by Sydney Smith in his lecture on Wit and Humour—he became the slave of his own gifts. He gravitated downwards; and life and law, friends and everything, existed chiefly to be joked on. Still, he was a mighty genius in his own line, and more, as I have said, like Falstaff than any man out of Shakespeare. There is not much said or done by that worthy—"that irregular humorist," "that damned *Epicurean* rascal," "a goodly, portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble presence"

—which Peter might not have said and done, from the wildest, grossest joke up to "babbling of green fields;" for "Peter" had a gentle, sweet, though feeblose, and too often falsetto, strain of poetic feeling and fancy.

In active or receptive imagination, Logan was infinitely above him; he had far too much of the true stuff and sense of poetry ever to have written the "Gleams of Thought," which their author, and, of course, no one else, thought not only poetry, but that of the purest water.

Can an unpoetical man have poetic dreams? I doubt if he can. Your ordinary man may dream the oddest, wildest, laughablest, funniest nonsense. He will not likely dream such a dream as the one I have recorded. Shakespeare might have dull dreams, but I question if Mr. Tupper could ever have dreamt of a Midsummer Night's Dream, any more than a man will speak a language in his sleep he never learned or heard.

If the master of the house is asleep, and some imp of darkness and misrule sets to playing all sorts of tricks, turning everything topsyturvy, ransacking all manner of hidden places, making every kind of grotesque conjunction, and running riot in utter incongruity and drollness, he still must be limited to what he finds in the house—to his master's goods and chattels. So I believe is it with dreams; the stuff they are made of lies ready made, is all found on the premises to the imp's hand; it is for him to weave it into what phantastic and goblin tapestry he may. The kaleidoscope can make nothing of anything that is not first put in at the end of the tube, though no mortal can predict what the next shift may be. Charles Lamb was uneasy all the time he was at Keswick visiting Southey; and he escaped to London and "the sweet security of streets" as fast as the mail could carry him, confessing afterwards that he slept ill "down there," and was sure "those big fellows," who were always lying all about, Skiddaw and Helvellyn, "*came down much nearer him at night and looked at him!*" So we often feel as if in the night of the body and the soul, when the many-eyed daylight of the pure reason is gone, heights and depths, and many unspeakable things, come into view, looming vaster, and deeper, and nearer in that *camera obscura*, when the shutters are shut and the inner lights lit, and

> "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
> We summon up remembrance of things past,"

and often play such fantastic tricks. But the dreamer is the same *ens rationis*, the same *unus quis*, as the waking man who tells the dream. Philip who was drunk, and Philip who is sober and remembers his lapse, is one Philip. So it is only an imaginative man who can have imaginative dreams. You must first put in before you can take out. As Samson long ago put it to the Philistines, "Out of the eater comes "forth meat; out of the strong comes "forth the sweetness." No food like lion's marrow; no tenderness like the tenderness of a strong nature. Or as old Fuller, with a noticeable forecasting of the modern doctrine of foods, as delivered by Prout and all the doctors, has it, "*Omne par nutrit suum par;* the "vitals of the body are most strengthened by feeding on such foods as are "likest unto them,"—a word this of warning as well as good cheer. He that sows to the flesh, and he who sows to the spirit, need not doubt what they are severally to reap. We all, more or less, sow to both; it is the *plus* that makes the difference between others and ourselves, and between our former and present selves.

I might give instances of my friend's wit and humour; but I could not, in trying to do so, do him anything but injustice. His jokes were all warm and at once. He did not load his revolver before going to dinner, and discharge all its barrels at his friends. His fun arose out of the sociality of the hour, and was an integral part of it; and he never repeated his jokes. He did not pick up his bullet and pocket it and fire it off again. But I remember well his first shot at me—it was not bad for

nineteen. He and I were coming down the Bridges from college, and I saw an unkempt, bare-headed, Cowgate boy, fluttering along in full-blown laughter and rags. He had a skull like Sir Walter's, round and high. I said, "Logan, look at that boy's head—did you ever see the like of it? it's like a tower." "Yes, at any rate a fortalice."

You know the odd shock of a real joke going off like a pistol or a squib at your ear. It goes through you. That same week another quite as good squib went off in church. A cousin, now long dead, was listening with me to a young preacher-puppy, whose sermon was one tissue of unacknowledged plagiarisms of the most barefaced kind. We were doing little else than nudge each other as one amazing crib succeeded another —for this ass did know his masters' crib. William whispered to me, "Look at him! I declare his very whiskers are curving into inverted commas;" and it was true, such was the shape of his whiskers, that his face, and especially his grinning and complacent mouth, which they embraced, looked one entire quotation.

Lord Brougham and many others think that dreaming occurs only between sleeping and waking—the stepping of the soul into or out of the land of forgetfulness—and that it is momentary in its essence and action, though often ranging over a life-time or more—

> "Brief as the lightning in the bellied night,
> That in a spleen reveals both earth and heaven."

There is much in favour of this. One hopes the soul—*animula, blandula, vagula*—may sometimes sleep the dreamless sleep of health, as well as its tired drudge. Dreaming may be a sort of dislocation of our train of ideas, a sort of jumble as it is shunted off the main line into its own siding at the station for the night. The train may stop there and then for anything we know; but it may not, for the like reason the telegraph office is not open during night. Ideality, imagination, that sense of the merely beautiful and odd which delights to marry all sorts of queer couples—which entertains the rest of the powers, when they are tired or at their meals, telling them and making them stories, out of its own head—this family poet, and minstrel, and mime, whom we all keep, has assuredly its wildest richest splendours at the breaking up of the company for the night, or when it arouses them on the morrow, when it puts out or lets in the lights; for many a dream awakes us, "scattering the rear of darkness thin."

In Optics, if you make a hole in the shutter at noon, or stick a square bit of blackness on the pane, and make the rays from the hole or around the square to pass through a prism, then we have, if we let them fall on whiteness and catch them right, those colours we all know and rejoice in, that Divine *spectrum*—

> "Still young and fine"

as—

> "When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
> The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot
> Did with attentive looks watch every hour
> For thy new light, and trembled at each shower."

The white light of heaven—*lumen siccum*—opens itself out as it were, tells its secret, and lies like a glorious border on the Edge o' Dark (as imaginative Lancashire calls the twilight, which we Scotsmen call the Gloamin'), making the boundaries between light and darkness a border of flowers, made out by each. Is there not something to think of in "the Father of lights" thus beautifying the limits of His light, and of His darkness, which to Him alone is light, so that here burns a sort of "dim religious light"—a sacred glory—where we may take off our shoes and rest and worship? Is not our light rounded with darkness, as our life is with a dream? and, the greater the area of our light, of our truth, won from the vast and formless Infinite, the ampler, too, is the outer ring—the iridescent edge lying upon the Unknown—making a rainbow round the central throne of the Eternal. And is not the light of knowledge

after all the more lovely, the more full of colour, and the more pleasant to the eye, when lying on and indicating what is beyond, and past all finding out, making glorious the skirts of "the majesty of darkness?" It is at his rising out of, and his returning into, "old night," that the sun is in the full flush of his plighted clouds, and swims in the depths of his "daffodil sky," making the outgoings of the evening and of the morning to rejoice before Him and us.

But, thus talking of dreams, I am off into a dream! A simile is not always even an illustration, much less an analogy, and more less an argument or proof. As you see, every one likes to tell his own dreams—so long as he has them by the tail, which soon slips—and few care to listen to them, not even one's wife, as Sir Walter found to his cost. And so, good-natured reader, let me end by asking you to take down the fourth volume of Crabbe's Works, and turning to page 116, read his "World of Dreams." It is the fashion now-a-days, when he is read at all—which, I fear, is seldom—to call Crabbe coarse, even dull, a mere sturdy and adroit versifier of prose as level as his native marshes, without one glimpse of the vision, one act of the faculty divine. Read these verses again, and ask yourself, Is this a daguerreotyper of the Bœotian crimes and virtues, the sorrows and the humours, of his dull, rich Essex and its coast? I wish we had more of this manly imagination; we have almost too much now of mere wing and colour, mere flights, mere foliage, and, it may be, blossoms—little fruit and timber. The imagination, like a gorgeous sunset, or a butterfly's wing, tells no story, has no backbone, is for ever among the clouds and flowers, or down deep in denial and despair. The imagination should inform, and quicken, and flush, and compact, and clarify the entire soul; and it should come home from circling in the azure depths of air, and have its "seat in reason, and be judicious," and be a bird rather than a butterfly or firefly, or huge moth of night.

## THE INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF FORCE.

That all living things are doomed by death is a truth so urgently forced upon man that the very savage can hardly escape from moralizing about it; but he falls back upon the belief that, though her children perish, Nature herself is unchangeable; though storms and wintry change may ruffle her countenance, the features are as imperishable as the solid framework of the globe itself. The nineteenth-century man is deprived of this soothing notion. Irrefragable evidence has been laid before him by the geologist that nothing is as it was, nothing as it will be. "Alps and Andes are children of yesterday;" rivers do not flow on for ever: between the granite rock and the cloud it is but a question of time; with the stability of both the forces of nature are ever at war. Yet the fact that underlies this universal destruction is, Indestructibility. The atoms with which these ever-changing forms are built up are absolutely changeless. *They*, at least, bid utter defiance to time. They never wear, never grow old, never lose one iota of their original endowments. "A particle "of oxygen," says Faraday, "is ever a "particle of oxygen. If it enter into "composition and disappear as oxygen—"if it pass through a thousand combina-"tions, animal, vegetable, mineral—if it "lie hid for a thousand years and then "be evolved, it is oxygen still, with all "its first qualities, neither more nor "less."

What are its first qualities—the qualities of matter generally? If we consider attentively, we find that they all

resolve themselves into certain powers—forces. "We know matter only by its forces," says Faraday: *weight*, for instance, or gravitating force, the universal attraction of every atom by all other atoms; *cohesion*, or the attraction of certain like particles for each other; *chemical affinity*, or the far more energetic attraction of certain *un*like atoms for each other; *heat-force*, the antagonist of cohesion, which, according as it prevails or is prevailed over, determines the form of matter, whether solid, fluid, or gaseous; *visibility*, or the power which the atoms of matter possess over *light*. Reflection, refraction, interference, absorption, polarization—all these are only names for the different kinds of power which matter exercises upon light—power, so to speak, which compels it to become the messenger of the secrets of the constitution of bodies to the human eye and brain. The undulations of light which "break upon the retina as waves upon the seashore," betray by their condition the varying influences to which they have been subjected by the way. Last, not least, *electricity*, subtlest, most Protean of all the forces of nature. With opposing, or dual attributes, it invests every atom of earth, air, and ocean, and of all they contain, but gives no outward sign of its existence, except when the equilibrium of these opposing tendencies is disturbed.

These, then, are the inseparable qualities of matter; we cannot conceive of its existence apart from them; and if matter cannot (humanly speaking) be annihilated, so neither can these forces be. Such is the meaning of that which has been called the "grandest generalization of modern science," the principle of the Conservation of Force. One half of this great principle, namely, that relating to matter, was early recognised, though, "perhaps, its distinct reception "in philosophy may be set down to the "overthrow of the doctrine of Phlogiston "and the reformation of chemistry, at "the time of Lavoisier." But the other half, the Indestructibility of Force, was not securely grasped till within the last twenty years. There was, indeed, an implied acknowledgment of the principle in the third law of motion, that action and reaction are equal and contrary. But as to applying the same to all the forces of nature—heat, light, chemical affinity, electricity, magnetism, as well as gravitation—or even clearly recognising these *as* forces, it was not possible, until the recent rapid development of the physical sciences, especially of chemistry and electricity, had brought to light the fact that these forces can change into one another—electricity into chemical action, into heat, into light; heat into motion, motion into heat, &c.; that, when a certain amount of force of any kind disappears, or seems utterly spent and annihilated, it is manifesting itself as *some other force*. Not until this mutual convertibility of forces was distinctly apprehended, could the doctrine of the "conservation," or indestructibility of force, be more than a mere assertion, a guess, with appearances mostly against it.

To settle the claims of priority in scientific discovery is not only a difficult, but happily an unimportant task; for, as it has been well said by Professor Tyndall, "great scientific principles, "though usually announced by indi-"viduals, are often merely the distinct "expression of thoughts and convictions "which had long been entertained by "all advanced investigators." In literature it would be little short of a miracle for two original men to hit the same mark, seeing that each has a widely separate aim and stand-point. In science, on the contrary, many are pressing towards one goal. In the present instance, however, it seems universally agreed that to M. Meyer, of Heilbronn, is due the honour of having been the first to give "distinct expression" to the principle of Conservation of Force; to a perception of which his physiological researches conducted him. But what we may call the first general survey of the field, the first attempt to trace out the connexions of all the forces of nature with each other (the true key to their modes of "conservation"), was

made by Mr. Grove in his lectures on the Correlation of Physical Forces, delivered at the London Institution in 1843. Guided partly by him, partly by subsequent writers, we propose to grope our way through a somewhat tangled path. It is not through indolence that we quote freely from others, but in the desire, wherever possible, to set this great and sometimes startling subject before the reader in words of authority.

When a spent ball drops to the ground, so strongly does it impress us with the notion that this word "spent" conveys the literal truth, and that the force which was expended to set it in motion is exhausted, that we can hardly shake off the idea in spite of better knowledge. Yet the very first law of motion teaches us that force cannot thus exhaust itself, and that a body once set in motion would go on for ever if there were nothing to stop or hinder it. But the air resists, the earth attracts, and both together soon overpower the force originally impressed on the ball. Overpower, yes; but do they destroy it? Certainly not. Part is taken up by the air, part by the ground on which it falls, and part we should find, had we sufficiently delicate means to test it, under a wholly new manifestation in the ball itself; namely, as *heat*. When the motion of the mass ceases, a motion of its constituent molecules begins, a movement of mutual repulsion or expansion which we call heat. In such a case as this, however, the original amount of force employed is so small that, in its altered and subdivided state, we cannot follow it, nor experimentally prove its entire "conservation," any more than we can test the indestructibility of matter by collecting and re-weighing the particles of a burnt-out candle. Yet no one doubts that in an altered condition they continue to exist. But, if we intensify the force and limit its direction, as in percussion or friction, then we obtain an accumulation which cannot elude us. And how does it manifest itself? Unmistakably as *heat*. A piece of iron may be made red-hot by mere hammering. And it is not enough to say vaguely, that striking or rubbing produces heat. We must regard it "as "a continuation of the force, whether of "the human arm or from whatever "source, which was previously asso- "ciated with the moving body, and "which, when this impinges on another "body, ceasing to exist as gross palpable "motion, continues to exist as heat." On this view we may readily understand why hard bodies, such as flint, steel, glass, metals, give the greatest amount of heat from friction or percussion. The greater the resistance to motion, the greater the development of heat; the less the resistance, as in fluids, the less the resulting heat, for their particles, being very mobile, take up instead of opposing the motion impressed on the mass. Friction is simply impeded motion; and to lessen friction, as by smoothing or oiling a surface, lessens the development of heat, because it lessens the amount of force required to overcome the resistance. Thus, too, "the heat resulting from friction in the "axle of a wheel is diminished by sur- "rounding it by rollers; these take up "the primary motion of the axle, and, "the more unimpeded the motion, the "less heat."

We shall be more ready to receive this idea of the actual transformation of motion into heat, if we pass in review a few of those facts which most plainly indicate the true nature of heat as a dynamic force, and then glance at the other half of the truth, how heat may be changed back into palpable motion, or the motion of masses. How do we test heat? Always by motion—molecular motion or expansion, that is. The mercury *rises* in the thermometer; in other words, it expands in the only direction in which there is room for it to do so. Heat weakens the cohesion of solids, till at length they cease to be solid and become liquid. Liquids under heat's influence expand into gases. Gases increase in volume so rapidly and violently that they break all bounds. But the reader will say, This may be true of most substances; yet some absolutely

contract on the application of great heat. Your cook tells you that meat and vegetables diminish in bulk or "waste" in the process of cooking. But, if we examine carefully what happens, we find that, so far from being an exception, these are an extreme case of the rule. For, meat and vegetables being of a mixed nature, part solid, part fluid, the fluids expand into and escape as vapour, leaving the solid particles between which they were contained in a collapsed state. There are other apparent exceptions far more difficult to explain. Water, for instance, and some other substances expand as they approach the freezing or solidifying point. It is possible, says Mr. Grove, that, as this only occurs with bodies that assume a crystalline form, they may in solidifying undergo some structural alteration, some peculiar arrangement of their particles which causes them to occupy more room. At all events, the fact is equally difficult to explain in accordance with every other theory of heat that has been advanced.

The sensation of heat in our own bodies is not irreconcilable with this view of heat as an expanding or "molecular-repulsive" force, though at first sight it might appear so. "The "liquids of the body are expanded, "that is, rendered less viscid by heat, "and from their more ready flow we "obtain the sensation of agreeable "warmth. By a greater degree of heat "their expansion becomes too great, and "causes pain; and, if pushed to ex- "tremity, as with a burn, the liquids "of the body are dissipated in vapour, "and an injury or destruction of the "organic structure takes place." There is a far more refractory-looking case in "latent heat." How can we imagine an expansive force "latent"? It must either cause expansion or cease to be heat. We accept the alternative. But, first, let us come to a clear understanding of what is meant by that perplexing expression, latent heat. It is heat which does not manifest itself *as* heat, or temperature, nor in fact give any sign of its existence, until some change in the physical state of the matter in which it exists—a change either from solid to fluid, or fluid to solid, or fluid to gaseous—calls into activity this latent heat and enables us to detect its presence. For instance, to take a case of heat that was manifest becoming latent: "a given weight of water at a "temperature of 172°, mixed with an "equal weight at 32°, will acquire a "mean temperature or 102°. But "water at 172°, mixed with *ice* at 32°, "will be reduced to 32°." What, then, has become of the heat over and above the 32° that was in the water? We are told it is "latent." But that is only hiding its disappearance under a fine name, whatever theory of heat be adopted. Looking to facts, we see that there is as much *work done* by the heat in this second case as there was in the first. For, the ice being a solid, a greater amount of cohesive force has to be overcome in making it liquid than in merely raising the temperature of what was already in that state. The water, therefore, yields up to the ice heat (*i.e.* force) enough to tear asunder the particles of the ice, and maintain it in a fluid condition. Hence its own contraction or fall to 32°. And this heat partially changes its nature while thus engaged in "interior work," as Dr. Tyndall calls it. For it is no longer able to communicate itself to the thermometer, or whatever test you may apply. Now this power of communicating itself is one of the most striking characteristics of heat. We raise the temperature of a body merely by "bringing it near some other heated "or expanded substance." We must, then, look upon "latent heat" as, to some extent, a transmutation of force.

The change of heat into motion is so much more obvious and familiar a thing (as in the steam-engine, for instance) than that of motion into heat, that we are prepared to receive it with less surprise or incredulity. But we must keep steadily in mind the "peculiarity of the "modern view of the subject, that heat "cannot do mechanical work and con- "tinue heat." It does more than produce; it *becomes* palpable motion, passing

from the movement of particles to the movement of masses. Therefore the disappearance of heat is in exact proportion to the work done. And as this side of the subject touches on the utilitarian, it has been investigated with special industry. Mr. Joule of Manchester has ascertained the precise amount of work a given quantity of heat can do —"the mechanical equivalent of heat." He finds that "one unit of heat, or "that quantity which is necessary for "raising the temperature of a pound "of water one degree centigrade, is "equivalent to the mechanical work by "which the same mass of water is "raised 1,389 feet." (Helmholz.)

We have seen how mechanical force can pass into heat. It can, in like manner, produce electricity and magnetism. In friction, for instance, if the two substances rubbed together are strictly homogeneous, heat alone is the result; but, if they be heterogeneous, electricity accompanies it. Hammering, twisting, bending—the force employed in all these operations reappears in part as magnetism, in iron and steel, to so decided an extent as to add one more to the many complications which, in an iron-built ship, disturb the action of the compass. The direction of the magnetic force thus produced is dependent on the position of the ship's head and keel while building—a fact well established by that able and energetic investigator of magnetic phenomena, the late Dr. Scoresby.

If we take *Electricity* as our starting point, the transformations of force are even more varied and startling. As heat the most intense, light the most brilliant, chemical action the most searching and powerful, can this subtle and all-pervading force manifest itself. By attraction and repulsion it can do drudgery as a mechanical motive power; and in the electro-magnet we see it far surpassing in energy every other source of magnetism.

*Chemical Affinity* can be converted into heat and light, as in combustion; into motion, as with the explosive effects of gunpowder; and into electricity in the voltaic pile, which is in fact an apparatus for generating electrical out of chemical action. Far more difficult to detect are the relations of *Light* with the other forces of nature. We cannot say that light and heat are one, though the very same sunbeam contain them; for heat is often obscure, and light unaccompanied by the faintest trace of heat. But light when absorbed, when it disappears as light that is, manifests itself as heat. "The rays of heat differ from the rays of light," says Dr. Tyndall, "simply as one colour differs "from another. As the waves which "produce red are longer than those "which produce yellow, so the waves "which produce heat are longer than "the red." That which we call light, then, "embraces an interval of rays of "which the eye is formed to take cogni-"sance," and heat might be described as "light of too low a pitch to be visible." But the red rays, intermediate between these two, combine the powers of both, and excite the sensation of light when falling on the retina, and of heat when falling on the nerves of sensation. Thus is each sense formed to catch its octave or two of the vast scale of visible and invisible vibrations which constitute the grand harmonies of nature. Light and chemical affinity are as closely, yet not indissolubly, blended in the sunbeam as light and heat. Those rays which most vividly excite the sensation of light are feeblest in actinic or chemical power; whilst the most active chemical rays are feebly luminous. Yet it may be safely said that light can exert chemical action, and through it initiate or pass into all the other modes of force.

A great principle not only leads on to the discovery of new truth, but casts so strong a light on all the error, vagueness, and insufficiency within its sphere, that it is no longer possible to rest satisfied with them, or to pause till clear and harmonious interpretations of fact have taken their place. In this manner has the principle of Conservation of Force led some of our highest scientific minds to a growing dissatisfaction with the hitherto received views of the

Force of Gravitation. "There are signs "that even Newton's axiom is not "exempt from the restless law of pro- "gress," said Professor Owen in his address to the British Association the other year. It must not be for a moment thought that Newton's great law of gravitation is impugned. No! but a protest is entered against accepting that law, which gives account of one exercise of the force, as a full and satisfactory description of gravitation in its totality. For, says Faraday, our definition of gravity as an attractive force between the particles of matter, varying inversely as the square of the distance, implies that the mere fact of bringing near two bodies or particles *creates* an enormous force, and that their removal from one another *annihilates* the same. But, if force be truly as indestructible as matter, then this gravitating power must have some disguise as yet unpenetrated, some other mode of action, when by distance its gravitating power is suspended or diminished. "*Consequences must occur* "equal in importance to the power "suspended or hidden." Which consequences, involving the relations of gravity with the other forces of nature, have yet to be discovered. Ten years ago, Faraday endeavoured (but with only a negative result) to establish by experiment a connexion between gravity and electricity. Mossotti, in a very remarkable paper on the Forces which Regulate the Internal Constitution of Bodies, referred to by all who have written on the subject of Conservation of Force, boldly shows *how* gravitation "may follow "as a consequence from the principles "which regulate the electric forces." He looks forward to the time when the mathematician shall achieve as great a triumph over that which is hidden from us by minuteness and subtlety, as he has attained over that which seemed utterly beyond the grasp of man from vastness and remoteness. By the discovery of the laws of molecular action, he will be led to "establish molecular "mechanism on a single principle, just "as the discovery of the law of universal "attraction led him to erect on a single "basis the mechanism of the heavens." How, indeed, after reviewing the close relationship, the mutual interchangeableness, of the physical forces, is it possible to avoid the conclusion that (in Faraday's memorable words), they have all "one "common origin, or rather, are different "manifestations of one fundamental "power"? And further, it would be hard to reconcile such views of the continuity and varied manifestation of force with the notion of vacuum—of direct action at a distance through a vacuum, that is—though such has hitherto been the usual idea of gravitation. It was not Newton's. He had a far profounder, and, so to speak, more modern idea of it than his successors, as his own emphatic words testify: "That gravity should be innate, in- "herent, and essential to matter," wrote he, "so that one body may act upon "another at a distance, through a vacuum "without mediation of anything else by "and through which their action and "force may be conveyed from one to "another, is to me so great an absurdity, "that I believe no man who has in "philosophical matters a competent "faculty of thinking, can ever fall into "it." Empty space! it is a delusion. Between us and the sun, between us and the remotest star whose beams strike upon human eyes, there is no void. Though our senses are not so finely attuned as to catch so subtle a reality, we know that through that space comes to us force, light, actinism, heat, gravitation; and, the more earnestly man searches into the modes of action of these, the more impossible it becomes to conceive of their existence apart from matter, any more than that of matter apart from force. It is no novelty to us that matter should be invisible and intangible; not merely is the air we breathe so, but the most dense and solid rock may by the action of intense heat (as in the voltaic arc) pass into that condition. Why then may not matter of a far subtler and more ethereal kind than that of which our atmosphere is composed pervade the regions of space, conveying to us the sweet and mighty influences of

sun and stars? Unhappily—yet not, perhaps, unhappily, for it compels boldness to go hand in hand with humility—the profounder the knowledge gained by the man of science of the workings of force and of the composition of matter, the more heavily the conviction presses on him that the true secret of both is beyond his grasp. An unthinking man will grant you readily enough that mind is an inscrutable mystery; but of matter he believes he has a very clear and adequate idea, little dreaming that of that idea one half only is perception, the other half conclusions from perception, which may be true or false. But the physical philosopher, long pondering, experimenting, measuring, testing these objects of our perceptions, comes more and more to distrust the received conclusions; nay, in many cases, to form entirely opposite ones, led especially by the subtle relations of the forces of nature with one another, and the mysterious and indissoluble connexion, perhaps identity (for so have Boscovich and Faraday been tempted to surmise) between matter and force. Whether man can do more than speculate concerning the nature of these—more than say what they are not, what they may be, but never what they are—whether the most piercing and aspiring intellect must in this direction only beat its wings against the bars, it is not for us to decide. At least it is a gain worth all the toil to recognise vividly that there *is* a deep mystery not only in that which lives and grows, but in the very stocks and stones. No longer mistaking our own shallow conceptions for complete and absolute truth, our minds may become as a clear unclouded mirror, where in dim and shadowy grandeur some suggestions of this far-off absolute truth will perhaps be reflected.

But to return to the definite and practical aims of science. Hitherto we have glanced at the indestructibility of force in the inorganic world. But the tie between organic and inorganic is so close, the organic being nourished and built up out of the inorganic, that we must look to find the same indestructible forces at work in the one as in the other, though under new conditions, and under the control of that higher agency which we call Vital Force. We take in force in the air we breathe, in the food we swallow. In decomposition these forces are set free, and find new scope for their activities. Hence it is that "decomposition is the handmaid of growth." That slow combustion, for instance, which is the source of animal warmth—the combining of the oxygen of the air with the inflammable constituents of food—witnesses to the continued activity of chemical force within us as without. Yet it must always be borne in mind that in the living organism chemical affinity is controlled and often opposed (else how should organic differ from inorganic products?) by that wonderful power of which, knowing absolutely nothing, we speak vaguely as the vital force. As in the world around us heat may pass into motion, so does the mechanical work of the body bear a strict relation to the amount of fuel consumed in respiration. The experiments of Mateucci demonstrate that electricity also is a powerful agent in the internal economy of a living creature.

With yet stricter truth may the vegetable kingdom be said to be built up out of the inorganic; for here the process is a direct one, whereas in the animal it is for the most part *in*direct. Here too, then, the forces of the inorganic world work unceasingly. "To "suppose," says Dr. Carpenter, "that all "the forces that are concerned in the "growth and nutrition of countless "generations of oaks were slumbering "in the one acorn from which they all "sprung, is to suppose a pure absurdity. "The forces which carry on vegetable "life are derived from without; are, in "fact, the forces of nature, heat, light, "chemical affinity; and that which does "exist in the germ and which is peculiar to organization—the vital force, "in fact—is simply *directive* power." Words which, while they impress us by their boldness, seeming as it were to bridge over an abyss of ignorance, awaken again that painful sense of man's limita-

tions; for in the expression "the vital force is directive power," we stretch out our hands towards a truth that for ever eludes us, and find ourselves grasping an empty garment of words. Though it be good to recognise this, it is not good to be daunted or discouraged. If God have set a limit to the conquering power of man's intellect, He has left it for man himself to discover where that limit lies; left it to be discovered by the gifted and laborious, aided by "the long results of time," not to be predicted by the timid and indolent. It is not piety, but self-satisfied ignorance and cowardice, which makes a man shrink from pressing on into the dim unknown, and decry, as presumptuous and irreverent, those whose heaven-sent impulse it is to do so.

These remarks might seem uncalled for at the present day, when science confessedly occupies so honourable a position. But there still lingers in the minds of the religious a tendency to view with distrust and suspicion its bolder flights. Why should this be? How can harm come of the faithful and earnest study of God's works, seeing that He has implanted both the faculty and aspiration to gain understanding of them? Perhaps there is even a touch of what has, with just severity, been called "that worst "kind of infidelity, the fear lest the "truth be bad," in this shrinking from a face-to-face encounter with some of the facts of nature, and the inevitable deductions from them. Conflicting opinions among the wisest there may be, conflicting truths there cannot. If, therefore, science bring to light facts which seem to militate against that which we hold as high and sacred truth, we may rest calmly assured that a fuller knowledge of such facts, a deeper insight into their true bearings, will dispel the appearance of antagonism. But then we must go boldly on to reach this higher stage, not turn back and basely seek the dark shelter of ignorance. Or rather, the man of science goes boldly on for us. How ungenerous to reproach him for his boldness!

It cannot be denied that there is also in our highest literature a tone, not of open hostility, but of covert contempt for science. It is looked down upon as tending to materialism; and its devotees as men whose eyes, long scrutinizingly fixed upon the outward aspects of things, grow dim to all beyond; and who, in Wordsworth's memorably unjust words, "would peep and botanize upon their mother's grave." Does, then, a too curious searching into nature's works strip them of their beauty, their mystery? Does it tend to debase the heart and dull the imagination? Impossible. The beauty, the mystery, are not of such flimsy, shallow kind, as to vanish beneath an earnest questioning gaze. What it was worth God's while to make, it is surely worth man's while to understand. As to the charge of materialism, of course the business of physical science is with the material world. But if it have one decided tendency at the present day, it is to exalt and spiritualize our idea of matter, and, far from destroying, to enhance the sense of mystery. Why should literature treat science as men treat one another—each expecting in his neighbour all his own virtues added to all theirs, with the faults of both left out? Why, because it does not comprise all man seeks for of truth and knowledge, should he slight what it does? Rather should we honour the humblest labourer in the fields of science, and prize the fruits of his labour. What man is so rich in intellectual possessions that he can afford to despise the smallest fragment of truth? Nature has not denied legs to those creatures whom she has endowed with wings; neither can the soaring imagination wisely leave unvisited the solid ground of fact, whereon science is so notably extending her possessions. Like the birds, she must come down to feed if she would be strong on the wing.

# MONTENEGRO, THE HERZEGOVINE, AND THE SLAVONIC POPULATIONS OF TURKEY.

If this paper is to be written for persons who are in that state of preliminary ignorance in which they have to ask jestingly, "Where and what is this Montenegro?" we must defer our notice of the Montenegrin question, properly so called, till we have first given a brief statement, geographical and historical. Really, however, the ignorance thus jestingly professed is rather inexcusable. There exist in French, German, and English, interesting accounts of the principality, which, if not perfectly accurate, nor always at one in particulars, do furnish tolerably complete information as to the country and people. The account by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, in his *Dalmatia and Montenegro* (1848), is considered the best; and the sketch in *Vacation Tourists* (1862), entitled "Christmas in Montenegro," is, as far as we know, the newest. It bears witness to the progress of civilization in Montenegro since the earlier account was written; it gives evidence also, for such as think of visiting the Mountain, that, whereas throughout the adjacent parts of Turkey even a foreign consul dares not travel abroad without guards, in the wildest passes of Cernagora a stranger—a woman—may walk fearlessly alone.

The principality of Montenegro, or more properly Cernagora, extends to about seventy square geographical miles. It is situated on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, and consists of that group of rocky mountains which intervenes between the Austrian province of Dalmatia and the Turkish districts of Albania, Bosnia, and the Herzegovine. At the north-eastern extremity it descends to the lake of Scutari, a part of whose water is included within the frontier. It is divided into districts, or nahias, of which several comprehend valleys traversed by streams, and producing corn, oil, wine, and mulberry-trees. These constitute the only fertile portions of Montenegro, and are most exposed to devastation. The Alpine district of the Black Mountain is called Katunska. This is the citadel; it boasts no fortress of man's building, but it contains the rock-wreathed plain of Cetinge, where stands the principal church, and the residence of the prince.

The population of Montenegro amounts to about 125,000 inhabitants. It is of the Southern Slavonic or Serb stock—one in race, language, and creed with the populations, on the Turkish side, of the Herzegovine, Bosnia, Bulgaria and Servia Proper, and with those, on the Austrian side, of the Bocche di Cattaro, Dalmatia and Croatia. From his Southern neighbour, the Albanian, the Montenegrin differs materially, although the Illyrian race is supposed to have received some admixture of Slavonic blood. With the Greek, the Montenegrin has in common his religion and his hostility to the Turks. From the Turk he is distinguished in all essentials that distinguish the European from the Oriental. He has, in short, all the *toughness* of the Slavonic race. His idea of war is—struggle. Unlike the Celt, he cares not to make it a profession or a game. Such Montenegrins as poverty drives to seek a livelihood in and near Constantinople choose for their calling the peaceable occupation of gardeners, or of vine-dressers. The other day, when war was declared by the Porte on Montenegro, these vine-dressers went home in a body to take their place in the defence of their native land.

Among the sins of the Montenegrins are charged their barbarous mode of warfare, and their habit of making freebooting excursions even in time of truce. There is no excusing such practices even in a people "at bay;" but, at least, it is not for the Turks to complain. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, after a careful examination of the

subject, decided, that the Montenegrins were, on the whole, less barbarous and far less cruel and treacherous than their enemies. On the other hand, they possess a virtue to which assuredly the Turks do not aspire—I mean the rigorous enforcement of social morality. Even in their wildest raids the honour of woman is respected. Until thirty years ago, life and property were, certainly, as little secure in the Mountain as they still are in the adjacent provinces under the rule of Turkey. But all this is changed, thanks to the exertions of the two last Vladikas and Prince Danilo. The national guard of Montenegro acts also as a police; and, during the last year, there was but one theft in the Mountain, and that to the value of a few kreutzers. Even the old border-raids have been put an end to on the side of the Austrian frontier. On the Turkish side there was no defined frontier until 1860; and since then the revolt in the Herzegovine, and the presence of a Turkish army on the border, have rendered futile all attempts to call plunderers to account.

But the principal obstacle to the well-being of the population of Montenegro is that which prevents her from buying what she requires and wishes to buy at the nearest and cheapest market. Persevering husbandmen, the Mountaineers cultivate every handbreadth of soil, and, what with the produce of their valleys, their flocks, their poultry, and dried fish from the lake of Scutari, they continued not only to eke out a subsistence, but also to supply the bazaar of Cattaro. Cattaro is the natural port of Montenegro; the winding gulf on which it stands threads the rock pass, and brings the ships to the foot of the Mountain. But the treaty of 1815 gave the Bocche di Cattaro to Austria, and Austria is no good neighbour to the Mountaineers. She lays heavy duties on whatever she buys from or sells to them; and she forbids her subjects to supply them with arms or ammunition even at moments when their country is besieged on the Turkish side.

Cast your eye over Montenegro as it lies on the map, and ask yourself whether it be possible that nature intended that a separate civilized community should inhabit that heap of rocks, bordered by fertile lands, but shut out from them, within a stone's throw of the sea, yet cut off from it. The very name of Cernagora, the Black Mountain, suggests the fact which its history reveals. Montenegro, within its present frontier, never was more than a "Fortress"—a Refuge—the last stronghold of those Christian fugitives from the surrounding countries who were content to give up all but liberty. When first the Black Mountain appears in history it is as the highlands of Zeta—a territory comprehending the Herzegovine, Northern Albania, with all the sea-coast from Ragusa to Antivari. To this day the dwellers on the Mountain regard their present residence merely as an encampment—themselves less as citizens of a separate State than as devoted champions for the national freedom. "Fear not, brother Serbs," they sing in their piesmas; "freedom will never "perish out of the land while we hold "our little Black Mountain." But never do they forget to couple the assertion of their actual independence with the claim on their ancient heritage. When, at the signing of the Treaty of Paris in 1856, Ali Pasha announced that the Porte regarded Montenegro as an integral part of its dominions, Danilo, reigning sovereign of the Principality, sent round to all the cabinets of Europe the following protest—

"Excellence!—Dans les conférences "de Paris, en présence des plénipo-"tentiaires de toutes les Puissances, Ali-"Pacha a avancé, que le Porte con-"sidère le Monténégro comme une de "ses provinces. Cette assertion est in-"soutenable. Les Monténégrins auraient "bien plutôt le droit de prétendre à la "moitié de l'Albanie, et à toute l'Hercé-"govine, puisque mes prédécesseurs, "Princes indépendants du Monténégro, "Ducs de Zeta, ont possédé autrefois "ces territoires, tandis que les Turcs "n'ont *jamais* possédé le Monténégro.

"Je prie votre Excellence de prendre "acte de cette protestation.

"Cetinge, 19 (31) Mai, 1856.

"PRINCE DU MONTÉNÉGRO ET DU BERDA,
"DANIEL P. NJEGOS, M.P."

This brings us to the history of Monténégro. For details I may refer especially to Vaclik's book, "La Souveraineté du Monténégro et le Droit des Gens Modernes de l'Europe." (Brockhaus, Leipzig.) For our present purpose it is sufficient to give a table of dates marking the progress of events.

1. The name of Cernagora, or Black Mountain, designates the highlands of *Zeta*, an independent principality, comprehending the Herzegovine and the north of Albania, together with the Primora, or sea coast . *Middle of 14th century.*

2. Servian Empire overthrown by the Turks, at battle of Kossovo Polje . . . 1389

3. Constantinople taken by the Turks 1453

4. Death of Scanderbeg. Albania loses her independence . . . . . 1467

5. John, Prince or Duke of Zeta, unable longer to hold the level country, transfers his capital to the plain of Cetinge in the "Black Mountain," whence he receives from the Venetians the title of *Prince of Montenegro* . . . . . 1485

6. George, son of John, abdicates his authority in Montenegro, having previously, in the Assembly of the People, made over the government, together with the armorial bearings of his family, to the Metropolitan, or *Vladika* . . . . 1516

7. From 1516 to 1702 the government of Montenegro is elective, and conducted by its Vladika. The Mountaineers are engaged in a constant struggle with the Turks, who more than once overran the Mountain . . . . . 1516—1702

8. Election of Danilo Petrovie of Nyegos, founder of the present Montenegrin dynasty. On account of his great services to his country, the Vladikat is declared hereditary in his family . . 1697

9. The Turks, by an act of treachery, seize and imprison Danilo. On being ransomed by his people, he brings about the massacre or expulsion of all such Turks as have established themselves in the Mountain. . . . . 1702

10. Montenegro enters into diplomatic intercourse with Russia, and engages to be her ally against the Porte. After Russia has made peace with Turkey on the Pruth, Montenegro continues the war singlehanded, and drives back the Turks . . . . . 1711

11. Turks penetrate to Cetinge for the last time . . . . . 1785

12. Montenegro is the ally of Austria against the Porte . . . . . 1788

13. Battle of Krussa. So complete is the rout of the Turks, that no attempt of importance was made against Montenegro until the time of Omer Pasha . . 1796

14. First written code of laws published in Montenegro by Vladika Peter I. . . 1798

15. Sultan Selim acknowledges the independence of Montenegro, in a document preserved among the archives of Cetinge:—

"Nous, Sultan Selim Emir, frère du soleil et cousin de la lune, régnant du ciel à la terre, de l'Orient à l'Occident, Car de tous les Cars, donnons à la connaissance de nos Vézirs, Pachas, et Kadis, en Bosnie, Hercégovine, Albanie, et Macédoine, qui sont les voisins du Monténégro, que les Monténégrins n'ont jamais été sujets à Notre cour, afin qu'ils soient bien accueillis à Nos frontières ; et Nous espérons que ceux-ci agiront de la même manière envers Nos sujets.

"Signé à Constantinople, 1799.

"SULTAN SELIM EMIR."

16. Montenegro answers an attempt made by Russia to exercise undue control within her territory by the following declaration of independence: "We, the people of Montenegro and Berda, stand in no way in the relation of subjects to the Russian Empire, but are merely under its *moral protectorate*, and this only because we are of the same race and language, and for no other reason. . . . We do not wish to become subjects of Russia. We will defend our hereditary freedom to the last extremity, and sooner die sword in hand than submit to slavery under any foreign power soever." . . . 1804

17. Montenegro is the ally of Russia against the French in Dalmatia, and afterwards receives from Russia 30,000 florins per annum, paid as instalments of a debt arising out of losses sustained by Montenegro during the campaign . . . 1806

18. Montenegro is the ally of England in blockading the French garrison of Cattaro. Cattaro is left by the English in the hands of the Montenegrins . . . 1813

19. Montenegro is required to resign Cattaro to Austria . . . , . . . . 1814

20. Vladika Peter II. offers assistance to Austria . . . . . 1848

21. Danilo, nephew and successor of Peter II., declines to assume the archiepiscopal dignity, and, with the consent of the Assembly of the People, revives the ancient title of Prince of Montenegro . . . . . 1852

22. Austria requires the Porte to recal Omer Pasha from an attack on Montenegro. . . . . 1851–2

23. During the war of England, France, and Turkey against Russia, Montenegro agrees to remain neutral . . . . . 1853–5

24. Prince Danilo visits France, to lay the claims of Montenegro before the Em-

peror Napoleon; he also causes his heir to be educated in Paris instead of, like his predecessors, in St. Petersburg . . 1857

25. Turks attack Montenegro, and are signally defeated at the battle of Grahovo. The Porte is obliged to recognise a definition of the Montenegrin frontiers . . 1858

26. Frontier line is finally drawn, and leaves Montenegro shut out from the Adriatic. . . . . 1860

27. Murder of Prince Danilo in Cattaro. Accession of Prince Nicholas I. . 1860

28. Outbreak of the revolt in the Herzegovine. European Commission at Ragusa. Montenegro agrees to observe neutrality . . . . . 1861

29. Declaration of war between Turkey and Montenegro . . . . . 1862

As for the question of Montenegro's independence, we can see now what each party has to say on its own side. No one can deny that in centuries past the Turks overran the Mountain more than once; nay, that more than once European treaties have made mention of Montenegro as an integral part of Turkey. On the other hand, it is certain that, if the Turks overran the Mountain, they never were able to keep possession of it—also, that the Porte has often virtually (and once explicitly) acknowledged the independence of Montenegro. Further, from the middle of the fourteenth century to the present day, Montenegro has been ruled by a line of national sovereigns, sometimes ecclesiastical and elective, sometimes hereditary and secular, but never appointed by the Sultan, never acknowledging the jurisdiction of the Porte, never referring their authority to any other source than the choice of the people. Lastly, Montenegro has held diplomatic intercourse with other countries, and always in the character of an independent state.

But, in a practical point of view, these arguments on one side and the other are equally little to the purpose. *The strongest point in favour of Montenegrin independence is that it is matter of fact.* In this century, and since the recognition of the kingdom of Italy by England, France, and even Turkey, it cannot be contested that another strong point is the declaration of the Montenegrins that "they will sooner die, "sword in hand, than submit to slavery "under a foreign power." An English diplomatist condescends to applaud this announcement when given in answer to the pretensions of Russia; why should it be less praiseworthy when made in defiance of the pretensions of Turkey?

The same reasoning applies to Montenegro's claim for an extension of frontier—and more especially for a port on the Adriatic. The Mountaineer may still fondly speak of the Herzegovine, of the Primora, as his "father's land," and a prince of Montenegro may surely prove that these countries belong to his predecessors as Princes of Zeta. But the strong claim of Montenegro to the Herzegovine and Primora is that their union with her is necessary for the peace, contentment, and well-being of both their populations and her own. If Montenegro be an independent state, she has, by the law of nations, a right to a frontier within which civilized beings *can* live. This is so indisputable, that such of the European powers as are opposed to giving Montenegro an extension of frontier have also hitherto refused to acknowledge her as an independent state.

We now come to the Montenegrin question of to-day; but, to understand this, we must enter also into the question of the Herzegovine.

The Herzegovine is that country which borders with Montenegro on the north. It has for long formed part of the Ottoman Empire. The majority of its population are Christians, and hostile to the Mussulman, by whom they are sorely oppressed; for, although the authority of the Porte was never in the Herzegovine more than nominal, the supremacy of the conqueror and his creed has been abundantly upheld by Pashas and Vizirs. In race, language, and religion, as we have already said, the Herzegovians are identical with the Montenegrins, or rather the Mountain is chiefly peopled by refugees from the Herzegovine. The reigning dynasty in Montenegro is of Herzegovian origin. The strongest sympathy, therefore, unites the two populations; and the Herzegovians, attempting to free themselves from tyrannical lords, naturally

look for and receive assistance from their brethren who are already free.

Well, last year, 1861, Omer Pasha was sent to Mostar to put down one of the chronic revolts in the Herzegovine. The consuls of the great Powers had already offered their mediation; but the Rayahs answered that promises of redress had been made so often and kept so ill that they were determined this time to die with arms in their hands rather than lie down again and be trampled to death. The leader of the insurgents, Vukavolic, had on a former occasion experienced the tender mercy of Turkey; he now took no half measures, but displayed from his Kula, or fortified house, the standard of Servian independence, and called for support on the free Serbs of the Mountain.

Had Prince Nicholas of Montenegro been at liberty to respond to this appeal —had he marched on the Herzegovine before the Turkish army had time to concentrate itself—there seems little doubt but the whole district might have been freed. But a European Commission was sent to Ragusa, and it was decided to apply the law of non-intervention—in other words, to tie the hands of Montenegro, and leave the insurgents to the army of Omer Pasha.

Loud were the complaints of the abandoned Christians. Foreign journalists did not scruple to assail the young Gospodar with an imputation of selfish motives. Still Prince Nicholas professed himself neutral only. Right of asylum was accorded to fugitives, and the ranks of the insurgents were recruited by volunteers. Meanwhile, Omer Pasha took up his quarters at Mostar. He did nothing effectual to quell the revolution, but made it his excuse for demanding reinforcements, until on the frontier of Montenegro he had gathered an army of 30,000 men. He also continued to assure Prince Nicholas of his pacific sentiments; but at the same time forbade the export of corn from the Turkish provinces into the Mountain, and, to enforce this prohibition, kept the Mountain in a state of blockade. Through all last winter the insurgents held out; and, at length, certain districts, having driven away the Turks, annexed themselves to Montenegro. Troops were sent to force them back under their former yoke; the new subjects of Montenegro called on their brethren for help, and several engagements took place, in which the Mountaineers were victorious. Omer Pasha complained to Prince Nicholas that thereby his neutrality was infringed. Prince Nicholas replied that, if Omer Pasha blockaded the Mountain, and attacked populations who had annexed themselves to Montenegro, the Sovereign of Montenegro could neither restrain his followers from breaking through the blockade, nor refuse aid to those who had placed themselves under his protection. At length, the Sultan's exchequer being replenished with English gold, and an army got together amounting to 45,000 men, the Sublime Porte announced to the world that it would stand the aggression of the Mountaineers no longer, and war on Montenegro was declared!

Behold the present position of the Mountain. The Turks, under Dervis Pasha on the side of the Herzegovine, and, on the Albanian side, under Omer Pasha himself, are trying to force entrances at a point where the opposite frontiers are divided only by a nine hours' march. Every fighting man on the Mountain is under arms, and the Montenegrins earning a livelihood in foreign countries have hurried home to defend their native land. By the bad harvest of last year, the combatants for freedom lack bread; by the unneighbourly policy of Austria they are straitened in their supply of ammunition. That the war of independence is still maintained, that the besieged do not seek their own relief by giving up the cause of their brethren—this may truly be called one of the glorious episodes in the history of the Cernagora. Nor is this all. Gospodar Nicholas—a lad of twenty—chooses this struggle for life and death as the occasion for abolishing the cruel custom practised by both combatants for centuries. The heads of foemen are no longer exposed in Cetinge as they used to be, and as,

on Turkish fortresses, they were during last autumn. Prisoners let go on parole are no longer to be *marked* by the mutilation of nose and ears. At a time when the captors themselves wanted food, 400 Turkish prisoners were liberally fed.

While thus stands the Montenegrin question on the Mountain, it is said that negotiations are in progress for its settlement by the diplomacy of the great Powers. What may be the nature of the intended propositions? Without heeding contradictory rumours, one may conclude that they cannot go far wide of one of the two expedients suggested by a letter in *The Times* last September. "The difficulty," opines an occasional correspondent, "is to "find means to counteract agitating "influences. Probably the most ef- "fectual method, though temporary in "its results, would be to replenish the "Turkish exchequer, leaving the paci- "fication of the dominions of the Sultan "in his own hands. The only other "practicable course is one which I have "never yet heard mooted. . . . Let "Montenegro receive, *nolens volens*, "some accession of territory on her "north-west, west, and eastern fron- "tiers, and let her be acknowledged "by the world (as she is by Russia) "an independent principality with "consuls at her capital."

Since this letter in *The Times* was penned, the first of the expedients it suggested has been tried. England, all shocked as she seems at the laxness of Montenegrin ideas on non-intervention—England has taken it upon herself to replenish the Turkish exchequer; and the pacification of his dominions has been left in the Sultan's own hands. We ask how far this arrangement has advanced commerce, agriculture, civilization, or Christianity. For nearly a year the luckless provinces have had to nourish an ever-increasing army; the frontier districts are a prey to a war of devastation—that sort of war which *makes the robber* of which the Turkish Government complains. Such is the result so far; but let us suppose the Sultan's mode of pacification carried out. Suppose Montenegro overrun by a Turkish army. What would the Turks have *gained?* There is not a city for them to take, nor a fortress: the Montenegrins would burn their own villages and crops, and disappear in the caves of the hills. What is there even for the Turks to *destroy?* Nothing except the social order, the free government, the security of property and life, which four wise and patriotic rulers have succeeded in establishing in the Mountain. What hold could a Turkish army get over the Mountaineers? What hold has a Turkish army ever got over them yet? Even should they profess submission, would it not be to "bide their time"? No doubt in the Herzegovine a large standing army would keep down the population. The question is, how far it answers the Turkish exchequer to maintain herself in the Herzegovine at the expense of such an army. The slightest diminution of her force would be the signal for another revolt. The possession of the Herzegovine would cost her as much in time of peace as of war. To be sure there is an alternative. Perhaps Omer Pasha might succeed in pacifying the Herzegovine and Montenegro after the fashion in which Ali Pasha pacified certain districts of Albania—*he might exterminate the whole Christian population!* Some people would almost ask, "And why not?" if by such a measure may alone be secured the "integrity of the Ottoman Empire"? Very good—only, where the Christian population is exterminated, what becomes of commerce, agriculture, civilization, Christianity?

On the other hand, suppose we have recourse to the second expedient proposed, in his September letter, by the correspondent of *The Times:* "Let "Montenegro receive some accession of "territory on her north-west, west, and "eastern frontiers, and let her be "acknowledged by the world, as she is "by Russia, an independent princi- "pality." Add to this, that such districts in the Herzegovine as have during the present struggle thrown off the Turkish yoke be suffered to choose their form of government—either as annexed to Montenegro, or as "autonomous," like the principality of Servia. This experiment

has at least this advantage over the other, that it has not yet been tried; and we ask, "as a matter of abstract probability," whether it is most likely that two Christian and Slavonic populations will be advanced in civilization by a forcible reduction under Turkish yoke, or by their union under a free, national, and Christian government?

What may be the obstacles to adopting this second expedient?

In the first place, the Ottoman Government is naturally unwilling to end her long struggle with the Christians in her north-west provinces, by what on her side would be utterly "giving in." She is disposed to resent foreign interference in this matter. Herself but recently preserved by foreign aid from being overrun by a powerful neighbour, she is loth to agree that her weaker neighbour should be preserved by foreign aid against herself. She has, also, an argument, much resembling that which Austria used to urge against the claims of Italy—that the Rayahs of the Herzegovine are not yet fit to govern themselves, and that Montenegro is still too barbarous to govern others. This argument is plausible; but admits of the answer, that no one can tell whether or not the Herzegovians can govern themselves, inasmuch as they have never had a trial—whereas it is matter of fact that they will not submit to be governed by the Porte. But the most cogent of all Turkey's objections to the recognition of Montenegrin independence is that Montenegro would be recognised as an *Independent South-Slavonic State.* This would be the signal for *all* the Southern Slavonic nationalities to declare they would not submit to foreign yoke. Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, all would follow the example of the Herzegovine. What is then to become of the "integrity of the Ottoman Empire"? Here, no doubt, is a matter for consideration; yet, if we reflect how remarkably ill the Southern Slovacs have done under Ottoman rule, we must allow that the proposal of any change in their condition which afforded a hope of making them better and happier is entitled to an attentive hearing. The integrity of the Ottoman Empire is a point secondary, surely, to the interests of humanity.

The second great obstacle to the arrangement of the Montenegrin question is the opposition of Austria to any plan which should give a port on the Adriatic to the Slavs. It is now beginning to be recognised in diplomacy that the sea-coast of Dalmatia must not be cut off from Bosnia and Herzegovine. Austria, to whom Dalmatia belongs, has long been hoping to add to it the inland countries. Should it be proved impossible to govern them from Constantinople, why not let her try to govern them from Vienna? But the population of Bosnia and the Herzegovine is Slavonic, and belongs to the Eastern Church: as such, they have little disposition to place themselves under a government both Germanizing and Papistical. Start Montenegro on the Adriatic—a national Slavonic state, with a free port and free institutions—and, small as she is, Austria would find her a dangerous rival.

The good friends to Montenegro are France and Italy. For the very reason that Austria wishes to shut her out from the Adriatic, *they* wish to see her there; while the Nationality Principle, to which Italy owes her new freedom and France so much of her present prestige, is all in favour of the liberation of the Southern Slavs, and the establishment of essentially Slavonic countries under a Slavonic government.

As for Russia: of course *she* would lose all her influence among the Christians in Turkey did she not now plead for Montenegro. But I give you the opinion of the Montenegrins themselves, that Russia is not anxious to give them a port on the Adriatic. She would keep them in their present position, a prickly thorn in the side of Turkey; but she has had proof enough that nothing but the neglect of the other Powers will ever keep them dependent on herself. Cattaro, Antivari, Spizza, whichever it may be—all are too near Corfu for Russia not to regard in each a door by which English influence may enter in among the Slavs of the South. For

Russia well knows that to open the Adriatic to the Serbs is to open the Slav countries to England. She knows that the remembrance of former attempts at dictation would render Montenegro ever jealous of her interference; whereas, as a young state, free, and starting on the highway of commerce, naturally and necessarily Montenegro would turn to Britain. How is it that every one can see this but Britain herself? How is it that Britain has in this part of the world no aim but to maintain the Ottoman Empire, for fear that the accession of strength to any Slavonic nationality should give an accession of influence to Russia? Russian influence among the Slavs in Turkey increases not with their strength, but with their hopelessness of obtaining assistance from any other Power. Once for all, the Christian Slavs of Europe will never rest content with a "Turkish Rajah." Not only do they hate the Mussulman Government, but they despise it; they know, if we do not, that it is dying of incurable disease. Long enough they have been infected by the presence of the "sick man;" they will not allow themselves to be chained to a corpse.

You ask what the policy of Great Britain ought to be. Did you ever remark what the vine-dresser does before he has to cut down the old stock? He plants young shoots; he waters them and trains their growth. The policy of Great Britain in the Montenegrin question should be inspired by the beneficent foresight of the vine-dresser. The catastrophe of Mussulman dominion is approaching; let us prepare for it by educating those Christian nationalities who are the lawful heirs of its inheritance. Nothing need be done to hurt the feelings of those who like to think that Turkey may live a little longer. The young shoots are still too near the ground to darken the old stock with their shadow. Only let the young shoots grow; when the day comes for the old stock to be uprooted, they will fill up that unsightly hole in the earth which all men fear to see.

Now, a sprout of the right sort is Montenegro. A vigorous, healthy, Christian nationality, let Britain take her by the hand. Let Britain's vote accord to her that place among European States for which she has so long, so nobly struggled; let British influence be exerted to obtain for her such a territory as shall enable her worthily to maintain her new position throughout her future history as a free government and a commercial power.

And now for our friends who are only just beginning to ask where Montenegro is. Pray let them remember Mr. Senior's advice, that one should bring to bear on political questions *as much knowledge as possible.* The Southern Slavonic countries lie a good deal nearer home than some others of which we know more. Would that our learned friends could condescend to direct a little of their capacity to the study of Slavonic language and literature; would that our friends who are travellers would take the trouble to visit the regions between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. We have long been accustomed to hear among us, as a household word, "The integrity of the Ottoman Empire!" Would that people in Britain, and even at Constantinople, knew, that as an independent European Power, Turkey has long ago ceased to exist! There are now so few Turks in Europe, that we must soon call the country by some other name. Except about two millions of Mahometan Turks who live in and around Constantinople, and who are scattered among towns and villages here and there in Macedonia and Roumelia, there remain comparatively few Osmanlis settled in Europe, and their numbers are rapidly decreasing. An immense army, chiefly recruited from Asia, and paid, as aforesaid, by aid of English gold, garrisons the provinces, crushed and impoverished by the military rule of the Sultan. And it is for this exhausted and tyrannical despotism that we ignore the aspirations and even the existence of the Christians who people the fair lands between the Adriatic and the Lower Danube, who possess all the intelligence, and in whose hands is all the commerce, of these wide districts!

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE WATER-BABIES:

### A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, F.L.S. ETC.

### CHAPTER II.

A MILE off, and a thousand feet down. So Tom found it; though it seemed as if he could have chucked a pebble on to the back of the woman in the red petticoat, who was weeding in the garden; or even across the dale to the rocks beyond.

For the bottom of the valley was just one field broad, and on the other side ran the stream; and above it, grey crag, grey down, grey stair, grey moor, walled up to heaven.

A quiet, silent, rich, happy place; a narrow crack cut deep into the earth, so deep, and so out of the way, that the bad bogies can hardly find it out. The name of the place is Vendale; and if you want to see it for yourself, you must go up into the High Craven, and search from Bolland Forest north by Ingleborough, to the Nine Standards and Cross Fell; and if you have not found it, you must turn south, and search the Lake mountains, down to Scaw Fell and the sea; and then if you have not found it, you must go northward again by merry Carlisle, and search the Cheviots all across, from Annan Water to Berwick Law; and then, whether you have found Vendale or not, you will have found such a country, and such a people, as ought to make you proud of being a British boy.

So Tom went to go down; and first he went down three hundred feet of steep heather, mixed up with loose brown gritstone, as rough as a file; which was not pleasant to his poor little heels, as he came bump, stump, jump, down the steep. And still he thought he could throw a stone into the garden.

Then he went down three hundred feet of limestone terraces, one below the other, as straight as if Mr. George White had ruled them with his ruler and then cut them out with his chisel. There was no heath there, but

First, a little grass slope, covered with the prettiest flowers, rockrose and saxifrages, and thyme, and basil, and all sorts of sweet herbs.

Then bump down a two-foot step of limestone.

Then another bit of grass and flowers.

Then bump down a one-foot step.

Then another bit of grass and flowers for fifty yards, as steep as the house roof, where he had to slide down on his dear little tail.

Then another step of stone, ten feet high; and there he had to stop himself, and crawl along the edge to find a crack; for if he had rolled over, he would have rolled right into the old woman's garden, and frightened her out of her wits.

Then, when he had found a dark narrow crack, full of green-stalked fern, such

as hangs in the basket in the drawing-room; and had crawled down through it, with knees and elbows, as he would down a chimney; there was another grass slope, and another step, and so on, till—oh, dear me! I wish it was all over; and so did he. And yet he thought he could throw a stone into the old woman's garden.

At last he came to a bank of beautiful shrubs; whitebeam, with its great silver-backed leaves, and mountain-ash, and oak; and below them cliff and crag, cliff and crag, with great beds of crown-ferns and wood-sedge; and through the shrubs he could see the stream sparkling, and hear it murmur on the white pebbles. He did not know that it was three hundred feet below.

You would have been giddy, perhaps, at looking down: but Tom was not. He was a brave little chimney-sweep; and when he found himself on the top of a high cliff, instead of sitting down and crying for his baba, (though he never had had any baba to cry for), he said—"Ah, this will just suit me!" though he was very tired; and down he went, by stock and stone, sedge and ledge, bush and rush, as if he had been born a jolly little black ape, with four hands instead of two.

But he was getting terribly tired now. The burning sun on the fells had sucked him up; but the damp heat of the woody crag sucked him up still more; and the perspiration ran out of the ends of his fingers and toes, and washed him cleaner than he had been for a whole year. But, of course, he dirtied everything terribly as he went. There has been a great black smudge all down the crag ever since. And there have been more black beetles in Vendale since than ever were known before; all, of course, owing to Tom's having blacked the original papa of them all, just as he was setting off to be married, with a sky-blue coat and scarlet leggings, as smart as a gardener's dog with a polyanthus in his mouth.

At last he got to the bottom. But, behold, it was not the bottom—as people usually find when they are coming down a mountain. For at the foot of the crag were heaps and heaps of fallen limestone of every size, from that of your head to that of a stage-waggon, with holes between them full of sweet heath-fern; and before Tom got through them, he was out in the bright sunshine again; and then he felt, once for all, and suddenly, as people generally do, that he was b-e-a-t, beat.

You must expect to be beat a few times in your life, little man, if you live such a life as a man ought to live, let you be as strong and healthy as you may: and when you are, you will find it a very ugly feeling. And I hope that that day you may have a stout staunch friend by you who is not beat; for if you have not, you had best lie where you are, and wait for better times, as poor Tom did.

He could not get on. The sun was burning, and yet he felt chill all over. He was quite empty, and yet he felt quite sick. There was but two hundred yards of smooth pasture between him and the cottage, and yet he could not walk down it. He could hear the stream murmuring, only one field beyond it, and yet it seemed to him as if it was a hundred miles off.

He lay down on the grass till the beetles ran over him, and the flies settled on his nose. I don't know when he would have got up again, if the gnats and the midges had not taken compassion on him. But the gnats blew their trumpets so loud in his ear, and the midges nibbled so at his hands and face, wherever they could find a place free from soot, that at last he woke up, and stumbled away, down over a low wall, and into a narrow road, and up to the cottage door.

And a neat pretty cottage it was, with clipt yew hedges all round the garden, and yews inside too, cut into peacocks, and trumpets, and teapots, and all kinds of queer shapes. And out of the open door came a noise, like that of the frogs on the Great-A, when they know that it is going to be scorching hot to-morrow—and how they know that I don't know,

and you don't know, and nobody knows.

He came slowly up to the open door, which was all hung round with clematis and roses, and then peeped in, half afraid.

And there sat by the empty fire-place, filled with a pot of sweet herbs, the nicest old woman that ever was seen, in her red petticoat, and short dimity bed-gown, and clean white cap, with a black silk handkerchief over it, tied under her chin. And at her feet sat the grandfather of all the cats, and opposite her sat, on two benches, twelve or fourteen neat, rosy, chubby little children, learning their Chris-cross-row, and gabble enough they made about it.

Such a pleasant cottage it was, with a shiny clean stone floor, and curious old prints on the walls, and an old black oak sideboard full of bright pewter and brass dishes, and a cuckoo clock in the corner, which began shouting as soon as Tom appeared: not that it was frightened at Tom, but that it was just eleven o'clock.

All the children started at Tom's dirty black figure; and the girls began to cry, and the boys began to laugh, and all pointed at him rudely enough; but Tom was too tired to care for that.

"What art thou, and what dost want?" cried the old dame. "A chimney-sweep! Away with thee. I'll have no sweeps here."

"Water," said poor little Tom, quite faint.

"Water? There's plenty i' the beck," she said, quite sharply.

"But I can't get there; I'm most clemmed with hunger and drought." And Tom sank down upon the door-step, and laid his head against the post.

And the old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute, and two, and three; and then she said, "He's sick; and a bairn's a bairn, sweep or none."

"Water," said Tom.

"God forgive me!" and she put by her spectacles, and rose, and came to Tom. "Water's bad for thee; I'll give thee milk." And she toddled off into the next room, and brought a cup of milk and a bit of bread.

Tom drank the milk off at one draught, and then looked up, revived.

"Where didst come from?" said the dame.

"Over Fell, there," said Tom, and pointed up into the sky.

"Over Harthover? and down Lewthwaite Crag? Art sure thou art not lying?"

"Why should I?" said Tom, and leant his head against the post.

"And how got ye up there?"

"I came over from the Place," and Tom was so tired and desperate he had no heart or time to think of a story, so he told all the truth in a few words.

"Bless thy little heart! And thou hast not been stealing, then?"

"No."

"Bless thy little heart! and I'll warrant not. Why, God's guided the bairn, because he was innocent! Away from the Place, and over Harthover Fell, and down Lewthwaite Crag! Who ever heard the like, if God hadn't led him? Why dost not eat thy bread?"

"I can't."

"It's good enough, for I made it myself."

"I can't," said Tom, and he laid his head on his knees, and then asked—

"Is it Sunday?"

"No, then; why should it be?"

"Because I hear the church bells ringing so."

"Bless thy pretty heart! The bairn's sick. Come wi' me, and I'll hap thee up somewhere. If thou wert a bit cleaner I'd put thee in my own bed, for the Lord's sake. But come along here."

But when Tom tried to get up, he was so tired and giddy that she had to help him, and lead him.

She put him in an outhouse, upon soft sweet hay, and an old rug, and bade him sleep off his walk, and she would come to him when school was over, in an hour's time.

And so she went in again, expecting Tom to fall fast asleep at once.

But Tom did not fall asleep.

Instead of it he turned, and tossed, and

kicked about in the strangest way, and felt so hot all over, he longed to get into the river and cool himself; and then he fell half asleep, and dreamt that he heard the little white lady crying to him, "Oh, you're so dirty; go and be washed." And then he heard the church bells ring so loud, close to him, too, that he was sure it must be Sunday, in spite of what the old dame had said; and he would go to church, and see what a church was like inside; for he had never been in one, poor little fellow, in all his life. But the people would never let him come in, all over soot and dirt like that. He must go to the river and wash first. And he said out loud again and again, though being half asleep he did not know it, "I must be clean, I must be clean."

And all of a sudden he found himself, not in the outhouse on the hay, but in the middle of a meadow, over the road, with the stream just before him, saying continually, "I must be clean, I must be clean." He had got there on his own legs, between sleep and awake, as children will often get out of bed, and go about the room, when they are not quite well. But he was not a bit surprised, and went on to the bank of the brook, and lay down on the grass, and looked into the clear, clear, limestone water, with every pebble at the bottom bright and clean, while the little silver trout dashed about in fright at the sight of his black face; and he dipped his hand in and found it so cool, cool, cool; and he said, "I will be a fish, I will swim in the water; I must be clean, I must be clean."

So he pulled off all his clothes in such haste that he tore some of them, which was easy enough with such ragged old things. And he put his poor, hot, sore feet into the water; and then his legs; and the further he went in, the more the church bells rang in his head.

"Ah," said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself, the bells are ringing quite loud now; and they will stop soon, and then the door will be shut, and I shall never be able to get in at all."

Tom was mistaken: for in England, the church doors are left open all service time, for everybody who likes to come in, Churchman or Dissenter; ay, even if he were a Turk or a Heathen; and if any man dared to turn them out, as long as they behaved quietly, the good old English law would punish him, as he deserved, for ordering any peaceable person out of God's house, which belongs to all alike. But Tom did not know that, any more than he knew a great deal more which people ought to know.

So he tumbled himself as quick as he could into the clear, cool water.

And he had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep, into the quietest, sunniest, cosiest sleep that ever he had in his life; and he dreamt about the green meadows by which he had walked that morning, and the tall elm-trees, and the sleeping cows; and after that he dreamt of nothing at all.

The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple; and yet hardly any one has found it out. It was merely that the fairies took him.

Some people think that there are no fairies. Cousin Cramchild tells little folks so in his Conversations. Well, perhaps there are none—in Boston, U.S. where he was raised. And Aunt Agitate says there are none, in her Arguments on political economy. Well, perhaps there are none—in her political economy. But it is a wide world, my little man—and thank heaven for it, for else, between crinolines and theories, some of us would get squashed—and plenty of room in it for fairies, without people seeing them; unless, of course, they look in the right place. The most wonderful and the strongest things in the world, you know, are just the things which no one can see. There is life in you—and it is the life in you which makes you grow, and move, and think: and yet you can't see it. And there is steam in a steam-engine, and that is what makes it move: and yet you can't see it; and so there may be fairies in the world, and they may be just what

makes the world go round to the old tune of

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour
Qui fait la monde à la ronde:"

and yet no one may be able to see them except those whose hearts are going round to that same tune. At all events, we will make believe that there are fairies in the world. It will not be the last time by many a one that we shall have to make believe. And yet, after all, there is no need for that. There must be fairies, for this is a fairy tale; and how can one have a fairy-tale if there are no fairies?

You don't see the logic of that? Perhaps not. Then please not to see the logic of a great many arguments exactly like it, which you will hear before your beard is grey.

The kind old dame came back at twelve, when school was over, to look at Tom; but there was no Tom there. She looked about for his foot-prints; but the ground was so hard that there was no slot, as they say in dear old North Devon. And if you grow up to be a brave healthy man, you may know some day what no slot means, and know, too, I hope, what a slot does mean—a broad slot, with blunt claws, which makes a man put out his cigar, and set his teeth, and tighten his girths, when he sees it; and what his rights mean, if he has them, brow, bay, tray, and points; and see something worth seeing between Haddon Wood and Countisbury Cliff, with good Mr. Parker Collyns to show you the way, and mend your bones as fast as you smash them. Only when that jolly day comes, please don't break your neck; stogged in a mire you never will be, I trust; for you are a heath-cropper bred and born.

So the old dame went in again quite sulky, thinking that little Tom had tricked her with a false story, and shammed ill, and then run away again.

But she altered her mind the next day. For, when Sir John and the rest of them had run themselves out of breath, and lost Tom, they went back again, looking very foolish.

And they looked more foolish still when Sir John heard more of the story from the nurse; and more foolish still, again, when they heard the whole story from Miss Ellie, the little lady in white. All she had seen was a poor little black chimney-sweep, crying and sobbing, and going to get up the chimney again. Of course, she was very much frightened: and no wonder. But that was all. The boy had taken nothing in the room; by the mark of his little sooty feet, they could see that he had never been off the hearth-rug till the nurse caught hold of him. It was all a mistake.

So Sir John told Grimes to go home, and promised him five shillings if he would bring the boy quietly up to him, without beating him, that he might be sure of the truth. For he took for granted, and Grimes, too, that Tom had made his way home.

But no Tom came back to Mr. Grimes that evening; and he went to the police-office, to tell them to look out for the boy. But no Tom was heard of. As for his having gone over those great fells to Vendale, they no more dreamed of that than of his having gone to the moon.

So Mr. Grimes came up to Harthover next day with a very sour face; but when he got there, Sir John was over the hills and far away; and Mr. Grimes had to sit in the outer servants' hall all day, and drink strong ale to wash away his sorrows; and they were washed away, long before Sir John came back.

For good Sir John had slept very badly that night; and he said to his lady, "My dear, the boy must have got over into the grouse-moors, and lost himself; and he lies very heavily on my conscience, poor little lad. But I know what I will do."

So, at five the next morning, up he got, and into his bath, and into his shooting-jacket and gaiters, and into the stable-yard, like a fine old English gentleman, with a face as red as a rose, and a hand as hard as a table, and a back as broad as a bullock's; and bade them bring his shooting pony, and the keeper to come on his pony, and the huntsman, and the first whip, and the

second whip, and the under-keeper, with the bloodhound in a leash—a great dog as tall as a calf, of the colour of a gravel walk, with mahogany ears and nose, and a throat like a church bell. And they took him up to the place where Tom had gone into the wood; and there the hound lifted up his mighty voice, and told them all he knew.

Then he took them to the place where Tom had climbed the wall; and they shoved it down, and all got through.

And then the wise dog took them over the moor, and over the fells, step by step, very slowly; for the scent was a day old, you know, and very light from the heat and drought. But that was why cunning old Sir John started at five in the morning.

And at last he came to the top of Lewthwaite Crag, and there he bayed, and looked up in their faces, as much as to say, "I tell you he is gone down here!"

They could hardly believe that Tom would have gone so far; and when they looked at that awful cliff, they could never believe that he would have dared to face it. But if the dog said so, it must be true.

"Heaven forgive us!" said Sir John. "If we find him at all, we shall find him lying at the bottom." And he slapped his great hand upon his great thigh, and said—

"Who will go down over Lewthwaite Crag, and see if that boy is alive? Oh that I were twenty years younger, and I would go down myself!" And so he would have done, as well as any sweep in the county. Then he said—

"Twenty pounds to the man who brings me that boy alive!" and, as was his way, what he said he meant.

Now among the lot was a little groom-boy, a very little groom indeed; and he was the same who had ridden up the court, and told Tom to come to the Hall; and he said—

"Twenty pounds or none, I will go down over Lewthwaite Crag, if it's only for the poor boy's sake. For he was as civil a spoken little chap as ever climbed a flue."

So down over Lewthwaite Crag he went: a very smart groom he was at the top, and a very shabby one at the bottom; for he tore his gaiters, and he tore his breeches, and he tore his jacket, and he burst his braces, and he burst his boots, and he lost his hat, and what was worst of all, he lost his shirt pin, which he prized very much, for it was gold, and he had won it in a raffle at Malton, and there was a figure at the top of it of t'ould mare, noble old Beeswing herself, as natural as life; so it was a really severe loss: but he never saw anything of Tom.

And all the while Sir John and the rest were riding round, full three miles to the right, and back again, to get into Vendale, and to the foot of the crag.

And when they came to the old dame's school, all the children came out to see. And the old dame came out too; and when she saw Sir John she curtsied very low, for she was a tenant of his.

"Well, dame, and how are you?" said Sir John.

"Blessings on you as broad as your back, Harthover," says she—she didn't call him Sir John, but only Harthover, for that is the fashion in the North country—"and welcome into Vendale: but you're no hunting the fox this time of year?"

"I am hunting, and strange game too!" said he.

"Blessings on your heart, and what makes you look so sad the morn?"

"I'm looking for a lost child, a chimney-sweep, that is run away."

"Oh Harthover, Harthover," says she, "ye were always a just man and a merciful; and ye'll no harm the poor little lad if I give you tidings of him?"

"Not I, not I, dame. I'm afraid we hunted him out of the house all on a miserable mistake, and the hound has brought him to the top of Lewthwaite Crag, and—"

And the old dame broke out crying, without letting him finish his story.

"So he told me the truth after all, poor little dear! Ah, first thoughts are best, and a body's heart 'll guide them

right, if they will but hearken to it!" And then she told Sir John all.

"Bring the dog here, and lay him on," said Sir John, without another word, and he set his teeth very hard.

And the dog opened at once; and went away at the back of the cottage, over the road, and over the meadow, and through a bit of alder copse; and there, upon an alder stump, they saw Tom's clothes lying. And then they knew as much about it all as there was any need to know.

And Tom?

Ah! now comes the most wonderful part of this wonderful story. Tom, when he woke, for of course he woke—children always wake after they have slept exactly as long as is good for them—found himself swimming about in the stream, being about four inches, or—that I may be accurate—3·87902 inches long, and having round the parotid region of his fauces a set of external gills (I hope you understand all the big words) just like those of a sucking eft, which he mistook for a lace frill, till he pulled at them, found he hurt himself, and made up his mind that they were part of himself, and best left alone.

In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water-baby.

A water-baby? You never heard of a water-baby. Perhaps not. That is the very reason why this story was written. There are a great many things in the world which you never heard of; and a great many more which nobody ever heard of; and a great many things, too, which nobody will ever hear of, at least until the coming of the Cocqcigrues, when man shall be the measure of all things.

But there are no such things as water-babies.

How do you know that? Have you been there to see? And if you had been there to see, and had seen none, that would not prove that there were none. If Mr. Garth does not find a fox in Eversley Wood—as folks sometimes fear he never will—that does not prove that there are no such things as foxes. And as is Eversley Wood to all the woods in England, so are the waters we know to all the waters in the world. And no one has a right to say that no water-babies exist, till they have seen no water-babies existing; which is quite a different thing, mind, from not seeing water-babies; and a thing which nobody ever did, or perhaps ever will do.

But surely if there were water-babies, somebody would have caught one at least?

Well. How do you know that somebody has not?

But they would have put it into spirits, or into the Illustrated News, or perhaps cut it into two halves, poor dear little thing, and sent one to Professor Owen, and one to Professor Huxley, to see what they would each say about it.

Ah, my dear little man! that does not follow at all, as you will see before the end of the story.

But a water-baby is contrary to nature.

Well, but, my dear little man, you must learn to talk about such things, when you grow older, in a very different way from that. You must not talk about "ain't" and "can't" when you speak of this great wonderful world round you, of which the wisest man knows only the very smallest corner, and is, as the great Sir Isaac Newton said, only a child picking up pebbles on the shore of a boundless ocean.

You must not say that this cannot be, or that that is contrary to nature. You do not know what nature is, or what she can do; and nobody knows; not even Sir Roderick Murchison, or Professor Owen, or Professor Sedgwick, or Professor Huxley, or Mr. Darwin, or Professor Faraday, or Mr. Grove, or any other of the great men whom good boys are taught to respect. They are very wise men; and you must listen respectfully to all they say: but even if they should say, which I am sure they never would, "That cannot exist. That is contrary to nature," you must wait a little, and see; for perhaps even they may be wrong. It is only children

who read Aunt Agitate's Arguments, or Cousin Cramchild's Conversations; or lads who go to popular lectures, and see a man pointing at a few big ugly pictures on the wall, or making nasty smells with bottles and squirts, for an hour or two, and calling that anatomy or chemistry—who talk about "cannot exist," and "contrary to nature." Wise men are afraid to say that there is anything contrary to nature, except what is contrary to mathematical truth; for two and two cannot make five, and two straight lines cannot join twice, and a part cannot be as great as the whole, and so on (at least, so it seems at present): but the wiser men are, the less they talk about "cannot." That is a very rash, dangerous word, that "cannot;" and if people use it too often, the Queen of all the Fairies, who makes the clouds thunder and the fleas bite, and takes just as much trouble about one as about the other, is apt to astonish them suddenly by showing them, that though they say she cannot, yet she can, and what is more, will, whether they approve or not.

And therefore it is, that there are dozens and hundreds of things in the world which we should certainly have said were contrary to nature, if we did not see them going on under our eyes all day long. If people had never seen little seeds grow into great plants and trees, of quite different shape from themselves, and these trees again produce fresh seeds, to grow into fresh trees, they would have said, "The thing cannot be; it is contrary to nature." And they would have been quite as right in saying so, as in saying that most other things cannot be.

Or suppose again, that you had come, like M. Du Chaillu, a traveller from unknown parts; and that no human being had ever seen or heard of an elephant. And suppose that you described him to people, and said, "This is the shape, and plan, and anatomy of the beast, and of his feet, and of his trunk and of his grinders, and of his tusks, though they are not tusks at all, but two outer fore teeth run mad; and this is the section of his skull, more like a mushroom than a reasonable skull of a reasonable or unreasonable beast, and so forth, and so forth; and though the beast (which I assure you I have seen and shot) is first cousin to the little hairy coney of Scripture, second cousin to a pig, and (I suspect) thirteenth or fourteenth cousin to a rabbit, yet he is the wisest of all beasts, and can do everything save read, write, and cast accounts." People would surely have said, "Nonsense; your elephant is contrary to nature;" and have thought you were telling stories—as the French thought of Le Vaillant when he came back to Paris and said that he had shot a giraffe; and as the king of the Cannibal Islands thought of the English sailor, when he said that in his country water turned to marble, and rain fell as feathers. They would tell you, the more they knew of science, "Your elephant is an impossible monster, contrary to the laws of comparative anatomy, as far as yet known." To which you would answer the less, the more you thought.

Did not learned men, too, hold, till within the last twenty-five years, that a flying dragon was an impossible monster? And do we not now know that there are hundreds of them found fossil up and down the world? People call them Pterodactyles; but that is only because they are ashamed to call them flying dragons, after denying so long that flying dragons could exist. And has not a German, this very year, discovered, what is most monstrous of all, that some of these flying dragons, lizards though they are, had *feathers*? And if that last is not contrary to what people mean by nature now-a-days, one hardly knows what is.

The truth is, that people's fancy that such and such things cannot be, simply because they have not seen them, is worth no more than a savage's fancy that there cannot be such a thing as a locomotive, because he never saw one running wild in the forest. Wise men know that their business is to examine what is, and not to settle what is not. They know that there are elephants,

they know that there have been flying dragons; and the wiser they are, the less inclined they will be to say positively that there are no water-babies.

No water-babies, indeed? Why, wise men of old said that everything on earth had its double in the water; and you may see that that is, if not quite true, still quite as true as most other theories which you are likely to hear for many a day. There are land-babies—then why not water-babies? Are there not water-rats, water-flies, water-crickets, water-crabs, water-tortoises, water-scorpions, water-tigers and water-hogs, water-cats and water-dogs, sea-lions and sea-bears, sea-horses and sea-elephants, sea-mice and sea-urchins, sea-razors and sea-pens, sea-combs and sea-fans; and of plants, are there not water-grass, and water-crow foot, water-milfoil, and so on, without end?

But all these things are only nicknames; the water things are not really akin to the land things.

That's not always true. They are, in millions of cases, not only of the same family, but actually the same individual creatures. Do not even you know that a green drake, and an alder-fly, and a dragon-fly, live under water till they change their skins, just as Tom changed his? And if a water animal can continually change into a land animal, why should not a land animal sometimes change into a water animal? Don't be put down by any of Cousin Cramchild's arguments, but stand up to him like a man, and answer him (quite respectfully, of course) thus:—

If Cousin Cramchild says, that if there are water-babies, they must grow into water men, ask him how he knows that they do not? and then, how he knows that they must, any more than the Proteus of the Adelsberg caverns grows into a perfect newt?

If he says that it is too strange a transformation for a land-baby to turn into a water-baby, ask him if he ever heard of the transformation of Syllis, or the Distomas, or the common jelly-fish, of which M. Quatrefagus says excellently well—"who would not exclaim that a "miracle had come to pass, if he saw a "reptile come out of the egg dropped "by the hen in his poultry-yard, and "the reptile give birth at once to an "indefinite number of fishes and birds? "Yet the history of the jelly-fish is "quite as wonderful as that would be." Ask him if he knows about all this; and if he has not, tell him to go and look for himself; and advise him (very respectfully, of course,) to settle no more what strange things cannot happen, till he has seen what strange things do happen every day.

If he says that things cannot degrade, that is, change downwards into lower forms, ask him, who told him that water-babies were lower than land-babies? But even if they were, does he know about the strange degradation of the common goose-barnacles, which one finds sticking on ships' bottoms; or the still stranger degradation of some cousins of theirs, of which one hardly likes to talk, so shocking and ugly it is?

And, lastly, if he says (as he most certainly will) that these transformations only take place in the lower animals, and not in the higher, say that that seems to little boys, and to some grown people, a very strange fancy. For if the changes of the lower animals are so wonderful, and so difficult to discover, why should not there be changes in the higher animals far more wonderful, and far more difficult to discover? And may not man, the crown and flower of all things, undergo some change as much more wonderful than all the rest, as the Great Exhibition is more wonderful than a rabbit-burrow? Let him answer that. And if he says (as he will) that not having seen such a change in his experience, he is not bound to believe it, ask him respectfully where his microscope has been? Does not each of us, in coming into this world, go through a transformation just as wonderful as that of a sea-egg, or a butterfly? and does not reason and analogy, as well as Scripture, tell us that that transformation is not the last? and that, though what we shall be, we know not, yet we are here

but as the crawling caterpillar, and shall be hereafter as the perfect fly. The old Greeks, heathens as they were, saw as much as that two thousand years ago; and I care very little for Cousin Cramchild, if he sees even less than they. And so forth, and so forth, till he is quite cross. And then tell him that if there are no water-babies, at least, there ought to be; and that, at least, he cannot answer.

And meanwhile, my dear little man, till you know a great deal more about nature than Professor Owen and Professor Huxley, put together, don't tell me about what cannot be, or fancy that anything is too wonderful to be true. "We are fearfully and wonderfully made," said old David; and so we are; and so is everything around us, down to the very deal table. Yes; much more fearfully and wonderfully made, already, is the table, as it stands now, nothing but a piece of dead deal wood, than if, as rogues say, and fools believe, spirits could make it dance, or talk to you by rapping on it.

Am I in earnest? Oh dear no. Don't you know that this is a fairy tale, and all fun and pretence; and that you are not to believe one word of it, even if it is true?

At all events, so it happened to Tom. And, therefore, the keeper, and the groom, and Sir John, made a great mistake, and were very unhappy (Sir John, at least) without any reason, when they found a black thing in the water, and said it was Tom's body, and that he had been drowned. They were utterly mistaken. Tom was quite alive; and cleaner, and merrier, than he ever had been. The fairies had washed him, you see, in the swift river, so thoroughly, that not only his dirt, but his whole husk and shell had been washed quite off him, and the pretty little real Tom was washed out of the inside of it, and swam away, as a caddis does when its case of stones and silk is bored through, and away it goes on its back, paddling to the shore, there to split its skin, and fly away as a caperer, on four fawn-coloured wings, with long legs and horns. They are foolish fellows, the caperers, and fly into the candle at night, if you leave the door open. We will hope Tom will be wiser, now he has got safe out of his sooty old shell.

But good Sir John did not understand all this, not being a fellow of the Linnæan Society; and he took it into his head that Tom was drowned. When they looked into the empty pockets of his shell, and found no jewels there, nor money—nothing but three marbles, and a brass button with a string to it—then Sir John did something as like crying as ever he did in his life, and blamed himself more bitterly than he ought. So he cried, and the groom-boy cried, the huntsman cried, and the dame cried, and the little girl cried, and the dairy-maid cried, and the old nurse cried, for it was somewhat her fault, and my lady cried, for though people have wigs, that is no reason why they should not have hearts: but the keeper did not cry, though he had been so good-natured to Tom the morning before, for he was so dried up with running after poachers, that you could no more get tears out of him than milk out of leather; and Grimes did not cry, for Sir John gave him ten pounds, and he drank it all in a week. Sir John sent, far and wide, to find Tom's father and mother: but he might have looked till doomsday for them, for one was dead, and the other was in Botany Bay. And the little girl would not play with her dolls for a whole week, and never forgot poor little Tom. And soon my lady put a pretty little tombstone over Tom's shell, in the little churchyard in Vendale, where the old dalesmen all sleep side by side, between the limestone crags. And the dame decked it with garlands every Sunday, till she grew so old that she could not stir abroad; then the little children decked it for her. And always she sung an old old song, as she sat spinning what she called her wedding dress. The children could not understand it, but they liked it none the less for that; for it was very sweet, and very sad; and that was enough for them. And these are the words of it.

## SONG.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away:
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

Those are the words; but they are but the body of it; the soul of the song was the dear old woman's sweet face, and sweet voice, and the sweet old air to which she sang; and that, alas! one cannot put on paper. And, at last, she grew so stiff and lame, that the angels were forced to carry her; and they helped her on with her wedding-dress, and carried her up over Harthover Fells, and a long way beyond that too; and there was a new schoolmistress in Vendale; and we will hope that she was not certificated.

And all the while Tom was swimming about in the river, with a pretty little lace collar of gills about his neck, as lively as a grig, and as clean as a fresh-run salmon.

And if you don't like my story, then go to the schoolroom, and learn your multiplication table, and see if you like that better. Some people, no doubt, would do so. So much the better for us, if not for them. It takes all sorts, they say, to make a world.

*To be continued.*

## WOMEN IN ITALY IN 1862.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

It has become almost a truism to observe that the progress of a nation in civilization must, in a considerable measure, depend on the condition of its women. At the present moment, therefore, when universal attention is directed towards Italy, as the regenerated land arising to take once more its place among the kingdoms of the earth, it becomes a matter of interest to observe the position held by Italian Women, and the promises held out of the performance on their part of their proper share in the work of national restoration. In venturing to throw together a few facts and reflections on this subject, I must deprecate all claim to an adequate treatment of it; which would demand far greater experience than that afforded me by four limited periods of residence in different parts of Italy. The social relations between English and Italian ladies are usually so slight, and our connexion with the humbler classes so

limited and transitory, that, at the best of times, our impressions are liable to be extremely erroneous, and we are bound to put them forward with diffidence. Nothing seems harder than to attain a comprehension of the *inner* life of our fellow-creatures who have passed their years in an atmosphere morally and mentally different from our own; and, in failing to appreciate this inner life, we necessarily fall into a thousand errors as regards the *outer* manners; and misinterpret the few facts presented to us. We have many of us enjoyed a good laugh at the pictures of England drawn by Frenchmen—the accounts of the *grandes dames* who always have their carafes at dinner filled with gin instead of water; the never-forgotten nobleman who, in every novel, sells his wife with a rope round her neck; *Sir Smith*, who is always eating raw steaks and assaulting *les policemen;* the celebrated *Cottage dans Belgrave Squar*, described in "*Les mystères de Londres*," as visited by *Lord Dogge;* and the *Office appointed by the Church of England for the Exorcism of Ghosts*, quoted authoritatively by Dumas in "*Le Pasteur d'Ashbourne*." With these warnings before our eyes, it behoves us to talk with some reservation about the manners and customs of other nations.

A very obvious and unmistakable distinction, however, is that which exists between the people of Northern and Southern Italy, as regards their consideration for women as well as in so many other respects. Descending from the Alps we pass through populations more or less inheritors of that Teutonic blood in which a respect for females has existed from the earliest ages; and here, accordingly, we find the Sardinians, the "English of Italy," aiming at a real education for their daughters, and boasting, among their matrons, of ladies who have taken no small part in the social improvements of their country. Further on, we have the Tuscans, whose exquisite courtesy and gentleness of nature could hardly fail to display itself in their treatment of woman, whatever might be her personal claims to respect. But, as we go further south, through Rome to Naples, we seem to pass through a constantly descending scale, till, in the latter city, we arrive at a condition of degradation painful to witness. The most transient visitor can hardly fail to be struck with the alternation of brutal roughness, and still more insufferable familiarity, with which any lady, who ventures out alone, however closely veiled, is sure to be treated; and a longer experience tends to display more than a mere departure from good manners. An English lady, long resident at Naples, and married to a Neapolitan, informed me that, till quite of late years, it was customary among the poorer classes to hang a small black flag out of the window of the apartment wherein a girl was born, to save the painful necessity of informing inquirers of the unfortunate sex of the infant. She, herself, after having given birth to her third child, the two eldest being boys, was much alarmed at finding both her doctor and nurse remaining silent. Naturally she feared some disaster, and, on her urgent intreaties, they at last broke to her the terrible information, that she was the mother of a very fine little girl!

These differences between the south and the north (taking Italy as a whole) —between Italian women and those of trans-Alpine countries—arise doubtless from causes too deep to be here investigated. The popular opinion, that it is to any special form of religion that woman owes the elevation she holds among us, seems refuted by the most cursory observation. Christianity, while raising generally the moral standard of mankind, and impressing on all the value of human souls, has, of course, done much in a broad way towards abolishing old despotisms both of class, race, and sex. But the fact remains, that the woman of the north, who was free and honoured in the heathen days of Tacitus, is free and honoured now; and the woman of the south, who was looked down on by heathen Greeks, Syrians, and Romans, is not one whit less looked down on by their Christian

descendants. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any modern southern race entertains even such share of honour for women as the Romans and Spartans accorded to their matrons; and among the Levantine Christians (as I was myself informed in Cairo, by one most competent to judge, the French Superior of the Convent and School of *Le Bon Pasteur*), the condition of their women is quite as degraded as that of the women among their Moslem neighbours. Cause and effect are here so interwoven that it is almost idle to name, as the source of the evil, either the prevailing character of the women, or the treatment which, in the lapse of ages, has stamped that character almost ineffaceably. Yes; one fact is obvious. Wherever the higher nature in woman is preponderant over the lower, and she has more of the intellectual than the sensual, more of feeling than of passion, more of duty than of impulse, there she will be free and honoured. And, on the other hand, where all this is reversed, no arbitrary legislation, no intervention of even a Mariolatrous Church, can exalt her above the condition of a toy and a slave.

The various classes of society are marked in Italy by sharper lines of division than amongst us now in England, and, in fact, almost as clearly as in France under the *ancien régime*. Between the nobles and the "*mezzo cetto*" order there is a gulf which the boldest adventurers on either side rarely venture to pass, so far as to engage in the social relations of visits and assemblies; and when, by any chance, the most learned and cultivated physician, or the most charming wife of a judge, finds him or herself in an evening party of ducas and marchesas, it is much as easy and agreeable to all parties as if an English squire were to invite his blacksmith's family to take tea in his drawing-room. In considering the condition of Italian women, it is thus obviously needful to distinguish always the social ranks of those of whom we may be speaking. The habits, education and ideas, of the one are by no means those of the other.

An Italian lady of rank received always, till lately, her education at a convent. In Rome that of the Trinità was the fashionable boarding school for the whole order. Of late years, however, among the very highest families, it has become customary to keep the daughters of the house at home, and to give them, under a suitable governess, the instruction of masters, for languages, music, &c. Much desire seems to exist to make this instruction as complete as possible. French and English are almost universally learned, and a small share of geography and history. Thus it is not the fault of the parents if their daughters remain with an education after all of a very limited kind. It is the misfortune of the whole Italian nation whose own literature is as yet unawakened from the torpor of ages, and who are (so long as they are obedient to priestly authority) debarred from access to all the living literature of the world. To be well read in Italian literature is (for these young ladies) to have read Dante, and Tasso, and some *very* choice excerpts of Ariosto and Boccaccio, together with, among modern books, a little of Silvio Pellico, a little of Alfieri, and those eternal dull novels *Le Promessi Sposi*, *Le Fidanzate Ligure*, *Odaleta*, and *Ettore Fieramosca*. Beyond these there is always some reason, political, religious or prudish, why they are to wade no further in the rather shallow waters of later Italian literature. Then, as to foreign books, French novels are of course under a justifiable embargo (for the higher classes only, however), and French science, history, and philosophy, are all condemned for other reasons as unsound and dangerous. Of German, Greek or Latin, nothing is known. Remains then only English literature; and assuredly nothing better could be desired *if* they were only free to profit by its resources. But to teach the English language to a young lady who is bound by the rules of the Index Expurgatorius, and the still stricter regulations of her confessor and her governess, is pretty much like Bluebeard giving his wife the key of the red cham-

ber and telling her at the same time never to open it, for if she do so it will be her destruction. It is downright mockery to bestow the glorious tongue of Shakespeare and Milton, Hooker and Taylor, Locke and Hamilton, Gibbon and Macaulay, Shelley and Tennyson, and then say, "Not one of these great writers must you ever read; but go and find in a few second-rate novels and tour-books — a dozen volumes out of the *Tauchnitz Collection*—your reward for acquiring the most difficult of modern languages."

It is a fact which will doubtless call forth a laugh, but which is in truth deplorable enough, that a short time ago, the education of a daughter of one of the noblest families in Rome having been completed on the above system, it was decided that, before marrying and entering society, it was desirable that she should have read *one* book of the class of which foreigners are in the habit of talking at evening parties! Serious consultations on the important topic of what this book should be ended in the selection of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as the work which, on the whole, would form the best basis for general conversation. But was the princess to read Mrs. Stowe's story, with all its heretical theology, *pur et simple?* Such a thing could not be thought of. A digest was compiled by the confessor—a pretty little abridgment of the tale, in about fifty or sixty pages of manuscript; and this safe and wholesome extract, divested of all the poisonous ingredients of the original beverage, was duly administered to the youthful lips. Armed, at last, with so large an acquisition, in the way of modern literature, the Princess B—— boldly descended into the arena of balls and receptions, and asked everybody she met, "Had they read that charming new book, *Lo Zio Tom?*"

Such is the ordinary education of the noble ladies of Rome. There exists, however, among them one single exception—a Phœnix, a Vittoria Colonna, a "regular blue"—regarded by all with awe and astonishment. This lady, the Marchesa B——à, habitually reads the best French and English books as they appear, *so far as they can be obtained in Rome* (which is very little indeed). The surprise created by accomplishments and habits shared by every cultivated woman in our country seems to afford a very just measure of the rarity of them among the ladies of Italy.

In all classes, and among both sexes, there exists in Italy, as in all Catholic countries, a want whose magnitude we are apt to calculate solely on its theological side, to the oblivion of its general educational bearings. In England and Scotland, every man, woman, and child, who can read at all, has read more or less of the greatest book of the world. The whole literature of the most religious and deep-hearted race of antiquity, of the most sublimely poetic of eastern nations, lies between the brown lids of the little familiar Bibles each Sunday-school child manages to buy for himself, with a few hoarded sixpences; and, whatever may be the mistakes popularly connected with it, as regards theology, the result as regards the intellectual life and poetic feelings of the whole mass of our nation is, doubtless, beneficial beyond estimation. Suppose that the Bible were taken out of England, and theology taught solely as in Italy by the clergy, *vivâ voce*, and in catechisms and wretched compendiums in modern phraseology. Can we imagine the tomes of Eastern and Western classics, which would suffice in any way to replace it as a vehicle of popular instruction? A people whose mental food for ages has been such meat and wine as Job, and the Psalms, and the Parables, and the Pauline Epistles, must needs be in a very different state of constitution from one which has fed on the poor milk and water of miraculous legends of the Madonna, and Lives of the Saints, and all the spiritual pap and sugar-candy of Romanism.

Again. Both men and women in Italy are inconceivably depressed in mental rank by the embargo which has lain for ages on all social discussions of either religion or politics. It is actually a precept of the Church, that matters of theology and divinity ought never to be

talked of between laymen. As a priest, preaching this very winter in Rome, explained it, "We of the clergy have spent years in such studies, under the best instruction, and yet we can hardly venture to speak about them, from the imminent danger of expressing ourselves in some heterodox manner on one point or another. How, then, is it to be permitted that unlearned laymen, or, above all things, that *women* should dare to open their mouths on religious subjects?" All that immense range of topics, then, which pertains to our relation to God or conception of His nature, our deepest feelings in this world, and our hopes hereafter, are "barred and banned, forbidden fare" to the Italian. If we could imagine such a precept thoroughly carried out, the result would be the most deplorable thing in the world. I cannot believe that it is so in truth; but yet it is certain that habitual silence on matters of religion is cultivated, and that the priest alone is instructor and confidant. Doubtless the marked *objectivity* of the Italian character, the absence of reflection and self-consciousness, renders it easier for them than it would be for a northern race to obey this sacerdotal order of silence. Even the good ones among them probably *think* little even if they *feel* much. But yet some expansion of heart must often be needed, and then how inexpressibly injurious must be a principle which in the name of religion would close their lips to the expression of religious thought? The fire may kindle, but it is a sin to speak with the tongue. Thus, then, a man may rightly admire the wonders of creation, may cast his eyes over all this glorious beauty of Italian earth, and seas, and skies; but, when the thought comes to him of the God who made it, he must not turn to wife or friend and speak of that God. He may rightly addict himself to natural science, and pursue the chain as far as he may through its lower links, but never may he trace it upward, and bind it to the eternal throne. In other words, he may speak of *facts;* but of all which raises facts into *truths,* which gives them their background of meaning, which makes the heavens declare the glory of God, and the whole earth shows His praise, he must for ever be silent. Husband and wife, mother and child, sister and sister, may go through life's dark places side by side, but never may they talk by the way of Him who is guiding them. Never in the overflowings of joy may they speak of their loving Father freely, with the confidence of His happy children. The struggles of penitence, of aspiration, of anxious doubt, and trembling faith, all these are hidden for ever from the eyes which look on them with that human love which is the ray to tell us of the brightness of the love Divine. No wonder, then, is it, that while all the deep channels of spiritual sympathy are closed, and the words which might convey it whispered only in the dull ear of a confessor, no wonder is it if the ties of natural affections be slackened, if family relations lose their sanctity amid the struggles of life, and finally fail altogether in the last supreme moment, and the poor dying husband, wife, parent, brother, child, is left to pass away with no ministrations save those of the priest; no loving breast on which to rest the drooping head, no gentle hand to wipe the death-dew from the brow, no beloved voice to whisper of God's strength in our weakness, no—

> "Tender farewell on the shore
> Of this rude world."

Never, I believe, would Italians desert the dying (as they habitually do, even where there is no possibility of contagion), if religious sympathies were permitted to be to them what they are to us —the undertone of the harmony of this life, and the prophecy of an immortal friendship in the world of souls. The priest has come in, thrusting himself between every relation, between husband and wife, between mother and child, between each soul and its Father in heaven. It is not the husband who leads the prayers of his family; it is not the mother who teaches her daughter the lessons of faith and

love; it is not the friend who "takes sweet counsel" on sacred things—but always the priest, always the priest! No marvel, then, is it, that, at the last awful hour, the cord of human love, unstrengthened by its golden strand of holiest sympathies, snaps rudely in twain, and to the priest it is left to stand alone by the dying bed, and touch with *olio santo* the stiffening limbs, and read his Latin invocations, which the dull ear of the death-stricken never so much as hears, and which seem rather to be incantations to unseen powers of evil than prayers to the everlasting Father who is opening wide His arms to bring home the soul of His child.

It is not only, however, the eternal interests of religion which are forbidden themes of intercourse among the people of Italy. Till the new order of things it was everywhere, throughout the Peninsula, a matter of extremest peril to discuss political questions of any kind, even in the strictest private circles. No one could tell where the spy or the traitor might lurk; and dungeons, Austrian, Papal or Neapolitan, were not to be trifled with for the sake of mere conversation. Of course, all this holds good as much as ever in Rome and Venice to this day, *among the Italians themselves.* It is not to be forgotten by English visitors, that the liberty of tongue and pen *they* can securely exercise would insure the destruction of the unhappy subjects of these paternal Governments.

Now, it may seem a small matter (especially for women) to be debarred from talking politics. Many a frivolous Englishwoman would, perhaps, hail it as almost a boon if she were never to hear any more of elections, and Bills, and Ministries, or of the Essays and Reviews, and Biblical Interpretation, and Darwin's Hypothesis. But the truth is, that conversation, without freedom to rise into serious discussion, is no true conversation at all, but mere wretched tittle-tattle, gossip, and froth. It is not that any of us want to discuss religion and politics all day long; but we all of us feel that it is at any moment at our option to pursue the subject of the moment into those deeper questions which lie at its root—to open up any one channel of human thought which may suggest itself. Thus, the tendency of our conversation, as years go on, and education and science are widening, and individualism asserting itself more freely, is constantly to become of a more intellectual and solid character. A "good talk" among a party of cultivated English, or Americans, is a really good thing; and, if it want some of the artificial polish, the finesse and epigram of the old school of the Hotel Rambouillet, it, doubtless, more than attains a counterbalance by its spontaneity and simplicity, its force and earnestness. A process absolutely the reverse of this has been going on in Italy for centuries, up to the last few years of hope and regeneration. When all deep subjects are forbidden, the tendency of conversation is ever to keep further and further away from them, and to evade the awkwardness and peril of an approach which must needs be fatal to anything like earnestness. Accordingly, a light and graceful description of last night's opera, a critique on the toilette of the ladies in company, a dissertation on the equipages of the afternoon in the Corso, the Chiaja, or the Cascine, and a serious argument concerning the latest scandal of the society, pretty well exhaust the resources of Italian conversation. The heads of the talkers might be fairly likened to children's balloon toys, seeming to struggle which is lightest, till all are found bobbing against the ceiling together.

In other matters, also, beside literary pleasures and intellectual conversation, the lives of Italian ladies are sadly limited. Except for the short summer *villeggiatura,* they have no habits of country life, nor of the duties which thence arise so naturally and blessedly among the wives and daughters of our landed proprietors, of attending to the wants of their dependants. Neither do Italian ladies, while residing in their town houses, often concern themselves with visiting the neighbouring poor, or the sick in the hospitals. On this subject, I have en-

deavoured to obtain all the information possible, both in the institutions themselves and among Italian ladies. From all I can learn, the most active and useful of the lay philanthropists of Italy, south of Genoa, are not Italians at all, but foreigners. The fame of the English princesses, Borghese and Doria, is European; but besides these I everywhere hear of Russians and Poles, as interesting themselves in schools, and in the out-of-door sick paupers. One of these, who died lately in Rome, the Princess Volkonsky, lived in the most abject want that she might educate and support thirty-five poor girls in her palace. Another Russian countess is still grievously lamented by all the poor. "Ah, Signora, her stairs were crowded all day, and she helped us all." In Florence the Marchesa S——, born a Russian princess, kindly volunteered to show me the admirable infant and poor school under her patronage (partly supported by Prince D——, another Russian), no Italian lady seeming to have much interest in such things. The Marchesa's daughter, Marchesa D——, of Genoa, labours earnestly in the same cause, painting pictures for the support of her schools. Several American ladies resident in Rome also employ themselves constantly in visiting the sick poor. In the huge hospitals of San Spirito, San Giovanni, and Santa Maria Novella (of Florence), I was unable to hear that any lay ladies ever visited; the charge of the sick being wholly in the hands of French and Italian nuns of various orders. In the Female Reformatory and Jail of the Termini it is the same; Belgian sisters manage every thing, and have no visitors. Only at the terrible hospital of San Giovanni, which receives the most disgusting diseases, and which even a well-accustomed head can hardly endure for unutterable noisomeness, did I come on the traces of lay Italian visitors. The nun of San Luigi, who accompanied me, told me that once a month, ladies, including some countesses whom she greatly revered, paid visits regularly. What did they do for the patients? I inquired. I confess I was not a little astounded by the reply, that the principal thing they did was to *comb their hair!* The Italian ladies are assuredly far too kind-hearted to let their intercourse stop at this senseless service—which, of course, was the proper task of the numerous paid nurses, or house-servants, who work under the nuns. Still it gave me a shock to find this new trace of the great moral plague of Catholicism—the treating charity as a matter of spiritual earning to the giver, rather than of natural benefit to the receiver. It is like the monster farce of the washing of the pilgrims' feet at Easter. The good of the *object* of charity is the last thing considered, but as an act of humility and self-denial it is believed to purchase no small heavenly gain for the *agent.* There is assuredly something peculiarly revolting in this idea of making spiritual capital for ourselves out of the miseries of our fellows, and that, too, by performing acts ostentatiously serviceable, although really mere mockeries of their wants. The poor wretches in the female wards of San Giovanni present, I may safely affirm, one of the most awful sights on earth. Two enormous halls open right and left, crowded respectively with the victims of the most agonizing and the most revolting of human diseases. The hall to the left is appropriated to cancer and other "*plagi*" of hideous cutaneous disorders. The beds are arranged closely in quadruple rows, the head of one patient touching the feet of another—in all 130 patients. Everywhere there is dirt, disorder, and noisomeness unutterable. As I walked up and down again, through the central passage between the beds, all the hapless creatures started up and joined in one piteous yell for alms, stretching their hands as if to seize me, and displaying with eager haste every loathsome horror of their sufferings. It was truly like a vision of Dante, where all the lost souls in the pit are grasping at his cloak to hold him back. To be told that ladies visited these hapless creatures was a great relief. But what did they do for their succour? "*They combed their hair!*" It seemed

nothing more nor less than wanton mockery.

There is no workhouse, properly speaking, in Rome, and there is an immense amount of poverty and wretchedness outside the hospitals. Except, however, for the few American and Russian ladies of whom I have spoken, I have failed to hear of any visitors to the poor. All is left to the nuns. And here we see one of the endless evils of Monachism. It separates the duty of charity from domestic duty, making the one the task of the nun alone, and the other of the wife and mother. Thus all healthful alternation is prevented. The woman who is living in the warm atmosphere of natural affections may not carry out from thence the blessings of a softened heart; neither may she carry back into her home that blessed glow of spirit, and bracing of the soul to duty, which follows all real work among the poor. Let it be admitted that the heavier part of all such labours must be done by single women, and that it is much to be desired that Protestant unmarried ladies took it as universally as their proper vocation as do Romanists. Still, that they should be *free*—should remain essentially lay members of society, taking their place in family and social circles, and co-operating with married women, their sisters, mothers, daughters, as these have time and power to aid them —this is absolutely needful, I believe, to make society what it ought to be, and to prevent the consecration of the cloister from being the desecration of the home.

I have sometimes thought I could read the results of the narrow moral and intellectual life of the women of Italy in the aspect of their faces and manner of deportment. There is much beauty among them, and usually a look of quick and vivid intelligence; but there is a most painful blank beside. If I might be guilty of a bull, I should almost call it a *conscious blank*. They seem made for something better; but yet one can read on brow, or eyes, or mouth, no trace of thoughts beyond an opera, or a new bonnet, or some petty quarrel of social jealousy. As I have confessed, I have really seen too little of Italy in only four visits to offer a reliable opinion. I can but give my own impression, always renewed; and that is as I have said. The faces of women of the working classes seem much like those of their order elsewhere, bearing the traces, alas! of toil and hard sharp cares; but not morally unhealthy in aspect. But the great ladies in their splendid *toilettes* seem to bear on their faces that curse—far surpassing all "Curse of Labour"—the Curse of Idleness—of emptiness of brain, or inanition of the pulses, which constitute the true life of a human being as distinguished from a doll to be dressed, or a child to be amused. Weariness, vacancy, trivial pleasure, or petty annoyance, these are their common expressions; and yet through all a certain anxiety, a sort of hunger after something better and nobler. Truly, if I have read them rightly, a pitiable story! If one of them could understand her own lot, and compare it with that of her free and happy sister in our dull Isle of Fogs, of which they have such dread, how sad, how unendurable would it seem! In girlhood she has had none of our free country habits of healthy rides and romps in the hay, and winter evening games. She has been kept from all intercourse, save a very formal one, under strictest surveillance, even with the young ladies of her own rank. As she grows older, she has no free walks, no delicious story books, no hoarded poems to feed with pure fire the kindling spirits of youth, the dawning love for the beautiful, the sublime, the heroic. And then, while yet a mere girl, all immature in heart and mind, she is married, if not *against* her wish, yet with her private feelings having, probably, been the last item in the requirements of her parents when they accepted the proposals of a man who has hardly twice seen her —who has certainly never conversed with her for an hour, inasmuch as *till* thus engaged she can never appear in society. Of the result of such *mariages de convenance* in Italy, it is hard to speak. Probably, there is some difference in different parts of the country. In

Naples it is universally declared to be an atrocious immorality. Rome, always full of prudery, claims especially domestic morality for its great nobility. It is at all events the fashion among them for the idle husband to dangle constantly beside his idle wife; and, if wrong exist, it is carefully hidden from public sight. If free from offence, however, these lives of the great Roman nobility are at best useless and inane beyond all conception. A country where a noble layman has no political career, no office in the state or army which he can condescend to fulfil, (except walking in processions as a Guardia Nobile), a country where there is no literature worth naming, no newspapers worth reading, no field sports, no benches of country magistrates, no boardrooms, no committees, no elections of any kind—in such a country the life of a man of rank is a poor thing indeed. A few of them have tried to occupy themselves with obtaining fine breeds of horses and cattle; and they all act as their own agents and auditors of accounts, expressing astonishment at English noblemen who trust anybody with implicit confidence in such matters. But beyond these employments there is actually little or nothing for them to do. The powerful and factious nobles of old, with their strange lives of violence and crime gilded over like that of Nero by dilettants m in Art—the Orsini, Colonna, and Borgias of old—have given place to a race who pick cautiously their steps along the very narrowest path of existence possible for a human being; who spend their mornings over their account-books, their afternoons in a drive with their wives up and down the Corso and the Pincian, and their evenings at cards for a paul a game with their uncle, the Cardinal. When they die, their epitaphs mention very truly, among the foremost of their virtues, that they were "Prudent and Frugal!" Such a Prince, Duke, or Marquis, for a husband will hardly raise a woman's nature to any very lofty altitudes of feeling.

Let us now try to obtain a glimpse of the condition of the women of the *mezzo cetto* class—a class extending, with only trifling shades of social rank, from the wives and daughters of professional men down to keepers of small shops, dressmakers, &c. In the first place, their domestic life is not what we call "comfortable." That truly English word, as Hawthorne says, has no application whatever to the apartments of a great rambling Italian palace, in which each family has its half-dozen rooms, with kitchen and scullery all on the same floor, and a great staircase (cold, dark, and dirty, nine times out of ten), to share with five or six other families. Every Italian woman is so far a Psyche that she always comes out in butterfly guise on Sundays, and Festas, and fine afternoons; but the rest of her days, and in the "bosom of her family," her state, alas! is very much that of the same butterfly in its grub condition. Such alternations of dirt and splendour are happily confined with us to our cooks and housemaids. Neither has the Italian much excuse, as regards household labours, for her matutinal dishabille and violation of the sacro-sanct institution of the morning bath! A room cleaned as an English housewife would clean it is a thing I can safely affirm I have never beheld in Italy. The frescoed ceilings and cornices, the ill-painted, ill-jointed woodwork, the large immovable and yet rickety couches, ready to break to pieces if shoved a step on the carpets which are nailed down for the season over a bed of musty straw—it were utterly futile to expect such apartments and such furniture to be what we call clean. Then, as to cookery. The whole Italian nation possesses that quality which some would term a virtue, but which is in truth always a misfortune to the race which inherits it—an indifference to all varieties and luxuries of food. Like the poor Irish, contented for ever with their potatoes and stirabout, there is wanted a stimulus for wifely cares wherever both parties are satisfied without the woman's exertion of a little thought and skill, and the whole domestic life loses somewhat thereby. In Italy, for foreigners,

there is the eternal *trattoria* tin-box, out of which the unwholesome dinner is taken, ready served in dishes, at the proper hour. For natives, there is the undressed salad and the sour bread, and the *minestra* and *lesso* (the soup and boiled-down meat), and very little beside, unless *fritta*, a hotch-pot of fish, poultry, or vegetables, fried in oil. English crockery and English cutlery must be used even by the poor, and, of course, are used very sparingly. Their own hideous delf (as an Italian lady said to me) "breaks if you only look at it." Of course, many ablutions of the same knife-boards, and the like, are very slightly in request. Washing, however, does go on—washing of clothes. Every day, everywhere, may be seen on the lines, hung like cobwebs across every court and angle, and on the long canes stuck out of windows of palaces, arrays of garments dangling in the breeze. I am at this moment writing opposite a large and handsome building—a public college, founded by one pope, restored by another. At its windows, opening on one of the best streets in Rome, there are fixed *en permanence* strings and canes for drying clothes; and for half the week the stone *façade* of the college is pleasingly diversified by rows of pupils' stockings, shirts, &c., and, now and then, a few pairs of sheets. Nobody dreams there is any indecency in this, or in a hundred other things in Rome which would shock us not a little in England.

Light as it is, and imperfectly accomplished at the best, the Italian lady of the *mezzo cetto* never dreams of training her servant to fulfil her domestic task by herself. She spends her own time half-helping, half-scolding, half-gossiping with her maids, backwards and forwards between the beds which they are making, the dinner they are cooking, and that lounge to which the whole nation betakes itself at every spare moment—the window. *Walking* in the street must never be done alone; but out of her window at the 1st, 2d, 3d or *ultimo piano* she may lean and gaze for hours on the most public thoroughfare, and, moreover, smile and exchange words with the passengers, in all propriety. Of this liberty every one avails herself in full, wasting whole hours staring up and down and interchanging comments with her *donna di servizia* (maid of all work), or *cameriera* (lady's-maid), as the case may be, in the adjoining window. I have often laughed to watch the rows of heads to be seen in profile all down the different stories of windows in a very dull street on an ordinary day when there was actually nothing to see, beyond a man with a cart of oranges, a hack carriage or two, and a little lupetta dog poking his sharp nose among the cabbage stalks and other filth in the *Immondezzaio*, which (of course) adorned the corner in perpetuity, having its name printed on the house over it for fear of mistake.

This is the morning life of an Italian, beginning rather early and ending at two or three o'clock in winter, and quite late in the cool of the evening in summer. There is actually very little else ever done; very little music or needlework, or teaching of children; and actually *no* reading in nine cases out of ten. Few Italian ladies' drawing-rooms ever show a single book, paper or pamphlet of any kind, but only rubbishy ornaments of glass, artificial flowers in gaudy French china vases; or, perhaps, some natural flowers carefully mounted on wires by the dealer, and set up in that formal manner, as unlike a real bouquet, freshly arranged by an English lady's hands, as the dead Capuchins in their shrouds are unlike living men. When Italian women—who are not of the class carefully guarded from all but expurgated editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—attempt to read at all, their studies invariably tend towards French novels or translations of them into Italian. The coarsely vicious *Dame aux Camellias* seems to be the chief favourite. I have been amazed to hear nicely-mannered young women, in the shops where I have managed to fall into conversation, quietly cite this as the book they liked best. Then came all Dumas's follies. If there were anything better to counterpoise such

a literature it would be of small consequence; but there is actually nothing. All knowledge of life and morals must come through this distorted and polluted channel. To these books, apparently, the priests make small objection among the poorer women. An Italian servant told me that her cousin had had a Bible, and, "oh, it was a beautiful book! But a priest saw it one day, and was very angry, and took it away." They take the Bible, but leave the *Dame aux Camellias.*

The afternoon or evening having arrived, Pysche emerges; after a very long sojourn at her toilet, the grub has become a most radiant butterfly. Over an enormous crinoline falls a rich silk petticoat, sweeping at every step the dirty streets of Rome; a most elegant *chapeau de Paris* set on the fine head, with the hair *à l'Imperatrice;* a mantle, in winter, of velvet; in summer, of lace. I am not talking of princesses or marchesas. This is the toilette of people who keep small shops, and of the wives and daughters of *employés* of the middle and humbler grades. How and where the money comes from for this senseless dress is a question not to be discussed in this place. One thing is certain; all family comfort, and even proper food and fuel, is sacrificed unhesitatingly by all classes to these matters of display—to dress, to a box at the theatre, and to a carriage for a drive on the Pincian or in the Villa Borghese.

Respecting the humblest class of Italian women I have not much to say. They are not especially badly off in Florence and Rome. Female labour is well paid, comparatively to the price of the necessaries of life and the value of men's labour. A *donna di facienda* (charwoman) earns 3 pauls (1*s.* 3*d.*) a-day. A work-girl 3 or 4 pauls and two meals. Slop-workers at their own homes earn from 5 to 8 pauls, and if they can do the more difficult parts of tailoring, such as the button-holes, they can readily earn a scudo (4*s.* 2*d.*) a-day. With their habits this is absolute wealth, and the work-women themselves spoke of it to me as an excellent trade. As servants, all Italians are exceedingly good-humoured, never seeming to care how much trouble they take, or to what jobs they are set. They are disorderly, untidy, and sometimes violently passionate—making the absurdest scenes with their Italian mistresses, who will permit it, and who fly into a rage in return, and then make it up afterwards. To others they are very respectful, with a gentle and *well-bred* courtesy far removed from obsequiousness, and exceedingly pleasing. English people sometimes talk of their dishonesty, but my experience goes to prove that they are remarkably trustworthy; their pilferings, if such there be, being very trifling indeed, and all valuables being quite safe in their hands. Their moderation and sobriety are really great; such faults and vices as they have lie in another direction. It is almost useless to say they do not speak truth; or, as I have heard it euphuistically expressed, "they always, on "principle, postpone the interests of "veracity to the purposes of the mo-"ment!" In this respect they are no worse and no better than French, Swiss, or Irish servants; and, like the latter, their quick imaginations supply them with an inexhaustible supply of *myths,* perfectly astounding to the Anglo-Saxon's dull powers of invention. Whatever Romanists may allege, it is a *fact* patent to the most casual observer that truth, *as a virtue in itself,* is barely recognised at all by Catholic nations. They are charitable and kind, and perfectly ready to recognise that "to bear "false witness AGAINST our neighbour" is a sin; but to "bear false witness" IN HIS FAVOUR is a totally different matter. On the contrary, such an act is, as the French say, *un mensonge sublime!* I recollect a poor Irishwoman once affording me an amusing example of the utter inability under which she laboured to comprehend the nature of veracity. She appealed to a lady thus pathetically, "Ah, ma'am, won't you speak to the master for me? He says he doesn't believe me; and now, to show you I would not deceive his

honour, I'll tell you the truth. He asked me, last week, how I was? and I told him I was finely, *though I was ready to drop!*" Could any English mind have conceived such a testimony to reliability?

Doubtless, false teaching has a terrible share in this evil, as well as the difference which should never be forgotten of imaginative and unimaginative races. In the land of Machiavelli there has not existed for ages any sense of disgrace attaching to cunning fraud and deception, *in themselves*, but rather the contrary, as Mr. Trollope has so amply shown in his life of Filippo Strozzi. Praise has been constantly lavished on the "*prudence*" of actions for which an English gentleman would be kicked out of every club in London. Then there is the religious teaching which ought to correct this low standard of public opinion, but which, to all human appearances, never does anything of the kind. An American lady here, becoming much attached to her Roman *cameriera*, endeavoured, for a long time, to awaken her conscience to the sin of lying, and at last had reason to hope that she had succeeded in doing so. One day the woman returned from confession in a rather triumphant state of mind, and told her mistress, "that she was all wrong to have frightened her so much about her falsehoods. The priest had assured her that, if they were not '*giurate*' (sworn) lies, they were of no consequence—very small sins indeed."

The pleasantest part to think of in these poor souls' lives is their innocent enjoyment of their holidays. I have often watched parties of them on a Sunday afternoon going out for their walk, the whole family together in brightest array, and with their black eyes dancing with animation, and the white teeth gleaming at every smile. A Roman Sunday seems to me the best thing about Rome. The shops are not open as in Paris; there is no actual business going on—only a few stalls and *cafès*, and the like, where there is no disorder and no intoxication. But the whole population takes holiday nevertheless. They come home early from church, eat their frugal dinners, and then, in their best clothes, start off all together, having locked up their apartments and put the key in their pockets. Up and down the streets they walk, talking to their friends—up the steps of the Trinità, and round the beautiful Pincian Hill, thronged with carriages, and musical with military bands playing in the midst of a handsome garden; then out by the Porta del Popolo, for a longer walk through the grand avenues and grassy glades of the Villa Borghese; and home at last, at nightfall, through the Corso, talking and smiling as gaily and yet as soberly as when they started, till they climb up to their proper landing and open their door, and sit down to supper, having brought home a store of health and pleasure for the week to come.

In concluding this brief sketch of Italian women, in 1862, I cannot but feel that it is, on the whole, a sad and unhopeful one. The country which once produced Cornelias and Lucretias, and again, after two thousand years, gloried in the constellation of gifted women, of whom Vittoria Colonna, and Olympia Morata, were the types—that country *ought* surely, even yet, to possèss daughters capable of aiding her uprise out of the night of superstition and despotism. It may be so; such Italian women may exist, and may start forth any day from their obscurity; but as yet we see them not. As in the loveliest of Rome's treasures of art, the dawn has come, Aurora has started on her course out of the realm of chaos and darkness. But the female forms which should harbinger her car and scatter flowers on the way, and bear the torch and crown the victor, these yet delay to appear, and are absent from the picture.

Finally, there is a side of the life of women of the middle and lower classes in Rome, of which I cannot speak, and yet which cannot be passed over in silence without conveying a most false impression of their condition.

My information has been derived from too many and too well-experienced residents in Rome to leave much doubt on my mind concerning the awful demoralization which prevails among men and women—a corruption of a degree and character which is only paralleled in England in that unhappy class, which, *as a class*, has no existence in Rome. In a city with a population of less than 200,000 souls, the existence of nearly 50,000 celibates (30,000 ecclesiastics and almost 20,000 soldiers), is an element of hopeless disorder. The priestly government is *prudish*, as if composed of old maids. No flowers may be sold by women; no female ballet-dancers may appear, save in ridiculous drapery; every statue in the galleries is made what they deem decent; and, when I ventured to suggest that the infant schools should admit little girls of three to eight, to learn with little boys of the same age, I was told the Government would close the school at once were such a flagrant impropriety to be attempted. Yet, that the present Pope is himself a man of unimpeachable morals is a subject of almost boastful surprise; and that *many* of his cardinals, or 30,000 priests and monks, follow his good example, no one seems to believe for a moment. But let us draw a veil over the secrets of this "City of Destruction," and remember that men cannot set aside God's laws, soul and body, and make religion a cloak for tyranny and wrong, and, after all, leave those who endure such things in a state of moral health and simple piety. Despotism and hypocrisy would not be what they are could they brood over a nation for ages, and be inhaled by it in every breath like a malaria, and yet leave no fever, no plague behind them, to tell of their poisoned bane. Outraged nature vindicates itself always, and religion, parodied and blasphemed, becomes a curse.

*Rome, March*, 1862.

## THE MORNING PAPER.

BY CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

THERE are some immense pleasures and sources of gratification which we possess, of which we do not make half enough, and which we are not half sufficiently grateful for. One of these is the "Morning Paper." As it lies upon the breakfast table, folded long-ways in four, how full of promise it looks! There are, by the bye, two ways in which it may be served as a breakfast dish. It may be cold and damp, which is its normal condition, or it may have been rendered warm, and dry, and crisp, by exposure to artificial heat. For my own part I prefer it in the first state, as more suggestive of recent passage through the press, and of newly printed wonders in the "Latest Intelligence" department. This is the intellectual view of the subject. Considered sensually, the warm and crisp school has much to say for itself. Either way it is a sumptuous dish. How excellently it is adapted to satisfy that greedy desire to know "what is going on" in the world to which we have just awakened, with which all persons of wholesome mind emerge from their bedrooms in the morning! The last news of all the most important questions of the day is there. The world moves fast now, and questions of absorbing interest are being agitated in many quarters. Here everything that can be relied on as bearing on such matters, is collected and arranged plainly before you. Here are the tidings from every land, civilized or uncivilized. Gained by incredible pains, at great outlay, sometimes at great risk, laboriously sifted, dexterously compiled, here is the news which you want. Here too, as you turn to the leading article, is the commentary on

that news. Here your views may be confirmed, here your judgment on the events of the day will take counsel; you will hear, before you make up your mind upon the question of the moment, an opinion which has been carefully weighed, and not admitted to its place in the column without much consideration and approval of cool and experienced heads. Here again, in letters, the best public and non-professional views of public matters are given; and here the technical man speaks with authority on technical subjects. The history of England, of Europe, of the world, is given in daily instalments, to be completed in how many parts? Doctor Cumming will tell us, no doubt, to a page; but then he might be wrong.

What would a man be, and where would a man be, without the daily paper? I am speaking, of course, of men living in the social world. No doubt Dr. Livingstone in Central Africa, or the captain of a frigate in the middle of the Atlantic, can get on without a daily journal; but how could any of us? When a man hears the subjects of the day discussed in his presence, he must be *au courant* with regard to the last news in connexion with them, or his education is incomplete. He had better never have learnt his Latin grammar than not have seen his morning paper. Yesterday's news won't do at a London dinner table. Yesterday is forgotten. The world has moved a stage since yesterday morning, and it behoves you to know where it has got to in that twenty-four hours' interval. The kaleidescope has had a turn given to it, and into what pattern is it shaken now? It is strange how each of those fragments has its share in the whole, strange how the slightest movement will alter all.

And there are days when the changes follow so quickly on each other, and when the events that occur are of such exceeding interest, that we by no means exhaust a subject before giving it up. It is superseded by another. A nine days' wonder is no longer known, and nine hours of emotion is much for any event to excite. To-day attention is given to military murders, and all sorts of sinister forebodings are indulged in as to the disaffected state of the army. To-morrow a house falls, and five-and-thirty human beings resting in their beds are buried in an unconsecrated grave. Presently a ship comes into port with news of such a breach of the sanctuary afforded by the union-jack that the military murders are clean forgotten, and the fallen house and its living victims are no longer thought of. There is not much chance that "a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year" in times like these.

And so with foreign matters almost more. The Italian problem is left unsolved, and the Roman riddle is given up without an answer. But a little while since all eyes were fastened on the Pope, on his gallant antagonist, and on the old man's mysterious backer. But soon our gaze is straining across the Atlantic, all are watching the struggle between the two confederacies, all heads occupied with the rights and wrongs of that contest, all are pretending to be neutral, but with a pretty strong bias one way or other in their secret hearts. The kaleidescope turns; a cannon-ball is shaken out of a gun on board the *San Jacinto*, that cannon-ball has introduced a new element into the pattern, and the rights of the conflict between North and South are nowhere, our own share in the difficulty being of so absorbing a sort.

Let us be grateful to those who provide us with this daily history. For that treat brought to us every day, for that friend full of important information who greets us every morning, let us feel some small amount of gratitude. The thing is by no means easily achieved, the processes by which all that which you want to know is got together and brought to your door every day are not easy. That folded sheet, with the news inside it, is a marvellous thing, brought into existence with enormous effort, at enormous expense, and by a wonderful machinery both mechanical and intellectual.

And the graver and more important portion of that wonderful sheet disposed of, how much besides of a more dramatic

kind—if one may so speak—remains to be digested subsequently. The political difficulty, the war intelligence, the foreign reports from all sorts of remote regions, having had their share of attention, we come next to our own home news, the chronicle of our social existence. The great crime or accident of the moment is discussed, and its latest particulars laid before us. Those particulars we all want to know; the appetite for them may be a good one, or it may be a bad one, but there it is in our natures, and I daresay not without its useful side. When that great and complicated crime called the "Northumberland-street tragedy" was being examined into, how eagerly we used all to fly to the column which told the latest known particulars of that grim and ghastly affair. Cases such as these are kept before the public eye throughout their whole course; they are virtually tried by the public quite as much as by that small section of it which sits in the jury box. It happens sometimes that those who look out from their bed-room windows before retiring to rest will be startled to see a fierce red glare over one corner of the town. As it rises and sinks, and rises again, how eagerly they long for some authentic intelligence about it! That intelligence comes with the morning paper. Never did we feel more strongly what it would be to be without that great oracle than on the occasion of that second Great Fire of London which was one of the events of the year '61. The morning which succeeded its outburst was the morning of Sunday. There was no daily paper on the breakfast-table.

And then for lighter reading, what wonderful dramas are furnished in some of the reports of law cases. What plots and machinations, what revelations of human weakness and folly! Who was there that failed to follow such a case as that of the Italian Collucci through all its intricacies—who failed to rejoice when that admirably constructed drama came to its dénouement? The fifth act, which consigned the hero of the piece to the House of Correction and hard labour, was well received by a very large audience. The police-sheet, too, how much entertainment, and how much useful warning and caution is to be got from that! How quickly is any new "dodge" exposed. How soon any new manœuvre for getting into houses with dishonest intentions is revealed, and the public put upon its guard, forewarned, fore-armed, by the experience of others. Messrs. Bill Sykes and Co. would get on a deal better if their machinations were not thus brought to light.

As to the mercantile, and, so to speak, pecuniary intelligence, the capitalist may enjoy a perfect glut of it as he sips his morning tea. Columns upon columns of commercial statements, whose accuracy is only equalled by their mystery, are there spread out before him. Marvellous are the hieroglyphics and the fractions which are provided for him. He will know what to think when he reads in the mining intelligence lines like the following:—80,000 | 1 | Cla. Con. Min. Co. Jam. | $\frac{1}{8}$ | — — | — | or 5,120 | . . | Alfred Cons. (Phillack) | 3. 9. 3. | $\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ | — | . He will gather what is doing in railways from: St. | 100 | Do. irredeem. 4 p. cent. | 90. 92. | — | , which sounds bad to the uninitiated; while he will understand, when studying the miscellaneous shares, the full bearing of the statement:—350,000 | St. | Cop. Mg. of Eng. and Smelt | All | 15. 17. | — | . Other announcements are not wanting for the comfort of the commercial reader. He is put up to the exact state of the market with regard to jute. He is told that "tallows are firm, sugars buoyant, cottons easy, and grey shirtings dull."

It is not for one who lacks the mystic M.P. attached to his name to attempt to form any idea of what the sensation must be of seeing one's own speech in the parliamentary reports—seeing it, too, in such a reputable guise, and shorn of many of the embellishments with which it was originally delivered. The speaker is doubtless hardly grateful enough for the benevolent treatment bestowed by the press upon his oratory.

He is not conscious of his own *hums* and *has*. Were these reproduced by the reporters, the debates would make a very queer figure indeed on paper. As it is, the speeches look fluent enough, and nobody knows, except the reporters aforesaid (who are too busy to tell tales) that they were not spoken as glibly as they read.

There is a section again of the morning paper to which a man addresses himself as a kind of relaxation after due attention given to the more business-like part of it. As he turns to the theatrical intelligence, the accounts of entertainments, of exhibitions, and of books, he stretches himself more easily in his chair, and, if he is an idle man, will place his slippered feet upon the fender. Then he determines at leisure which of these shows it will become him to patronise, and, perhaps, what tone he will take in discoursing of them afterwards. If he is going out to dinner that same evening where such matters may be discussed over the table-cloth, it is of real importance to him to be well informed as to these affairs. "They tell me," he will be able to say, and it is the best way of putting it by far, "They tell me that Mr. Cuxton's perfor- "mance in 'Knox and Mox' is as fresh "and charming as ever;" or, "it seems "that Mr. Courcibault has made a new "hit in 'The Macaroon.'"

And among the lighter matter which the morning paper furnishes for our amusement must be classed, I suppose, the sporting intelligence, though this, like the commercial news, appeals chiefly to a world of its own. Like the commercial news, too, it has a phraseology of its own, and it is not everybody who would understand it. It is necessary before a member of the general public can master the details of a race that he should understand all about "stable companions," "making the running," "calling upon horses," and the like; and it is just as well that he should know what is meant by an animal being in better "form" at such and such a race than he was in that which preceded it. He should also by rights be sufficiently well acquainted with our different race-courses to understand what is indicated by the T. Y. C., or the A. F., or the first half of the Ab. M. In fact, unless he is able to understand an announcement such as this: "a sweepstakes of 300 "sovs. each h. ft. for two-year olds; "fillies 8st. 7lb.; those out of mares "which never bred a winner of 500 sovs. "allowed 3lb.; last half of Ab. M. (3 "fur. 217 yards) 4 subs."—what is to become of him?

Yet, these small matters mastered, such reading as this is not without a certain vein of interest. To any one having a talent for pointing a moral, the history of a race is singularly suggestive of the performances of certain human competitors for the great prizes of life. We have most of us known instances of distinguished geniuses hitherto unknown, except among their friends, who were coming into that dread arena called public life, and were to carry all before them. They come, and though the course be only our friend the "Ab. M. of 3 fur. 217 yards," they are found staggering with difficulty to the end of it, last of all, panting and exhausted. There are horses thus renowned among the "knowing ones," expected before the hour of competition to do immense things; and others there are which will still remind us of many of our friends and acquaintances, whose careers we have watched with interest. Have any of us ever been acquainted with a "favourite," for instance? How well-grounded seemed the confidence which we all placed in him, how he distinguished himself at college, how he beat Bookworm and the rest at his "trials!" The prize poem was his, and what a degree he took! Alas! that long, long course called human life was too much for him, and Bookworm got first to the goal, which it takes more than a score of years to reach. The horse again which "jumps off with a lead" as soon as the flag is lowered, and, starting the first, arrives the last—have we never known a precocious youth "of tremendous promise" of whom we are reminded by this impetuous animal?

And then the steady-going horse, who just holds his own throughout the race, and then, at the end, gets a good place, though not the first, the second, or third perhaps; or the animal who almost to the end remains in the back ground, but just at the finish "comes through his horses" with a rush, and wins by a neck—are there not men like these, who go on biding their time, and holding their breath in the background, unnoticed till the moment comes when with one vigorous push they come forward and take the prize out of the very teeth of the fast ones who held the front rank so long?

Yes, it is a hard thing to win a race. The jockey and the horse must both be so good. How completely may the resources of a magnificent animal be thrown away by the injudiciousness of his rider, while, on the other hand, the discreetest of jockeys can do little if he bestrides a sorry jade which cannot respond to his call. It is like a man with an ambitious soul straining after eminence with a brain and a *physique* which cannot second his efforts.

Our thorough student of the morning paper has now moralized duly over the sporting intelligence. He has mastered the commercial news. He has waded through that ghastly compound of blood and beer which the police-sheet supplies —assault and drunkenness, drunkenness and assault throughout. He has speculated on the treatment of Michael Sullivan, "who has been twice brought up "for murderous assaults, once for gnaw-"ing off a woman's nose, and once for "biting a large piece out of a casual "acquaintance's neck," who is allowed to be at large again after a brief imprisonment, and is not even (for the security of the public nose) furnished with a muzzle. The reader has in short mastered the principal contents of the journal, and he turns to the advertisements, and wonders why anybody is ever ill, grey-haired, bald; why any one has misfitting clothes, uncomfortable boots. In the advertisement-sheet all such things are provided against. In the advertisement-sheet there are servants without a defect, houses without a nuisance, horses free from unsoundness, and excellent sherry at a pound a-dozen. In the advertisement-sheet we read of enterprising gentlemen who are ready to give a douceur of 6*l.* to any one who will accommodate them with the sum of 15*l.* for one week, property to the amount of 80*l.* being deposited with the lender. I can imagine that property. A perfectly brown picture said to be by Canaletti, a couple of vases said to be by Benvenuto Cellini, a shepherd and shepherdess said to be Dresden. In the advertisement-sheet we read that "the widow of an English noble-"man, who, as well as her servants, "*speak* several languages, and *are* ac-"customed to travel, *wishes* to form an "agreeable party to visit the Continent;" or to introduce a young lady into circles of society, in which she could otherwise never hope to move.

Wonderful are such advertisements, and deeply interesting, though, perhaps, scarcely so much so as those in which a next of kin is sought to inherit a large and neglected property. Are those advertisements genuine? The names that appear in them sound very imaginative. The intestate deceased is always named Jasper, or Nicholas, or Timothy, or called by some other appellation only known in the world of fiction. The reader who is possessed of any rational name need never glance down any such advertisements with a hope that he may haply be concerned in them. For my part, I have no confidence in their reality whatever; and, when I read that "the next of kin, if any, of Jasper "Rogers, late of Torpor-cum-Slugs, "Westmoreland, may hear of something "to their advantage by applying to "Messrs. Blenkinsop & Co., of Gray's "Inn," I believe the real meaning of that sentence, as known to certain initiated felons, to be, "The master's "away to-night, and we can crack the "crib. Meet outside the 'Cat and "Bagpipes,' Centrebit Lane, Peckham "Rye."

It is impossible to deny that there *is* something very seductive and hard to

resist about advertisements. When you are told as above, that you can get excellent sherry for 1*l.* a dozen, and are asked, "why you *will* give more," there is a tendency in weak humanity to write an order for a dozen forthwith. When a man wants a horse, and reads of a "dun cob," possessed of every equine virtue, there is no doubt that it *is* difficult to resist that spavined, sand-cracked, glandered, vicious brute, which sounds so well on paper. When writhing in the agonies of tooth-ache, has not an elixir an inviting sound? When dyspepsia is rampant, and a "pill of health" is proclaimed as ready for one's swallow, is it easy to resist that mighty panacea? I own that I am strongly affected by advertisements, and that I feel inclined to "bruise my oats," to "double up my perambulator," and not to "give more," when respectively plied with these stimulating suggestions. At any rate, without yielding to these fascinating invitations, it is pleasant to study them philosophically, and speculate on the very easy game which life would be to play if it was possible to put implicit reliance on every word that appears in the advertisement-sheet.

One more function which the newspaper fulfils let us just mention before we have done:—It furnishes us with brief biographies of the friends and associates with whom we make the journey of life. Of some, indeed, there is little told but one or two events—a marriage, a death. They keep the noiseless tenor of their way along paths that are unknown and obscure. But there are others of a man's friends whose names appear often in the public record. Of one he has traced the upward rise from the day when he was appointed a midshipman on board the *Thunderer*, till now he has got the command of a frigate on the American station. Another, whom he remembers a little snivelling boy, whose head he punched at school, is returned the member for Rottenborough, and is thenceforth a legislator of his country. Well, well; who would have thought it? Then here is another friend, who has preached his way to eminence, on whom the lawn sleeves have fallen, and who has just taken his seat as a spiritual peer. Another works under a different gown; but hardly a day passes that his name does not show in the annals of Westminster Hall or at assizes. Yesterday he prosecuted, to-day he defends, both times successful, and see, he has got the silk gown and the mystic Q.C. attached to his name. And who is this gazetted to be ensign in the same paper? "Can it be possible that my old friend and school-fellow has got a son old enough for that? Let me see—we were at college in '40, and then he married that girl with such lots of money. Yes, it must be so, and what an old fellow I am getting!"

"Some grow to honour, some to shame." Here is another part of the gazette, and here is that unfortunate fellow Chopfall going through the Court *again*. I remember him, a thin, unlucky boy; his clothes never fitted him, and, when he had a day out, it was proverbially rainy. Then here is that incorrigible scapegrace, young Rowdy, brought up again at Bow Street for a drunken riot. What misery for his poor mother, whom I know so well, and whom no one ever sees or hears of now!

And then those briefest biographies of all, contained in the list of born, and dead, and married. So here is Broadlands, who has been waiting so long for an heir, has got one at last—a little further on the child is numbered with the dead. And here is "Mrs. Bunny-hunter, of twins;" that makes thirteen, and not twopence a year to divide among them. Here is one married to bone and aristocracy, another sold to vulgarity and wealth. This is a part of the daily chronicle which is not always and to all the pleasantest reading. Doubtless, that column has been read before now with aching heart and wondering eyes. It is not difficult to imagine the case of some poor forsaken girl, who reads there of the accomplishment of a treacherous act. There are people in the room, and she sits for a while idly with the paper in her lap, and answering one or two remarks wildly enough. At last she

gets an opportunity to leave the room, and all that the company knows is, that Miss —— has a bad head-ache, and appears no more that day. The newspaper is not all pleasure, or all business, and there are few, if any, who have not received some severe shocks from its perusal. Has it never happened to the reader to come suddenly and without preparation upon the death of a dear friend or relative? How you read it over and over again, wondering if it really is your friend, doubting where there is no doubt, hoping where hope is not.

And so the journal finishes its work of information, and you have mastered all it has to tell at last. It will come to you to-morrow morning without fail: may you enjoy it all the more for these few words that have been said about it!

## MICHAEL ANGELO: A DRAMATIC ANECDOTE.

ADAPTED FROM FRIEDRICH HEBBEL, BY RICHARD GARNETT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

POPE JULIUS THE SECOND.
THE DUKE.
MICHAEL ANGELO, RAPHAEL, BRAMANTE, SANGALLO, *Artists.*
PROSPERO, *a young artist.*
PANCRAZIO, *steward to the Duke.*
PANDOLFO, *an antiquary.*
MATTEO, *a Roman citizen.*
BATTISTA, *a Lombard.*
ONOFRIO, *a usurer.*
ANNUNZIATA, *a beggar-girl.*
GIOVANNI, *a bravo.*
*A Fruit Girl.*
*Workmen and People.*

*Scene on the* Capitoline Hill, *where excavations are being carried on by order of the Duke. A crowd of spectators.*

*Battista.* Well, it is curious, I confess.
*Matteo.* What?
*Batt.* Our good mother's niggardness.
No gold, no gems Italia's earth
E'er yields us.
*Matt.* Stones too have their worth.
Antiques I mean, of course.
*Batt.* O yes,
Much do they teach; for instance, this,
That the barbarians—
*Matt.* What of them?
*Batt.* No ponies of Jerusalem
That Alaric and Attila,
Who took the precious things away,
Left us the blocks—
*Matt.* Their sons are fain
To bring the gold for back again.
*Annunziata* [*to Battista*]. Kind Signor, of your charity,
A trifling alms.
*Batt.* Why come to me?
*Ann.* O sir, I pine in cruel need!
Three whole days long no bit of bread!
*Batt.* 'Tis hard.
*Ann.* God knows; yet if I were
Myself the sole poor sufferer!
Father and mother starve with me.
*Batt.* They live yet?
*Ann.* Ay, and these you see.

[*Pointing to three children accidentally behind her, who, as she turns away, increase to a dozen without her perceiving it.*

*Batt.* What! all of them! and you so young?
'Tis a full quiver!
*Ann.* He was hung,
Their poor dear father.
*Batt.* Ay! and thus he
Left you these?
*Ann.* All!
*Matt.* You brazen hussy!
Is my own grandchild one of your ones?
*Ann.* [*looking round and discovering the state of the case*]. O no! I only meant these poor ones.

*Matt.* Evaporate!
*Ann.* [*running off.*] The devil improve you!
*Batt.* Not one was hers!
*Matt.* A cheat,
Lord love you!
Three days without a bite or sup!
Who then has shut the convents up?
A likely tale!
*Batt.* With such deceivers
What misery can find believers?
I meant the little coin for her;
[*To* Onofrio.
Pray you accept it, aged sir.
*Onofrio.* Sir! in your teeth!
*Bat.* A benefit
Proffered, and in a rage with it!
*Onofr.* Am I a beggar? I address
A word to you!
*Bat.* I must confess
The lip undoubtedly remote
From supplication; but the coat!
*Onofr.* Know your folks better!
*Matt.* It is true
Rome has no citizen than you
More wealthy—there! be pacified!
[*To* Battista.
Or more penurious beside!
*A Workman* [*holding up an antique lamp*]. A find!
*Pancrazio.* Here with it! Through me pass
All curiosities. [*Takes the lamp.*
*Pandolfo.* Alas! [ray
*Pancr.* A precious lamp, indeed! Its
Has lit some wonders in its day!
*Pand.* How finely wrought! how freely plastic!
Who would not be enthusiastic?
Let's kiss the sweet corrosion—thus!
*Pancr.* Drop it, I tell you.
*Pand.* Envious!
*Workman.* Another!
*Pand.* Heavens! Thus I lay
Hands on it.
*Pancr.* Signor!
*Pand.* [*giving Pancrazio the lamp*]. Storm away!
I had first hold; you can't undo that!
*Batt.* [*to Matteo*]. Do *you* see aught in it?
*Matt.* 'Tis true that
To taste this sort of thing, one must
Have scraped one's mede of learned rust
From grave Bologna.
*Pand.* If you had
A grain of sense, you would be glad
To trust it with me, safe to know,
In six months, whether it or no
Horace or Virgil's vigils lit.
I'll ask the Duke the loan of it.
*Giovanni* [*takes Pandolfo aside*]. Signor, would you possess the treasure?
*Pand.* Who are you?
*Giov.* Signor, at your pleasure,
A poor assassin. Make selection
Of aught in any man's collection;
Favour me with a wink, and I
Engage it yours.
*Pand.* Friend, verily
Your trade is somewhat perilous!
*Giov.* Fool! Keep your counsel, or else thus—
[*Menaces* Pandolfo *with his dagger, and exit.*
*Pand.* Can it be by such practices
My rivals gather—
*Fruit-girl.* Oranges!
Two a bajocco!
*Matt.* One's enough.
Here!
*Fruit-girl.* Change for a bajocco! stuff!
Take out the balance in my prayers,
Three paternosters!
[*Mingles with the crowd, reciting a paternoster.*
*Matt.* What fine airs!
A good fruit, though.
*Workmen.* Huzza! up caps!
A statue!
*Pancr.* How? a prize perhaps.
[*Beholding the statue.*
Heavens! I'll to the Duke.
[*Exit.*
*Pand.* There's scope
Now for my talents. Let us hope
The dear thing has no attributes!
*Batt.* The dinner-hour at last; that suits!
Good-bye, I'm off!
*Matt.* The Lombard glutton!
Intent alone upon his mutton
At such a moment!
[*The statue is raised from the excavation.*
*People.* Lo! see here
A Jupiter!

*Pand.* [*pressing forwards*]. The case is clear.
A thing the rabblement inhuman
Know at first sight, ay! there's acumen!
A Jupiter! the very blind men
Might vouch for that, but where to find men
Competent to discrimination
Of statuary, age, and nation?
A Jove! as reasonably blurt out
"It wants an arm!" I found the dirt out!
*Prospero.* A master's masterpiece withal!
*Pand.* Neither is that original;
They all are, so you only look
Under the ground for them.
*Matt.* The Duke!
*Prosp.* And swarms of artists.
[*Enter the* Duke *with* Pancrazio.
*The Duke.* Powers! Just so
As I commissioned Angelo!
Truly, a master laboured this;
Yet was my thought profound as his.
[*To* Pandolfo.
What sayest?
*Pand.* In sooth a glorious find!
*The Duke.* And Grecian?
*Pand.* Rather, to my mind,
Roman of the best period.
*Bramante.* Sir, the hypothesis is odd.
As Greek as Grecian ever was,
Not of the date of Phidias.
*Pand.* Why?
*Bram.* So my eye decides; how else?
*Pand.* Accept this pair of spectacles!
*Bram.* And next, remark how wide a roamer
The modeller has been from Homer.
Which, questionless, he had not dared
But that the Attic sculptor barred
His path with a colossal Jove.
*Sangallo.* It seems to live, to breathe, to move!
*Bram.* Yet what composure! Burst his bars,
His path were swerveless as a star's.
*Prosp.* What models those Greek fellows had!
Our folks may hang themselves. I'm glad
I am a painter. Hammer, hew;
Earth opes her jaws, and laughs at you!

*Duke.* Call Michael Angelo!
[*Exit* Pancrazio.
*Bram.* Hem, hum!
An awkward way for *him* to come!
*Duke.* Wherefore?
*Bram.* A master here to-day
He comes, a scholar goes away.
Anatomy of all his points
Is strongest; now observe these joints!
Here's flesh indeed, but flesh with skin!
Point me a knuckle or a shin,
Or aught abrupt or angular!
Yet marks the outline where they are,
And sagely has the artist shown
Butter is butter, stone is stone.
*Sang.* Well thought and neatly put, Bramante!
My stock of words is somewhat scanty;
Yet may I claim an eye, like you,
And as you think, so think I too.
*Prosp.* Why did I bend me to the ground
Before him, now so clearly bound
Straight to the dogs? Come cap, henceforth
I spare thee; let him own *my* worth!
They have his measure now, but who
Can tell what wonders I may do?
*Sang.* He comes.
*Bram.* And on the other side
Comes Raphael. Now they shall be tried!

[*Enter* Raphael *and* Michael Angelo *from opposite sides, each attended by his scholars.*

*Raph.* Hail, Angelo!
*M. Ang.* Hail, Raphael!
*Raph.* [*to the Duke*]. Pardon, I saw not.
*M. Ang.* Me as well.
*The Duke.* What say ye? Is it aught to come for?
*M. Ang.* [*to Raphael*]. Speak thou first.
*Raph.* Truly—I am dumb for
Surprise—I need time!
*M. Ang.* [*aside*]. He may ruin
My whole plan!
*Raph.* Surely 'tis the hewing
Of some progenitor of thine.
Thou shouldst kneel to it, as to a shrine.
*M. Ang.* [*aside*]. He has an eye!
*Raph.* 'Tis hard to cease
From viewing such a masterpiece;

Yet must I to the Quirinal,
Else would I linger.
[*Exit with his scholars.*
*The Duke.* Once for all,
Say candidly, how feel'st thou it—
My jest's fulfilment?
*M. Ang.* Not a whit!
*The Duke.* Darest thou still a Jove produce?
*M. Ang.* Surely you need no second Zeus!
*The Duke.* O, room for two and three there is.
But tell me, couldst thou rival this?
*M. Ang.* Who knows?
*The Duke.* Who knows!
*M. Ang.* Who knows, indeed?
*The Duke.* Come, say at once thou could'st exceed!
*M. Ang.* And wherefore not? Until the fall
Each wrestler hopes the coronal.
And this—Now, really, what allures
The gaze of all you connoisseurs?
To boast equivalent capacity
Were surely no such huge audacity!
Bramante, thou couldst match it!
*Bram.* No
Such fool am I, my Angelo!
Ne'er did I vail my cap to you;
Before this masterpiece I do!
And, sure as I am standing now
Much on your level, do I bow
To him, and unreserved and free
Own his superiority.
*M. Ang.* Explain me Raphael's coldness.
*Sang.* Pure
Envy of merit, to be sure!
*We* praise with all our might, and pride us
On feeling no such thing inside us.
*M. Ang.* Truly, to-day I know ye not;
Whither has your perception got?
Am I the only one to hint
A fault?
*Bram.* Thou hast, in truth, a squint:
Who takes his failings for deserts,
Judging another's work, inverts
The process.
*M. Ang.* [*aside*]. Thou dilated bladder,
How thou shalt pay! [*aloud*] Poor comrades, sadder
Was never critical condition;
Yet 'tis not far to a physician.
[*To* Pandolfo.
Come thou then, wise as Socrates,
Learned as Aristoteles,
Who, for the beard, with Plato classest,
And, as to spectacles, surpassest
The said philosopher, our own
Archæologic paragon!
Come, make the knotty problem clear.
Is it so wondrous?
*Pand.* *Thou* wilt ne'er
Attain to it, at any rate,
Poor Michael!
*M. Ang.* So, without debate,
It is a genuine antique?
*Pand.* A pretty question!
*M. Ang.* Come then, Greek,
I feel the power to rival thee!
*The Duke.* Angelo, 'tis insanity!
Replace the missing arm alone,
All shall be reckoned as thine own.
*Bram.* A Daniel come to judgment! Truly
A golden thought! Restore it duly,
Then, if a caviller appears,
I promise thee to box his ears.
*M. Ang.* Do so, beginning with thine own.
[*Drawing the arm from under his cloak.*
Behold the lacking limb of stone.
How now?
[*Pause of universal astonishment, during which the* Pope *and* Raphael *enter, and remain unperceived behind the other actors.*
*Bram.* Impossible!
*M. Ang.* O it
Is doubtless an imperfect fit!
[*Joins the arm on to the statue, which it fits completely.*
*The Duke.* What means all this?
*M. Ang.* 'Tis quickly told.
The work being mine, I was so bold
As to inter it here. Alack!
Virtue of mould and chimney-black!
You honoured me with your commissions,
Thought to prescribe me hard conditions
Which in that selfsame room, be certain,
Stood all fulfilled—behind the curtain!
[*To the others.*
You see the faults more clearly now?
Yet what is done is done, I trow.

And no recalcitrancy will
Protect you from the bitter pill.
[*Pause.*
Ye masters of your mastery sure,
Thou antiquary, connoisseur,
Think not that Michael is befooled
Because your criticism ruled
His work an ancient's—ah! too well
I know the gulf impassable!
Yet know I Phidias not more far
Before me, than behind you are,
And, as I honour him, so ye
Are bound in turn to honour me!
*Bram.* In sooth, a lesson! In return
Please your schoolmastership to learn
You ne'er wrought such a work before!
*M. Ang.* I thought as much, nor ever more
Shall do the like? Exactly! Well,
Your fortress is impregnable.
My next is different, I suppose?
Then slay the lily with the rose,
Ask cherries in the citron's place.
Would the whole garden mend my case?
Admit it in the summer hours,
Flourishing with all fruits and flowers
Conceivable; 'tis but to see
Nought admirable but a tree
Bearing them all at once, and this
Lacking, you justify your hiss.
*The Pope* [*Coming forward, leading* RAPHAEL *by the hand*].
Michael, be not too warm. 'Tis true
Thou'rt wholly right, yet hear this too.
God, for the world's own benefit,
Has sent the devil into it,
Who serves Him like the rest, but just
Because it is the fact he must;
So misses his reward, and God
Owes the black vassal but a rod.
He sees the wheat, is vexed, proceeds
To interpolate a crop of weeds.
What harm? They've ploughed the field, manured it,
With sap by Satan's self procured it,
And for the ploughman's care and grief
The reaper binds the richer sheaf.
The dog pursued the bird, who thus
Found out the use mysterious
Of wings; deem'st thou he quarrelled then
With what had made him denizen
Of heaven, albeit a cur? Even so
The envious snap at thee; but go
Like one who sets a scornful back
Against a wasps' nest, forced to track
The lofty path that lifts him well
Out of the dark ignoble dell,
And sets him proudly where his pests
Are viewless, and his vision rests
Exulting on the glorious scene
But for the stinging tribe unseen.
May he not cry, Sure as I live,
I do not thank you, but forgive!
*M. Ang.* Pardon, then, as thou dost advise,
To all my insect-enemies!
'Twere simple to expect each elf
Just to exterminate himself,
So, as the creature must have food,
Even let him bite me! Well and good.
*The Pope.* 'Tis not the point I would attain.
Is thy own conscience free from stain?
[*Pointing to* RAPHAEL.
Say, hast thou ne'er essayed to strip
Aught from *his* wreath whose glowing lip
Even now has urged and spurred me thus,
Owning thy work miraculous?
*M. Ang.* Two are we, evermore apart!
*The Pope.* Can a man clasp to his own heart
Himself? Now!
*M. Ang.* Well!
[RAPHAEL *falls into his arms.*
*The Pope.* 'Tis well indeed!
Now for the labour and the meed!
[*To* RAPHAEL.
Thou to the Vatican!
[*To* MICHAEL ANGELO.
Thee the shrine
Of Sixtus waits. What ye design,
Born of the pure exalted zeal
Two generous rivals nobly feel,
Shall match the state of Peter's dome,
The immortality of Rome!

# THE HAND OF MAN IN THE KIRKDALE CAVERN.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT PYRAMID—WHY WAS IT BUILT?" ETC. ETC.

> "In all such pretences to antiquity, they that say the latest are almost always nearest the truth."—DEAN PRIDEAUX.

IT is well known that the bones of many animals, foreign to the climate, are often found in caverns, and in the superficial strata of the earth, both in this country and on the Continent, and many attempts have been made to account for this fact; but they are none of them satisfactory. The most remarkable occurrence of the kind was the discovery of a vast number of bones in the Kirkdale Cavern, in Yorkshire, which, for the variety of its contents, and the care with which they have been scrutinized, affords the best opportunity that has ever yet been offered for the investigation of the true character and probable cause of these phenomena. But even the ingenious author of "Reliquiæ Diluvianæ" was not quite satisfied with his own theory concerning their origin, when he produced his celebrated work; nor were his subsequent explanations considered more fortunate by others. "Many of the bones," he says, "are identical with species which "now exist, and very few have under- "gone the smallest process of mineral- "ization. Their condition resembles "that of common grave bones, being in "so recent a state, and having under- "gone so little decay, that if the re- "cords of history, and the circumstances "that attend them, did not absolutely "forbid such a supposition, we should "be inclined to attribute them to a "much later period than the Deluge; "and certainly there is, in my opinion, "no single fact connected with them, "that should lead us to date their "origin from any more ancient era."

It cannot be objected to this testimony, that its ingenious author afterwards qualified or rescinded it. It is republished in his last work on the contents of the Kirkdale Cavern, wherein he expressly appeals to this, and the other extracts which he gives from his Inaugural Lecture, as to a "summary of facts in addition to those "afforded by the interior of caves and "fissures." We may conclude, therefore, that, in the deliberate judgment of Dr. Buckland, nothing is proved concerning these bones which can take them out of the influence of human action, if any positive evidence can be adduced from history to show that they have ever been brought within the sphere of that action.

M. Cuvier also was desirous that some more rational account, if possible, should be given of the origin of these and similar deposits of what are erroneously called *fossil* remains. They occupied a very large share of his attention, and he acquired a great portion of his fame from the zeal and ability which he displayed in prosecuting his researches concerning them; yet he seems to hope for some more satisfactory evidence regarding them than he had been able to obtain. "By the careful investigation "of those events," he observes, "which "approach, as it were, to the history "of our own race, we may hope to be "able to discover some traces of more "ancient events and their causes; if, "after so many abortive attempts al- "ready made on the same subject, we "may yet flatter ourselves with that "hope. These ideas," he adds, "have "haunted, and I may even say have "tormented me, during all my researches "into the fossil remains of bones."[1]

It is my earnest wish to pursue this subject with a calm and candid mind, and while I endeavour to bring forward another theory, which has not yet been advocated, I trust it will be done with

[1] Theory of the Earth, Jameson's Translation, p. 177.

all the respect due to those distinguished men from whose judgment I presume to differ. I concur with them in the tenor of these observations, while I think it probable that a much more recent date may be assigned to these phenomena than any which they have suspected.

The word "cavern" is not strictly synonymous with "cave," though they are often used indifferently. A *cave* is, properly speaking, a single chamber in the earth; a *cavern* consists of more than one chamber, either as fissures in the rock, or as a succession of caves.

The den of a hyæna is a cave or hole in the earth, and not a cavern, even according to Dr. Buckland's description. "They make no earths of "their own," he says, "but lie under "rocks, or resort to the earths of "wolves, as foxes do to those of badgers; and it is not uncommon to find "wolves and hyænas in the same bed of "earths."—(P. 23.) From this account we have no reason to suppose that hyænas in great numbers resort to caverns, as to a common abode; which is the case assumed at Kirkdale.

Hyænas will come, as Dr. Buckland says, "in herds of six, eight, and often "more, into the villages at night, and "carry off with them whatever they are "able to master. They will kill dogs "and asses, even within the inclosure "of houses, and fail not to assemble "wherever a dead camel or other animal is thrown, which, acting in concert, they sometimes drag to a prodigious distance." This is no doubt true, if they cannot secure their prey by other means till they have made a meal of it; but it is not likely that in a desolate spot, such as the locality of the Kirkdale Cavern must have been when it is supposed to have been tenanted by hyænas, "they should have "dragged into its recesses the other "animal bodies whose remains are found "mixed indiscriminately with their "own." "They are in the habit of "attacking quadrupeds stronger than "themselves, and even repelling lions;" why then, when there was nothing to prevent them from enjoying their prey in the open air, should these hyænas endeavour to secrete their food in a cavern? They come "*in herds,*" we are told, "into the villages at night;" yet they are not *gregarious*, and it would have been more correct to say, they hunt together *in packs:* they have no social instincts, and never *herd* together, like cattle. The hyæna lives alone. "L'Hyène est un animal solitaire."—(*Buffon.*) What the late Mr. Fladgate wittily remarked of lawyers, when the Law Society was about to be established—"They unite in packs, like beasts of prey, but are not gregarious"—may be said of the hyænas. What therefore could induce these creatures to live together in a cavern, where the stronger were always eating up the weaker, and the younger the more aged and infirm? Of all the animals in existence the hyæna would be one of the last to take up his abode, generation after generation, in such a place as the Kirkdale Cavern.

But, in addition to this general aversion of the beast to the restraints of a social life, may be stated other cogent reasons why, if he had the inclination to indulge himself in living among his kindred, it was utterly impossible that he could gratify it in the place which he is supposed to have chosen.

### CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CAVERN.

The characteristics of the Kirkdale Cavern may be briefly summed up in the following particulars:—

1. The cavern is situated in a belt of mountain limestone, which forms the northern boundary of the Vale of Pickering, a tract of Kimmeridge clay.

2. Irregular ledges of limestone and nodules of chert project along its sides and roof.

3. Small grooves and pits occupy great part of its interior.

4. Its elevation above the nearest stream, the Hodge-beck, is nearly 80 feet.

5. Its mouth was closed externally with rubbish (or gravel and sand), and was overgrown with grass and bushes.

6. The original entrance was *very small.* "Nearly thirty feet of its outer extremity have now been removed," says Dr. Buckland, "and the present "entrance is a hole about three feet "high and five broad, which it is *only* "*possible for a man to enter on his* "*hands and knees,* and which expands "and contracts itself irregularly from "two feet to seven feet in breadth, and "from two feet to fourteen feet in "height; diminishing generally as it "proceeds into the interior of the hill."

7. "The roof and floor, for many "yards from the entrance, are composed "of regular *horizontal strata of limestone,* "uninterrupted by the slightest appear- "ance of fissure, fracture, or stony rub- "bish of any kind; but farther in, the "roof and sides become irregularly "arched, and are studded with pendent "and roundish masses of chert and "stalactite."

8. "The irregularities of the bottom "of the cavern, though apparently not "great, have been filled up throughout "to a nearly level surface, by the intro- "duction of a bed of mud or loamy "sediment, covering entirely the whole "bottom to the average depth of about "a foot."

9. Not a particle of mud was found attached either to the sides or roof; nor was there a trace of it adhering to the sides or upper portions of the transverse fissures, to suggest the idea that it entered through them.

10. Its substance is an argillaceous and slightly micaceous loam, composed of such minute particles as would easily be suspended in muddy water.

11. The roof and sides of the cavern were partially studded and cased over with stalactite, which, on tracing it downwards, was found to turn off at right angles from the sides of the cavern, and form above the mud a plate or crust of stalagmite.

12. These horizontal incrustations have been formed by the water trickling down the sides, and oozing off laterally as it came into contact with the mud.

13. There is no alternation of mud with any repeated beds of stalagmite, but simply a partial deposit of the latter on the floor beneath it.

14. There is not a single rolled pebble in the interior, nor one bone, or fragment of bone, that bears the slightest mark of having been rolled by the action of water.

15. "At about 100 feet within the "cavern's mouth, the sediment became "more coarse and sandy, and partially "covered with an incrustation of black "manganese ore."

16. The greatest length of the cavern, according to Dr. Buckland, is 245 feet; but, including all the branches, it is about 429 feet.

### KIND OF BONES FOUND IN THE CAVERN.

The following particulars relate to the character of the bones found within the cavern:—

1. Of many animals, extremely common in this country, and natives of it, there is not found a single bone among these remains.

2. Of some animals, extremely common in this country, fewer bones are found than of others of greater rarity.

3. Of some animals, which are known not to be able to exist in this climate, a greater abundance of bones is found than of any other.

4. Of all these animals some certain bones are found in remarkably large quantities, while of other bones, equally likely to have been met with, not a single specimen has been discovered.

5. Of the ELEPHANT, about ten *teeth* were found, but no *tusk;* the fragment of a thigh-bone alone is mentioned. Most of the teeth are broken; and as very few of them exceed three inches in their largest diameter, they must have belonged to extremely young animals.

6. Of the RHINOCEROS, at least fifty *teeth* were found, some of them very large, having belonged apparently to aged animals; but no other bones are mentioned.

7. Of the HIPPOPOTAMUS, six *molar teeth* were found, and a few fragments of *canine and incisor teeth;* but no other bones.

8. Of the HORSE, only two or three *teeth.*

9. Of the HYÆNA, were found about forty *jaws*, and an extraordinary number of *teeth.* "I cannot calculate" (says Dr. Buckland) "the total number of "hyænas of which there is evidence "at less than 200 or 300."

10. Of the TIGER, were found two *canine teeth* and a *molar tooth;* also four *tusks* of an animal of the tiger kind.

11. Of the BEAR, one *tusk* belonging to the largest species.

12. Of the WOLF, one large molar *tooth;* of the FOX, many *teeth;* and of the WEASEL, a posterior and penultima *tooth.*

13. Except those of the hyæna, the greatest number of *teeth* belong to the OX and DEER. Besides these of the *deer* there are ten fragments of jaws, and fragments of horns of at least two species, which have been shed from the head on which they grew, and not broken off by violence.

14. The *jaw* of a HARE; a few *teeth* and bones of a RABBIT and MICE; and about forty fragments of the *jaw-bones* of the WATER-RAT, whose *teeth* occur, perhaps, in the greatest abundance of any.

15. Some partial remains of BIRDS:— the humerus apparently of a *snipe;* two of the right ulna of a *raven;* the same bone of a *lark;* the left ulna of a very large species of *pigeon;* and part of the scapula of a small species of *duck*, or widgeon.

16. "In all these cases, the bones "found in caverns are *never mineralized*, "but simply in the state of *grave bones*, "more or less decayed, and encrusted "with stalagmite; and they have no "further connexion with the rocks "themselves than that arising from the "accident of having been lodged in "their cavities, at periods long sub-"sequent to the formation and con-"solidation of the strata in which these "cavities occur."

17. In the whole extent of the cavern only a very few large bones have been discovered that are tolerably perfect: most of them are broken into small angular fragments and chips.

18. In some few places, where the mud was shallow and the heaps of teeth and bones considerable, parts of the latter were elevated some inches above the surface of the mud and its stalagmitic crust.

19. The effect of the loam and stalagmite in preserving the bones from decomposition, by protecting them from all access of atmospheric air, has been very remarkable, as some that had lain uncovered in the cavern for a long time before the introduction of the loam were in various stages of decomposition; but even in these the further progress of decay appears to have been arrested as soon as they became covered with it.

20. The bones were strewed equally all over, from one end to the other of the cavern; those of the larger animals, elephant, rhinoceros, &c., co-extensively with all the rest, *even to the inmost and smallest recesses.*

21. Many of the bones appear to have been gnawed.

22. Not one skull is to be found entire; and it is so rare to find a large bone of any kind which has not been more or less broken, that there is no hope of obtaining materials for the construction of a single limb, still less of an entire skeleton.

23. In the case of *all* the animals, the number of *teeth*, and of solid bones of the *tarsus* and *carpus*, is more than twenty times as great as could have been supplied by the individuals whose other bones we find mixed with them.

24. Many thousands of teeth and bones have been collected and carried away since the cavern was discovered.

25. "Many straight fragments of the "larger bones have one entire side, or "the fractured edges of one side, *rubbed* "*down and worn completely smooth*, "whilst the opposite side and ends of the "same bone are sharp and untouched; "the curved fragments have not only "received a partial polish on the *convex* "side only, but have been submitted to "so much friction that, in several in-"stances, more than one-fourth of the "entire thickness of the bone, and a "proportionate quantity of the outer

" side of the fangs and body of the " teeth have been entirely worn away."

26. The Kirkdale hyæna is nearly one-third larger than the modern Cape Hyæna. "The length of the largest " modern hyæna noticed is five feet nine " inches;" but "it appears, from the " Researches of M. Cuvier, that the fossil " hyæna was nearly one-third larger " than the largest of the modern spe- " cies;" and on comparing the jaws and teeth of those found in the Kirkdale Cavern with this fossil species, of which specimens have been engraved in M. Cuvier's Researches, "I find them," continues Dr. Buckland, "to be absolutely identical." The Kirkdale hyæna, being one-third larger than the modern Cape hyæna, which is five feet nine inches long, could not be much less than seven feet six inches long.

27. Many small balls of the solid *calcareous excrement* of the hyæna have been found.

28. The *horns* of all the *deer* have been shed from the head on which they grew by necrosis, and not broken off by violence.

### ANTEDILUVIAN THEORY.

To account for all the extraordinary facts which have been detailed in the preceding chapters, Dr. Buckland invented the following hypothesis, which was approved of and adopted by M. Cuvier:—

1. That the Kirkdale Cavern existed *before the Deluge* in exactly the same condition in which it was seen when it was discovered in 1823.

2. That the several animals whose bones are found in the cavern, "were " all at the same time inhabitants of " *antediluvian Yorkshire.*"

3. That the HYÆNAS dragged the limbs of all the larger animals into this cavern, and ate, or broke to pieces, all their bones, except the metacarpal and metatarsal bones, the astragali, and the teeth—all, in short, except the densest and hardest bones.

4. "That the mangled relics of hun- " dreds of HYÆNAS that lie indiscrimi- " nately scattered, and equally broken " with the bones of other animals in " the cavern of Kirkdale, were reduced " to this state by the agency of the " surviving individuals of their own " species."

5. That some of the HYÆNAS died in the cavern "from mere old age;" and that the bones which are comminuted were ground to that state by the stumps of their worn-out teeth.

6. That both young and old HYÆNAS were always eaten up after their natural death.

7. That the surviving HYÆNAS quitted the cavern on the rise of the waters of the Deluge, or at some time previously (as is suggested in the *Quarterly Review*).

8. That the entire *under jaw*, and entire *radius* and *ulna* of a very old and large HYÆNA, found in a clay bed at Church Lawford, near Rugby, belonged to one of the survivors: "thus supplying," as Dr. Buckland remarks, "the " only link that was deficient to com- " plete the evidence I wanted to esta- " blish the HYÆNAS' DEN at Kirkdale."

The following is the account of the discovery at Church Lawford, here referred to, as given by Dr. Buckland, in his "Reliquiæ Diluvianæ":—

" At Newnham, in Warwickshire, " near Church Lawford, about two miles " west of Rugby, two magnificent *heads* " and other *bones* of the Siberian RHI- " NOCEROS, and many large *tusks* and " *teeth* of ELEPHANTS, with some STAGS' " *horns*, and *bones* of the OX and HORSE, " were found, in the year 1815, in a " bed of diluvium, which is immediately " incumbent on stratified beds of lias, " and is composed of a mixture of va- " rious pebbles, sand, and clay: in the " lower region of which (where the " clay predominates) the bones are found " at the depth of fifteen feet from the " surface. They are not in the smallest " degree *mineralized*, and have lost al- " most *nothing of their weight or animal* " *matter.* One of these *heads*, measur- " ing 2 feet 6 inches, together with a " small *tusk* and *molar tooth* of an ELE- " PHANT, has been deposited in the Rad- " cliffe Library, at Oxford. The other

" and larger *head*, with a *tooth* and *leg-*
" *bone* of the same animal, has been pre-
" sented to the Geological Society of
" London. Of the remaining *tusks* of
" ELEPHANTS, the largest is in the pos-
" session of G. Harris, Esq. of Rugby;
" and the other of J. Caldecot, Esq. of
" Lawford. These *tusks* have all a con-
" siderable curvature *outwards*, towards
" the point, like those of the elephant
" found entire in the ice of *Tungusia*.
" Another enormous semicircular *tusk*,
" from the same place, measuring 7 feet
" in length, together with a highly valu-
" able collection of the bones of the
" RHINOCEROS, is deposited in the Oxford
" Museum."—P. 177.

" The bones of the HYÆNA, however,
" were not discovered in the diluvial
" detritus of this country," says Dr. Buckland, " till the spring of last year,
" 1822, when Mr. Andrew Bloxham, by
" mere accident, brought me some bones
" from the clay in which they so often
" find the remains of ELEPHANT and
" RHINOCEROS at Lawford, near Rugby,
" that I might inform him what they
" were. The instant I saw them, I was
" enchanted to find the entire *under jaw*,
" and entire *radius* and *ulna*, of a very
" old and large HYÆNA, supplying the
" only link that was deficient to com-
" plete the evidence I wanted to esta-
" blish the HYÆNAS' den at Kirkdale.
" These bones are in the highest possible
" state of preservation; the *jaw* is quite
" entire, and from an animal so old that
" it had lost half its teeth, and the re-
" mainder are ground almost to the
" stumps. The bones of the *arm* also are
" equally perfect with the *jaw*. There
" are not the slightest marks of fracture
" on any of them, like those on the
" bones at Kirkdale; and this is con-
" sistent with the different circumstances
" of this individual from those in the
" cavern. The HYÆNA at Lawford ap-
" pears, from its position in the clay, to
" have been one of those that perished
" by the inundation which extirpated
" the race, as well as the ELEPHANT,
" RHINOCEROS, and other tribes, that lie
" buried with it; and consequently, as it
" could have no survivors, to devour its
" bones, we should, on this hypothesis,
" expect to find them entire, as they are
" actually found in the specimens before
" us. With them were found some en-
" tire small *bones of the foot*, apparently
" of the same individual HYÆNA, and
" also the *humerus* of a bird, in size and
" shape nearly resembling that of a
" *goose;* and in the same state of high
" preservation with the HYÆNA and
" RHINOCEROS bones amidst which it
" lay. This is the first example, within
" my knowledge, of the bones of birds
" being noticed in the diluvium of Eng-
" land."—P. 26.

After enumerating some other instances of discoveries similar to these, Dr. Buckland asks, " HOW IS IT POSSIBLE
" to explain the general dispersion of all
" these remains, but by admitting that
" the ELEPHANTS, as well as all the other
" creatures, whose bones are buried with
" them, were the *antediluvian inhabitants*
" of the extensive tract of country over
" which we have been tracing them;
" and that they were all destroyed to-
" gether by the waters of the same inun-
" dation which produced the deposits of
" loam and gravel in which they are
" embedded?"

### OBJECTIONS TO THIS THEORY.

Before we attempt to answer the question with which our last paragraph concludes, let us examine the theory of Dr. Buckland, and judge whether his hypothesis has *any claim* to be received as a satisfactory explanation. If it be inadmissible, from circumstances which render it IMPOSSIBLE TO BE TRUE, we ought to reject it, even if we had nothing more probable to bring forward,

That the theory of its having been a *den of hyænas* is insufficient to account for the phenomena of the *Kirkdale Cavern*, appears from certain *facts*, which can admit of no difference of opinion.

We are informed by Dr. Buckland, that " the original entrance was very
" small; and though nearly thirty feet
" of its outer extremity have now been
" removed, the present entrance *in the*
" *limestone rock* is a hole about three feet

high, and five broad, which expands "and contracts itself irregularly from "two feet to seven feet in breadth, and "from two feet to fourteen feet in "height, diminishing, however, as it "proceeds into the interior of the hill." Even from this general description, we should say it is not likely that any HYÆNA should have made this cavern his den. That animal is so formed about the neck, as to be unable to crouch like a dog, or to turn round in little compass; and to squeeze itself into such a cavern as this was impossible.

The following are all the recorded dimensions of the cavern, as given by Dr. Buckland, from the measurement of William Salmond, Esq. of York, who made the drawing of the ground-plan of the cave for Dr. Buckland's work :—

Present entrance—

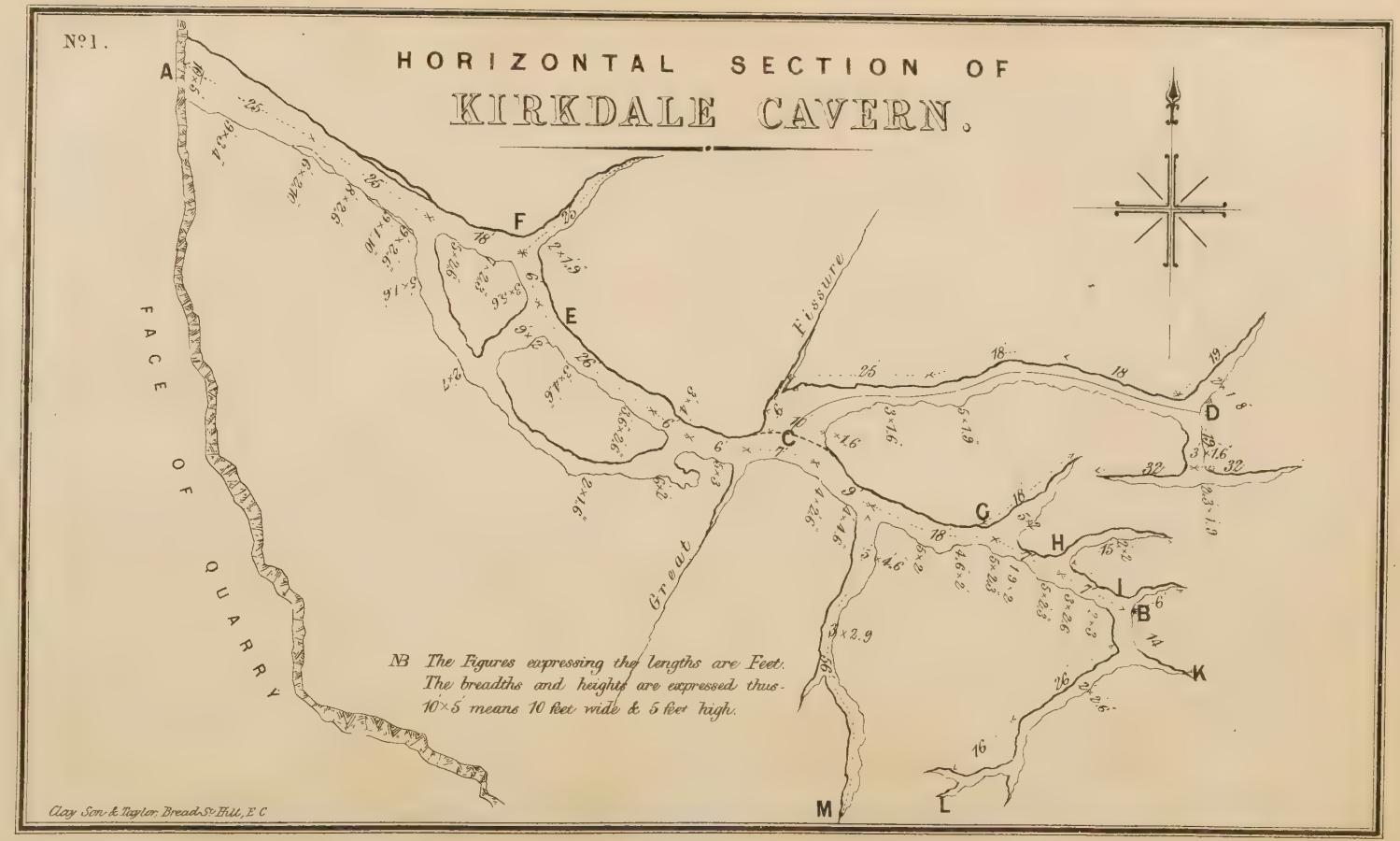
| *Height.* | *Width.* | |
|---|---|---|
| 3 ft. 0 in. | by 6 ft. 0 in. | |
| 1 ft. 8 in. | by 6 ft. 0 in. | Fissure on the right. |
| 7 ft. 0 in. | by 4 ft. 0 in. | Fissure on the left. |
| 1 ft. 4 in. | by 2 ft. 5 in. | Fissure on the right returns here. |
| 2 ft. 2 in. | | |
| 1 ft. 4 in. | | Branch on the right commences here. |
| 3 ft. 0 in. | by 3 ft. 0 in. | |
| 2 ft. 7 in. | by 3 ft. 0 in. | |
| 3 ft. 0 in. | by 3 ft. 0 in. | |
| 2 ft. 6 in. | by 2 ft. 6 in. | |
| 2 ft. 6 in. | by 2 ft. 0 in. | End of branch where an elephant's tooth was found. |

Thus, with the exception of a Fissure in the rock, where it is 7 feet, the height varies from 3 feet to 1 foot 4 inches.

When I first saw these measures, I felt assured that it was impossible the Cavern could have formed the abode of HYÆNAS. It was utterly impossible that they could have dragged an ELEPHANT'S tooth to the extremity of the branch on the right (2ft. 6in. by 2ft.), where it was found. But, to avoid any error, I thought it prudent to employ a civil engineer, Mr. John Hill, to go to the cavern, and, having measured every part of it with care, to make as accurate a drawing of the elevation and ground-plan as he was able. He made, in 1825, the measurements and plan now for the first time presented to the public. They have been for more than thirty-five years in my possession; yet I have made no public attempt to invalidate Dr. Buckland's theory, knowing how difficult it is to stem the current of public opinion, when once it has obtained the assent of those whose reputation as men of science makes men of common sense afraid or unwilling to question their decision.

But no lapse of time can make that possible which at the beginning was impossible; no HYÆNA more than four feet high *could* have dragged an elephant's *tooth* into one of the remotest recesses of the cavern, not more than 2 feet 6 inches high, through passages sometimes not higher than 1 foot 4 inches, to the extent of at least 160 feet from the present entrance. That rational understanding which is given to every man to guide himself with in the common affairs of life, and is of more value than all the sciences for the right direction of his mind in cases of conflicting evidence, revolts at the thought of being forced to admit as a *truth* that which is palpably an *error*. If there were nothing else to be adduced more competent to solve the difficulty, I should say that we must pause—wait till some unknown and unforeseen light breaks in and dispels the mystery. By Mr. Salmond's measurement the cavern varies in height from three feet to sixteen inches, and in width from six feet to two feet. Only once, and that beneath a narrow fissure in the rock, is the height more than this (fourteen feet). We are justified, therefore, in affirming that it was utterly *impossible* that under these circumstances the cavern could have formed the dwelling-place of hundreds of HYÆNAS, who are supposed to have penetrated it to the extent of 245 feet, and to have covered over every foot of this length, even where the roof is lowest, with the bones of those large animals which are found in it.

The following are the particulars of the more exact measures made by Mr. John Hill according to the plans adjoined. The measurement is first taken in a direct line from A to B, commenc-


Nº1.
HORIZONTAL SECTION OF
KIRKDALE CAVERN.
A
F
E
C
D
G
H
I
B
K
L
M
Fissure
Great
FACE OF QUARRY
NB The Figures expressing the lengths are Feet.
The breadths and heights are expressed thus.
10×5 means 10 feet wide & 5 feet high.
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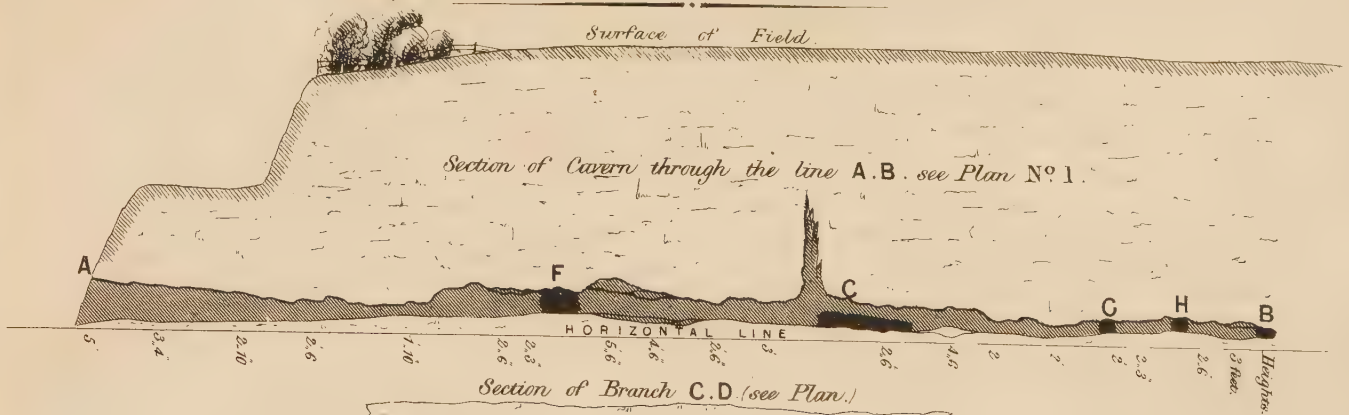
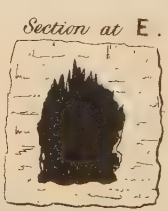
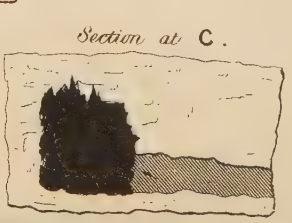
Nº 2.

# LONGITUDINAL AND TRANSVERSE SECTIONS OF KIRKDALE CAVERN.






Clay Son & Taylor, Bread St Hill, E.C.

ing with the entrance as it was seen by Dr. Buckland :—

| | *Height.* | | *Width.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| For 25 feet | 3 ft. 0 in. | by | 5 ft. 0 in. |
| | 5 ft. 0 in. | by | 10 ft. 0 in. |
| | 3 ft. 4 in. | by | 9 ft. 0 in. |
| | 2 ft. 10 in. | by | 6 ft. 0 in. |
| For 25 feet | 2 ft. 6 in. | by | 8 ft. 0 in. |
| | 1 ft. 10 in. | by | 9 ft. 0 in. |
| | 2 ft. 6 in. | by | 9 ft. 0 in. |
| For 18 feet | 2 ft. 6 in. | by | 5 ft. 0 in. |
| | 2 ft. 3 in. | by | 7 ft. 0 in. |
| For 6 feet | 5 ft. 6 in. | by | 3 ft. 0 in. |
| For 26 feet | 4 ft. 6 in. | by | 3 ft. 0 in. |
| | 2 ft. 6 in. | by | 3 ft. 6 in. |
| For 6 feet | 4 ft. 0 in. | by | 3 ft. 0 in. |
| For 6 feet | 3 ft. 0 in. | by | 5 ft. 0 in. |

A great fissure runs across the cavern, obliquely, at 112 feet from A.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| For 7 feet | 2 ft. 6 in. | by | 4 ft. 0 in. |
| For 9 feet | 4 ft. 6 in. | by | 4 ft. 0 in. |
| For 18 feet | 2 ft. 0 in. | by | 5 ft. 0 in. |
| | 2 ft. 0 in. | by | 4 ft. 6 in. |
| For 7 feet | 2 ft. 0 in. | by | 1 ft. 9 in. |
| | 2 ft. 3 in. | by | 5 ft. 0 in. |
| For 7 feet | 2 ft. 6 in. | by | 3 ft. 0 in. |
| | 3 ft. 0 in. | by | 2 ft. 0 in. |

The length, in a direct line from A to B, is 160 feet. A branch goes off to the right at 50 feet from the entrance A, which returns into the direct line; first, after 72 feet, and finally at 104 feet. Its height is, for the first portion, 2 feet 6 inches, 1 foot 6 inches, and 7 feet; for the second, 2 feet, 1 foot 6 inches, and 2 feet. All these measures exclude the *hyæna*.

The following are the *highest measures of the branches*, according to the plans of Mr. Hill. After the great fissure at 112 feet from A, a branch goes off for 118 feet to the left, viz. from C to D, of which the height is 1 foot 9 inches, and 1 foot 6 inches; another branch G, 2 feet; another branch H, 2 feet; three more, I, K, L, two feet; another branch M, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet to $2\frac{5}{4}$ feet; length of branches, 269 feet; total, 429 feet.

These measures exceed in depth those of Mr. Salmond; but, taken altogether, they render it impossible for the animals to have entered the cavern of their own accord, or to have been dragged in by others. And if this be true, we may dismiss Dr. Buckland's theory as without foundation upon this general issue. But there are also other considerations which militate against it.

FURTHER OBJECTIONS TO THIS THEORY.

"I am of opinion" (says M. Cuvier), "with M. de Luc and M. Dolomieu, "that if there is any circumstance "thoroughly established in geology, it "is that the crust of our globe has been "subjected to a great and sudden revo- "lution, the epoch of which cannot be "dated much farther back than five or "six thousand years ago; that this re- "volution had buried all the countries "which were before inhabited by men, "and by the other animals that are "now best known; and that the same "revolution had laid dry the bed of the "last ocean, which now forms all the "countries at present inhabited." The believer in the Bible would willingly subscribe to this opinion; but Dr. Buckland is so perplexed with the phenomena of the Kirkdale Cavern, that he thinks it forms an exception to this previous opinion. "So completely," he says, "has the violence of that tre- "mendous convulsion (the Deluge) de- "stroyed and remodelled the form of "the antediluvian surface, that it is "only in *caverns that have been protected* "*from its ravages* that we may hope to "find undisturbed evidence of events in "the period immediately preceding it." But how should *caverns* have been in any instance protected from the ravages of that tremendous convulsion which *destroyed* and *remodelled* the form of the antediluvian surface of the earth? And why are not the bones of human beings found in caverns, when those of quadrupeds and birds are preserved?

"It is quite undeniable," says M. Cuvier, "that no human remains have "been hitherto discovered among the "extraneous fossils—yet human bones "preserve equally well with those of "animals when placed in the same cir- "cumstances."—(P. 132.) This consi- deration leads him to form the following opinion: "That the human race did not "exist in the countries in which the

" fossil bones of animals have been dis-
" covered, at the epoch when those
" bones were covered up; as there can-
" not be a single reason assigned why
" *men* should have entirely escaped from
" such general catastrophes; or, if they
" had also been destroyed and covered
" over at the same time, why their re-
" mains should not now be found along
" with those of the other animals. I
" do not presume, however, to conclude
" that man did not exist at all before
" these epochs. He may then have in-
" habited some narrow region, whence
" he went forth to re-people the earth,
" after the cessation of those terrible
" revolutions and overwhelmings. Per-
" haps even the places which he then
" inhabited may have been sunk into
" the abyss, and the bones of that de-
" stroyed human race may yet remain
" buried under the bottom of some
" actual seas; all except a small num-
" ber of individuals who were destined
" to continue the species."—(P. 133.)
Dr. Buckland says that he coincides entirely in opinion with M. Cuvier, "that
" the human race had not established
" themselves in those countries where
" the animal remains under considera-
" tion have hitherto been found, in the
" period preceding the grand inundation
" by which they were destroyed."—(P. 231.) But Dr. Buckland says, in his Dedication, that this inquiry, "by affording
" the strongest evidence of an *universal*
" *deluge*, leads us to hope that it will no
" longer be asserted, as it has been by
" high authorities, that geology supplies
" no proofs of an event, in the *reality*
" of which the truth of the Mosaic re-
" cords is so materially involved."

M. Cuvier, in his "Essay on the Theory of the Earth," remarks, "After
" all, philosophers are only agreed on
" one point, which is, that *the sea has*
" *changed its place;* and this would
" never have been certainly known, but
" for the existence of extraneous fossils."
He alludes particularly to those of marine origin. But this point, in which all philosophers did agree, is not better established than the following, which relates to the remains of quadrupeds found in diluvial soil. "The appear-
" ance of their bones in strata, and still
" more of their entire carcases, clearly
" establishes," says M. Cuvier, "that the
" bed in which they are found must have
" been previously laid dry, or at least
" that dry land must have existed in its
" immediate neighbourhood. Their dis-
" appearance (supposing them extinct
" species) as certainly announces that
" this stratum must have been inundated,
" or that the dry land had ceased to
" exist in that state. It is from these,
" therefore, that we learn, *with perfect*
" *certainty*, the fact of the repeated
" irruptions of the sea upon the land,
" which the extraneous fossils and other
" productions of marine origin would
" not of themselves have proved; and
" by a careful investigation of them we
" may hope to ascertain the number and
" the epochs of these irruptions of the
" sea."—P. 59.

"Another important consequence," says Dr. Buckland, "arising from the
" inhabited caves and ossiferous fissures,
" the existence of which has been shown
" to extend generally over Europe is,
" that the present sea and land have
" *not* changed place; but that the ante-
" diluvian surface of at least a large por-
" tion of the northern hemisphere was
" the same with the present; since those
" tracts of dry land in which we find
" the ossiferous caves and fissures must
" have been dry also, when the land
" animals inhabited or fell into them in
" the period immediately preceding the
" inundation by which they were extir-
" pated. And hence it follows, that
" wherever such caves and fissures
" occur, *i. e.* in the greater part of
" Europe, and in whatever districts of
" the other continents such bones may
" be found under similar circumstances,
" there did *not* take place any such in-
" terchange of the surfaces occupied re-
" spectively by land and water, as many
" writers of high authority have con-
" ceived to have immediately succeeded
" the last great geological revolution, by
" an universal and transient inundation
" which has affected the planet we in-
" habit."—(*Reliq. Diluv.* p. 162.)

THE DRUID THEORY.

When I first read the "Reliquiæ Diluvianæ" (in 1823), I was forcibly reminded of a work with which I had been greatly interested in my earlier years—the translation of Pliny's Natural History by Dr. Philemon Holland. Having a good recollection of what is there said of the medical uses to which the bones of many animals had been applied in Britain in the time of the Druids, I was not surprised to hear of the discovery of a great number of bones foreign to this country in caverns, as well as in the superficial strata of the earth. The Druid theory of their origin would, as I conceived, explain every difficulty of their occurrence. But the discovery of the *dung* of hyænas afforded, as I thought, a good opportunity of testing the value of my opinion; for I could not remember that anything had been said concerning this thing by Pliny, and yet every theory must be regarded as imperfect which does not account for its introduction. Not without some anxiety for the result, I consulted my book, and found the following passages:—"But beside all this, "they (*the magicians*) affirm, that the "*excrements*, or *bones*, *which the* HYÆNA "*dischargeth out of the belly at the time* "*she is killed*, serve for counter-charms, "or preservatives against the sorceries "and practices of magicians. As for "the *ordure*, or *dung* (Pliny proceeds to "say), which is found within her guts, "being dried and taken in drink, it is "available against the dysentery; and "the same, reduced into a liniment, "with goose grease, and so applied, "helpeth those that by some *poison* are "infected all the body over."—(P. 313, B. 2.) There is sufficient, therefore, alone, in this extract, to account for the introduction of the HYÆNA'S *excrement* into the Kirkdale Cavern; and thus is removed the only apparent obstacle to the Druid theory. But I will take this opportunity of adding a few more lines which are in immediate connexion with the preceding, concerning other parts of the HYÆNA, which are of an equally perishable nature with this, and which probably formed part of the *materia medica* intended to be preserved in the pits of the Kirkdale Cavern.

Among these parts are the *marrow* of the backbone, which is "good for the nerves;" the *liver*, "which driveth away quartan agues;" the *gall*, which forms part of "a cure for the pain of the gout;" the *heart*, the *brains*, the *hairs*, the *lungs*, the *tongue*, the *palate*, the *skin of the forehead*, the *nape of the neck*, the *nerves of the shoulders and back*, the *melt*, the *caul*, the *skin*, the *purse* that holdeth the *gall*, the *bladder*, the *blood*, the *flesh*—each of which is said to have possessed certain medicinable virtues, which recommended it to our British ancestors. Some, if not all these, would be very likely to form part of that portion of the contents of the cavern which caused the pits in the floor to be formed, which Dr. Buckland mentions, but does not attempt to account for. If the Druid theory be correct, the *hand* of *man* is evidenced in the *formation* of these pits, as well as in the supplying of them with their contents.

"As for the HYÆNA," continues Pliny, "there is not a wild beast of the field "that the magicians have in so much "admiration as it: for they hold that "in the HYÆNA itself is a certain magi-"cal virtue, attributing a wonderful "power thereto, in transporting the mind "of man or woman, and ravishing their "senses so, as that it will allure them "to herself very strangely." But this charm could have but little value in the eyes of the Druids, since they esteemed more the qualities possessed by the *dead body* than the *living creature*. And accordingly Pliny proceeds to set forth the medicinable or magical qualities of the *bones*, having stated first the virtues of the more perishable parts already enumerated.

It is remarkable that of these *bones* he mentions more particularly those which are found most abundantly in the Kirkdale Cavern, viz. the *teeth*, the *jaw*, the *shoulders*, the *spondyles of the ridge bone*, the *atlantion*, the *feet*, the *pastern* bone, and the first and eighth *rib*. "They (the magicians) will make "us believe," he says, "that the HYÆNA'S

" *teeth* are good for the toothach, if the " pained teeth be but touched therewith, " or if the said *teeth* be arranged in " order, and so applied fast unto the " patient's teeth as they may fit every " tooth in his head. The *shoulders* also " of the HYÆNA are proper to ease the " pains that lie in our shoulders and " arms both, so they be set likewise " orderly, and hanged close to the " grieved parts. The *teeth* of the said " HYÆNA, plucked out of the left side " of the *jaw*, and bound up sure within " a piece of a sheep or a goat's skin, is " right sovereign to be worn in manner " of a scutcheon or stomacher, for to " ease the intolerable pains of the " stomach."—P. 312.

Again: "By their (*the magicians'*) " report, whosoever are haunted with " sprites in the night season, and be " affrighted with such bugbears, let them " but take one of the *master teeth* of " the HYÆNA, and wear it about them " tied by a linen thread, they shall be " freed from all such fantastical illusions. " These magicians also give directions " to those that be out of their wits, and " gone beside themselves, to have a per- " fume made with the smoke of those " *teeth*, and to wear one of them hanging " before the breast, with the *fat* growing " about the kidneys, or else with the " *liver* or the *skin*." Again: "If there " be kept in any house a *joint of the* " *ridge-bone, skin and all* as it groweth " to, the whole family shall agree to- " gether well, and live peaceably. Now " this *joint* or *knot* aforesaid they call " *atlantion*, and it is the very *first* " *spondyle* of them all. The same also " they make no small reckoning of, but " hold it for a special remedy of the " falling sickness." Again: "If an " archer bind unto his arm a *tooth* of an " HYÆNA growing on the right side of " the *upper jaw*, he shall shoot point- " blank, and never miss his mark." Lastly: "The very touching of the *feet* " of this beast is good for bleared eyes, " for ruptures, and for inflammations; " but this regard must be had, that the " *left foot* be applied to those griefs in " the *left* side, and the *right* to the " contrary."

In these latter extracts Pliny especially mentions the magical uses of the *first spondyle of the ridge-bone*, or the *joint*, or *knot*, of the HYÆNA, called the *atlantion*. Lucan, also, in his "Pharsalia" (quoted by Dr. B.), speaks of these *bones* as used in magical incantations (L. VI. 670).

Pliny distinguishes the *teeth*, the *jaws*, the *feet* and *pastern* bones of the HYÆNA as forming valuable remedies or charms for the magicians; and to this circumstance, no doubt, may be attributed the extraordinary abundance of the above-mentioned bones in the Kirkdale Cavern. Dr. Buckland bears witness to this fact: " The number of *teeth* and of solid bones " of the *tarsus* and *carpus*," he says, " is " more than twenty times as great as " could have been supplied by the indi- " viduals whose other bones we find " mixed with them." But the *master teeth*, probably as having a peculiar virtue, are more especially numerous. " Mr. Gibson alone collected more than " 300 *canine teeth* of the hyæna, which " at least must have belonged to seventy- " five individuals; and, adding to these " the *canine teeth* I have seen in other " collections," says Dr. B., " I cannot cal- " culate the total number of HYÆNAS " of which there is evidence at less than " 200 or 300." Yet, strange to say, there are very few *skulls* in comparison with the other bones; for which Dr. Buckland thus accounts: "At Kirkdale *not one* " *skull*, and few, if any, of the larger " bones are found entire; for these had " all been broken up by the HYÆNAS to " extract the brains and marrow; and " in their strong and worn-out *teeth* we " see the instruments by which they " were thus destroyed."—(P. 101, note.) This was Dr. Buckland's mode of accounting for the absence of the *skulls;* but Pliny gives us another reason. "The " *palate* or *roof of the mouth* of this " beast dried, and made hot, together " with Egyptian alum, will heal any " ulcers or cankers in the mouth. And " for those that wear under the soles of " their feet within the shoe a HYÆNA'S " *tongue*, there is not a dog will be so " hardy as to bay or bark at them. " The *brain* of the HYÆNA lying on the

" left side of the *head* easeth any deadly " diseases of man or beast, if the nostrils " be anointed therewith." The object to be gained by the breaking up of the *skulls* was, no doubt, the *brain*, whether the breakage was effected by a man or a beast; but the agent was more likely to have been a man, who knew to what magical uses the *brain* might be applied, than a hyæna, however partial he might be to that luxury. Even to this day, " when the *dubbah* (the *hyæna*) is taken, " the *Arabs* are very industrious to bury " the *head;* lest the *brain*, according to " their superstition, should be used in " *sorcery* and *enchantment.*"—(*Shaw's Travels in Barbary*, 4to. p. 174.) If the entire skull, therefore, had been brought to this country, it would have been broken up by the Druids for its magical or medicinal virtues; and this reason for its rarity in the cavern, if any were wanting, is sufficient.

" The occurrence of *birds' bones*" in the cavern, says Dr. Buckland, "may be " explained by the probability of the " HYÆNAS finding the birds dead, and " *taking them home as usual*, to eat in " their den." But when the bird is no bigger than a snipe, why should a HYÆNA *take it home* to eat it? He must take it home in his mouth, and when it is there, why does he not eat it at once? " Our largest dogs," says Dr. B., " eat rats and mice : " yes; but they do not *take them home* to eat them.

As for the discoveries at Church Lawford confirming the theory, we can only express our surprise that it should have prevailed for an instant against the objections which might have been urged against it. Would this old HYÆNA have travelled in company with the GOOSE without making a meal of her? Would the GOOSE have allowed herself to be drowned by the waters of the " inundation" which proved fatal to her companions, when she could have floated away on the same waters out of the reach of their dangerous company? Would the RHINOCEROS have been severed limb from limb, and the ELEPHANT, and yet only the two *heads* and tusks which are found have remained to tell the fate which overtook them, if they had perished by the same inundation?

The *art of magic* was practised very extensively in ITALY, GAUL, and BRITAIN. " Certain it is," saith Pliny, that " *Pythagoras, Empedocles, Democritus*, " and *Plato* were so far in love there- " with, that to attain the knowledge " thereof they undertook many voyages " and journeys over sea and land, as " exiled and banished persons, wandering " from place to place more like travellers " than students; and being returned " again to their own country, this art " they blazed abroad and highly praised: " this they held as a secret and divine " mystery."—P. 373, B. 2.

" No question there is verily, but this " *art of magic* was professed in *France*, " and continued till our days: for no " longer is it ago than since the time of " Tiberius Cæsar, that their *Druidæ*, (the " *priests and wise men* of France,) were by " his authority put down, together with " all the pack of such physicians, pro- " phets, and wizards. But what should I " discourse any longer in this wise of that " art which hath passed over the wide " ocean also, and gone as far as any land " is to be seen, even to the utmost " bounds of the earth, and beyond which " there is nothing to be discovered but " a vast prospect of air and water. And " verily IN BRITAIN AT THIS DAY, *it is* " *highly honoured, where the people are* " *so wholly devoted to it, with all reve-* " *rence and religious observation of* " *ceremonies*, that a man would think " the *Persians* first learned all their " magic from them. See how this art " and the practice thereof is spread over " the face of the whole earth! and how " those nations were conformable enough " to the rest of the world, in giving " entertainment thereto, who in all " other respects are far different and " divided from them; yea, and in a " manner altogether unknown to them." —P. 374, B. 2.

SUMMARY OF THE ARGUMENT.

The Druid theory accounts for the animal remains of the Kirkdale Cavern in a way which relieves us from every difficulty.

1. It allows the bones to be regarded as *grave bones;* which is highly important. They are in no case *mineralized*, and this distinction makes a perceptible difference between them and those fossil remains which are almost universally admitted to be antediluvian.

2. It relieves us from the necessity of supposing that the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and hyæna, with other animals belonging to tropical climates, as the lion, tiger, &c., of which some teeth are found, were at any period natives of these northern regions.

3. It accounts for the disproportionate quantity of the harder bones of these animals, which are met with in every deposit where they are found, and especially for the number of *teeth*.

4. It explains why some of the bones are rubbed smooth and worn away on the convex side of the curved bones, sometimes to one-fourth of their thickness. This was likely to occur from friction by their use in curing rheumatism.

5. It agrees with the preservation everywhere of the bones of the *elephant* in particular, for the sake of its ivory, of which the Druids made great use in forming rings, pins, bracelets, anklets, and other ornaments.

6. It accounts most satisfactorily for the occurrence of that extraordinary article, the *dung of the hyæna*, which forced Dr. Buckland to invent his theory in order to explain its presence. That this article should have formed a part of the *materia medica* of the Druids is not more surprising than that *album Græcum* (the white excrement of the dog) should have retained its place in our *pharmacopœia* to a recent period. The latter was probably first introduced as a substitute for the former—a "*Quid "pro Quo, in penuriâ rerum sumendum.*"

The time assigned by Pliny for the perfection of the art of magic in Britain agrees with that which Dr. Buckland ascribed to the age of the Druid woman in the cave of Paviland. She was at work, when she died, on the ivory pins and rings obtained from the skull of the elephant found in the same cave with her. The British camp on the summit of the cliff which still remained, showed that even then some hostile visit had been apprehended in South Wales; and, whether the invasion took place under Julius Cæsar or Claudius Cæsar, it was with some reason that Dr. Buckland concluded that the date of the human bones was "coeval with that of the mili-"tary occupation of the adjacent sum-"mits, and anterior to or coeval with "the Roman invasion of this country." Pliny was born A.D. 23, and died in 79, aged fifty-six. He was the contemporary, therefore, of St. Paul, to whom some have attributed the introduction of Christianity into this country. The *art of magic* was overthrown more completely by the introduction of *Christianity* than by the arms of the Romans. This conjecture receives some support from the evident connexion of the word "*church*" and "*kirk*" with those parts of the country in which *Druidism* had previously flourished, as if some missionary stations had been planted there in the infancy of Christianity.

It is unnecessary to pursue this subject any farther. All the instances of *bones* found in caves, or in the superficial strata of the earth, either in *Britain* or on the *Continent*, (or in *Sicily*, according to the latest discoveries,) are attended with some circumstances which show that they were not brought there by the waters of the *Deluge*, nor by the act of *Hyænas*. The *bones* were brought where they are found by men from distant parts of the world, where those animals were not then extinct, in exchange for the valuable commodities of tin, copper, iron, &c. which at that early period made our country famous.

On the whole, the *hand of man*, according to the statement of Pliny with reference to the Druids of this country, is fully sufficient to account for every difficulty in every case. It leaves nothing unexplained which may not be easily provided for. It exhibits a theory founded on historic facts, agreeable to common sense, and in accordance with the Scriptures, involving altogether a period of nearly 2,000 years.

# VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

## CHAPTER X.

CONTINUATION OF THE EXPERIENCES OF A RAW RECRUIT.

To judge by the employment of his first day's pilgrimage with his young recruit, Colonel Roganti was in no hurry to bring his corps up to the effective force of twelve thousand men, nor did he even seem very well to know what he was about, so ambiguous and contradictory proved his movements. Contrary, in fact, to the programme he had himself arranged, of stopping and addressing an audience at the next village—the village of the baker's newly painted shop, if you remember, he hurried through and past it, alleging as a reason for so doing, the scanty number of people to be seen out of doors (an allegation broadly belied by the evidence of Vincenzo's eyes), and the consequent advisability of making for another place, not far off, which he named, and where their exertions were likely to have more success.

They accordingly pushed on towards this new station, and had not gone far, when the sound of horses' hoofs made itself heard in their rear, and on looking back they saw two mounted carabineers, riding slowly in the direction they were themselves going. Vincenzo recollected having noticed, in the village he and his leader had just left, these two personages, conspicuous by their tri-coloured plume—for, being Sunday, they were in full uniform—and he wondered why, in passing, they should give the colonel so broad a stare. They said nothing however, and went their way. Probably, the two police-soldiers had their reasons for taking so close a survey of so queer looking a figure as Colonel Roganti was; and only a few months previously they would not have rested contented with only bestowing on him a look of curiosity, but infallibly demanded his papers, or otherwise constrained him to give an account of himself. As it was, the police had received such strict injunctions to avoid giving cause for complaint by any unnecessary interference, that now, in nine cases out of ten, where there were grounds for interfering, they chose to abstain, to the great convenience and gratification of swindlers and humbugs. A change of political system inevitably brings with it a slackening in the action of the police; when a worn-out lock is being replaced, the door must perforce remain open a while.

The meeting with the carabineers either coincided with, or was the occasion of, a new modification in the colonel's plans. After some remarks as to the great heat of the day, he turned out of the road into a plantation of mulberry-trees, and, leaving Rosinante to graze in peace, laid himself down in the shade, and bade his young comrade do the same—the sun was overpowering, he observed, and he was unwilling to overtask the strength of his young chaplain. Vincenzo protested alike against this carefulness and the appellation conferred on him—he was not afraid of the sun, and he was both able and willing to go on, he replied; and, further, he had enlisted as a soldier, and not as a chaplain.

"True," said the colonel, "and the more's the pity—such a comfortable berth as I had in my eye for you; little to do, high pay, and the most dainty feeding."

"Those are not the things I am in search of," said Vincenzo, a little piqued.

"Very well; you shall have your own choice. Nor do I contest your willingness or ability for a further

march—only permit me to regulate the use of your powers to the best of my experience. I ought to know something of what men can do. I have trained more soldiers than I have hairs on my head and chin—and you see I am neither bald nor beardless," wound up the speaker, with a pull at his thick beard.

Without being absolutely true in so far as the present halt was concerned, neither was the plea of its being made out of regard for his young companion absolutely false: the degree of rascality to which the *soi-disant* colonel had attained did not exclude a certain dose of considerateness for other people, especially when useful to him. Truly the man was more of a bungler than a villain; and, had there been more equilibrium between his very capacious appetites and his means of satisfying them, there are many chances that he would have turned out a harmless, if not a reputable, member of society. Whereas, having been born poor, and lacking the industry or the good luck to raise his means up to the height of his wants, and likewise the inclination to bring his wants down to a level with his scanty means, he had had to draw upon his wits to fill up the deficit; and, after an adventurous career both in his own country and abroad, now a soldier in Charles Albert's army, now a partisan of Dom Pedro in Portugal or of Queen Isabella in Spain, here he was, neither richer nor wiser, taking advantage of the war of independence to make out of it a dishonest penny.

The colonel in a few minutes was snoring gloriously; and Vincenzo, tired of keeping watch over the uncouth form stretched by his side, yielded little by little to the influence of example and of the hour, and fell soundly asleep—for how long neither he nor his companion, on awaking, could exactly determine, neither of them possessing any more precise guide to go by in the computation of time than the position of the sun, which was unluckily just then concealed by a dense mass of black threatening clouds. "We shall have rain before long," said the colonel, getting into his saddle, "so let us push on briskly; a hospitable roof will be welcome, and I think I know of one not far distant."

They went on at a smart pace, Vincenzo most determinedly keeping up with the horse, even occasionally getting a-head of Rosinante, and drinking in with delight the gusts of cool wind which precede a storm. By and bye, large drops of rain began to fall, which in another quarter of an hour thickened into a downright pour, and soon turned the ankle-deep bed of dust on the road into an adhesive compound, out of which our poor pedestrian had no small difficulty to pull his feet. Seeing this dilemma, the colonel bade Vincenzo mount behind him and take hold of his belt; and then the sorry nag was urged to its quickest canter, and in less than half an hour deposited his double burden, wet to the skin, under the porch of a large house. The hospitable roof alluded to by Roganti, who, it seemed, knew the country well, proved this time, contrary to Vincenzo's expectation, not an inn, but a mansion of good appearance.

The hymn of Pio Nono, which the two men began immediately to sing, attracted into the porch a bevy of children, whose joyful shouts and noisy footsteps had already given notice of some merry game going on within the house. At sight of the hirsute man there was a hush of the busy tongues, and unmistakable signs of uneasiness were manifested by the little band, especially when the object of their incipient fear motioned towards them with his hat, and gave a most winning grin. Indeed, this pantomime determined the speedy retreat of the foremost members of the infantine troop, and would in all likelihood have cleared the porch of them all in a twinkling, had not a young lady, probably an elder sister, made her appearance in time to reassure the troubled spirits, and afford a rallying point to which the little ones flocked, like a brood of chickens to a mother-hen.

The colonel bowed low, the palm of his right hand on the red cross on his left breast, in token of allegiance to

the young chatelaine. "Caught in the rain, I see," said the lady; "come in, and dry your clothes. Is that—your horse?"

She put the query with a little hesitation, as if at some loss to reconcile the possession of such a luxury with the humble mien and more than modest accoutrement of the persons before her. The reader must be aware that an abundant fall of rain on the thick coating of dust, gracing the original not very brilliant apparel on the back of our wayfarers, would stamp on tunic and cassock a variety of zebra-like arabesques, not at all improving to their appearance. The Calabrese hat and the three-cornered one, battered in and dripping like sieves, looked pitiful and ludicrous in the extreme.

"My old and faithful companion on many a battle-field," answered the colonel, patting the animal. "I am an old soldier, covered with scars, almost a cripple, as you may perceive," continued the speaker, limping along with difficulty after his conductress, "and I could not do without his help."

"We'll see presently that your faithful companion is properly taken care of," said the young lady, ushering the colonel and Vincenzo into a large parlour on the ground-floor. "Louis, run for Janet, and tell her to bring some faggots." The curly-headed boy entrusted with the message galloped away, astride of a walking-stick, and presently Janet appeared with a bundle of faggots, which in a few seconds were blazing and crackling on the wide hearth.

"Sit down here and dry yourself," said the young lady to the elder of the two travellers, placing a chair for him in front of the fire, "there's nothing so bad for old wounds, I know, as getting wet."

Colonel Roganti, offering a profusion of thanks, did as she bid him. Vincenzo went and stood by him, and the young lady disappeared, followed by all the little fry—to return shortly after with a bottle of wine and two glasses on a tray, and all the little fry at her heels.

"Take a glass of wine, it will do you good," she said, handing one to the colonel; "and you also," she added, offering another to Vincenzo. The colonel rose up with a tottering movement—he had become strangely shaky since he had mentioned his old wounds, and the being a cripple—flourished his glass to his gracious hostess, and emptied it at a gulp. Vincenzo scarcely put his lips to his.

"Now I'll go and see that your horse is stabled and fed," said the young lady; and away she went, the children clattering after her. The zeal and the little self-importance with which she played her part of mistress of the house clearly indicated that the duty had but newly devolved upon her, and that probably only for a time. The travellers availed themselves of this moment of privacy to give their clothes the benefit of the drying action of the fire, and to rub off tunic and cassock as much of the compound of dust and water which encrusted them as the means at their disposal, viz. their hands and handkerchiefs, allowed. Janet, bringing in wherewith to lay the table for their dinner, caught them thus employed, and compassionately invited them to follow her into the next room, which proved to be the laundry. There they found all that was necessary for their own ablutions, and the cleansing of their clothes.

The table was spread when they returned to the parlour, and a plentiful repast was shortly after served, to which they both did ample justice. A curly black head reconnoitred now and then their doings from the open door, but infallibly vanished at the slightest attempt of the long-bearded guest to entice it to his side by bland smiles and words. The meal had been ended some time, when a handsome pale-faced lady, about forty years of age, entered the room, leaning on the arm of the young girl who had hitherto done the honours of the house. The pale lady immediately sat down, and her young companion, evidently her daughter, pouring into a plate the contents of a small basket full of cherries, distributed some among the little flock in her train, and placed the rest before the colonel and Vincenzo.

"I hope you have not far to go," said the elderly lady, addressing the colonel.

"No," replied he, "only to ——," naming a place which was not Novara.

"I am glad to hear it," resumed she; "for your companion seems very young and delicate to travel on foot in this heat. Your son, I imagine?"

"Yes, my—adopted son," answered the colonel, adding something in so low a voice that Vincenzo could not catch what he said, but which elicited from the lady a sympathetic ejaculation of "poor boy!" and a look full of interest at Vincenzo.

"Do you belong to the army?" inquired the lady.

"Why, yes—and no. I am now on the retired list," said the colonel, in a faltering voice.

"My husband is in the army," went on the lady, with a little pride; "he is just now under the walls of Peschiera. It is rumoured that the surrender of the garrison is about to take place. Have you heard any later news?"

"I have no doubt of the surrender," said Roganti; "it is an infinite sorrow to me not to be there; alas! the spirit is willing, but the flesh weak; I am but the shell of a man, a cripple," and, as if to give evidence of the fact, he rose and began a tottering walk. Vincenzo blushed to the whites of his eyes.

"Poor man! don't fatigue yourself," urged the lady; "pray sit down again."

"Thank you, madam, but we must be moving; the weather has cleared up, and it is growing late; we have still a good bit of road to get over before sun-set."

"Take another glass of wine, while the horse is getting saddled," pressed the kind lady. The colonel complied with alacrity, and then offered his thanks for the hospitality he and his companion had received, in somewhat bombastic phrases. Vincenzo modestly and simply expressed the gratitude he felt. "A good journey, and God bless you," said the lady to him, as, at the colonel's bidding, he walked away first. Roganti loitered behind a minute or two in close and confidential conference with the lady, received something from her, which he put into his pocket with another flowery speech, and then hopped to the porch, where, with no end of grimaces meant to express acute pain, he, by the help of a stable-boy, succeeded at last in perching himself on the tall Rosinante, and set off, stared at by the crowd of urchins.

The horseman, with Vincenzo following, had not gone forty steps down the avenue, when a clear young voice called to them to stop, and the young lady, running up to them out of breath, slipped a tiny parcel into Vincenzo's hand, saying, "This is for you, from mamma," and darted away again. The act had been so instantaneous, and Vincenzo taken so by surprise, that he had neither the time nor the presence of mind to ask for any explanation, or even to say "thank you."

"What may that be?" asked the colonel, with an eager look at the small round packet.

"Money," said Vincenzo, taking off the paper, and turning scarlet as he saw a five-franc piece.

"All right; give it to me," said the colonel, stretching forth his hand; "it is intended as an offering to the sacred cause."

"But the signorina said it was for me from her mother," observed Vincenzo; "what could make her say so? To me, the gift seems rather like an alms-giving."

"How obtuse you are, my lad; the lady's wish that her contribution for the holy war should pass through your hands, only marks her appreciation of your youth and gentle bearing; it is as much as to say, I give this mite in consideration of that brave boy; it is a highly complimentary act, don't you see? Give it to me, I say."

"Here it is," said Vincenzo, handing the piece of money to his chief. "I never for a moment thought of appropriating it; I don't like compliments of a certain sort; I am a soldier and not a beggar."

"What nonsense you talk," said the colonel. "Instead of being thankful to those two ladies—"

"My heart is full of gratitude towards them," interrupted the youth; "they meant it all in kindness, and God bless them for it; but I say it is unfortunate that anything in your tone or bearing should have led them to such a misconception of our situation, as to suggest or encourage alms-giving."

"I encourage alms-giving!!" cried Roganti, putting both his hands to his temples. "I, Colonel Roganti, the most independent man in the world!"

"Why, then," pursued Vincenzo, with increasing animation; "why, then, not state frankly who you are, and the mission in which you are engaged? Why, instead of doing so, deny your belonging to the army, and say that you are on the retired list? Why describe yourself as a cripple, and walk like one ——?"

"Stop, sir, I must call you to order," cried the man on the horse, in a would-be authoritative tone. "Subordination is the first requisite in a soldier; I have told you that already, explained to you that, without subordination, you can never make a soldier worth his salt. I have already warned you, sir, and I warn you again once for all, you must take it for granted that all I say or do, however it may sound or look according to your unripe judgment, is for the good of the country, and for the triumph of the great cause. What can you know of the motives of a man like me; you, a stripling, without a hair on your chin? How dare you scrutinize, still more criticize, the behaviour of one, your superior in age, station, and experience? Suppose my mission is not only a military, but a political one? Suppose that I have a part to play, and must appear what I am not, in order to watch and confound treason? Suppose that I am on the track of a conspiracy, to break the neck of which I must for a while put aside the boldness of the lion for the cunning of the serpent? Suppose all this, and then say who is right and who is wrong? Well for you, my dear boy, that I have taken quite a fancy to you, and that I condescend to afford explanations where I could, and ought to give orders; well for you, I say, or the words you spoke just now might have cost you dear, very dear." And the crafty humbug, after this tirade, wrapt himself in a cloud of offended majesty.

Vincenzo was too young and too imaginative not to be imposed upon by those eternal rulers of even grown-up mankind, big words; and the political mission, the treason, and the cunning of the serpent, fell on his ears and mind with the weight of mighty arguments. Besides, his organ of veneration, which was particularly developed, ill accommodated itself to, nay, shrank from, the supposition of deceit in one so much his elder; the more so as, in his innocence, Vincenzo saw no plausible motive for that deceit. What possible interest, in fact, could the colonel have, so reasoned the youth, to drag after him an expensive incumbrance in the shape of a friendless, penniless boy, unless it was, as he had affirmed from the first, to befriend a victim of the Jesuits, as he wrongly assumed the boy to be, and to secure one more arm to fight for the liberty of the country?

With these and such-like reflections Vincenzo strove to rub off his mind the stratum of distrust created by the late occurrences, and to reduce his misgivings *ad absurdum*—a task in which he succeeded but tolerably, the colonel's mysterious whisper in the ear of the pale lady, and the "poor boy," together with the look which followed that exclamation, standing in the way of a complete acquittal. Yet, disturbed in his mind as he was, Vincenzo was far from feeling unhappy—could not feel so; quite the contrary. The keen interest he took in all he was seeing, the agreeable excitement he derived from the novelty of his situation, and of the scenery, left him no leisure or disposition to dwell upon his causes of uneasiness. The azure expanse of the sky, the wide horizon, the setting sun tipping with gold the tall elms bordering the road, the verdure, the song of the birds, the cows in the pasture, the mere fact of moving freely about, proved to the young wayfarer so many sources of lively enjoyment.

The landscape through which he journeyed had no pretensions to be picturesque—an immense plain with scarcely perceptible undulations, giving the idea of a green and yellow sea, with fleets of innumerable mulberry-trees at anchor, and bounded to the north by a very rocky coast, the Alps. But then the vegetation was so vigorous, the shades of green so rich and various, every leaf, every blade of grass gleamed so fresh and glossy in the sun after the shower, the festoons of vine hung so gracefully from tree to tree, the newly-mown hay scented the air so deliciously, that the looker-on must be fastidious indeed, and happily for himself Vincenzo was not so, whose heart did not dilate at the sight of such smiling plenty and luxuriant vegetation.

The night was fast closing in, when, after a stage of three good hours and a half, our pair of travellers stopped for refreshment and rest at a small inn at the entrance of a village. Here the hymn to Pio Nono was again sung, the toast and the patriotic speech again delivered, the sale of prints and scapularies attempted as usual, with little or no change from the programme of the previous evening, but with a very different result in so far as related to the collection of money. The company was scanty, and, worse than that, unsympathising; the landlord surly and taciturn, and, to judge from appearances, anything but inclined to become the recipient of those charming confidences about a young orphan, victim of the Jesuits, those confidences which had melted the heart of that model landlady of yesterday, and had been requited with excellent accommodation for the love of God. So, after smoking a pipe in silent dudgeon, the colonel went early to bed, and so did his acolyte.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A COLONEL UNHORSED.

Variety not being the *forte* of Colonel Roganti, and indeed his present trade admitting but of little change, we give up the ungrateful task of following him step by step, and of registering his tricks during the interval which separated the Sunday when we left him from the Tuesday, when we find him again. We will only note *en passant*, that twenty-four hours more of partnership with and close observation of his long-legged leader, had intensified to an alarming degree Vincenzo's surmises that the man was not playing fair, and was not what he gave himself out to be. Even green and inexperienced Vincenzo had come at last to feel, that the obsequious, nay, beggarly ways of the *soi-disant* colonel, were irreconcilable with the character of a true soldier. And as to the recruiting scheme, it was evidently a sham, a something used as a blind; how otherwise explain the fact, that not once had the man, either by word or deed, made any allusion to it before any of the audiences he always managed to collect round them both? How was it to be known that he was desirous of enlisting soldiers, unless he said so? All that he seemed to care to be understood was, that he had scapularies for sale, and thankfully received voluntary contributions for the war. All this looked like imposition, like sheer begging under pretence of patriotism, a begging to which Vincenzo had no inclination to lend himself.

Such were the thoughts fermenting in the ex-Seminarist's young brains on the Tuesday morning. Why then not part company at once with the man he so strongly suspected? Was he afraid of throwing himself on the world, far from his home, penniless amid strangers? Not in the least. Vincenzo was perfectly aware that he was not yet so far from Rumelli as to be out of range of his godfather's influence; he was perfectly sure, that he had only to pronounce the Signor Avvocato's respected name, to procure for himself both protection and the means of returning home. Had the case even been different, Vincenzo had self-reliance enough to have set forth alone, trusting to Providence to raise up help for him.

What deterred him from immediately

quitting Roganti, was the not being quite certain that Roganti was an impostor; it was the fear of wronging a man who might be innocent, and who had been kind to him in his way; in a word, it was conscientiousness, that great weak point of honest people, and which puts them at such an enormous disadvantage in their transactions with the wicked, who have none of that incommodious appendage. To extricate himself from the dilemma of either giving offence without any due cause, or countenancing fraud, Vincenzo, after long meditation, lighted upon a *mezzo termine*, and this was that he would submit his difficulty to the intendente of the first town they should enter. (Up to that day, whether from chance or design, Vincenzo's leader had never even passed through one.) Any intendente would probably know, or, if he did not already know, would have the power at once to discover, whether or not there was indeed a Colonel Roganti in the army, whose head-quarters were at Novara, etc. Vincenzo would decide according to the result of the inquiry.

The question might be put, it was true, to the mayor of the first village they came to; but with less chance of obtaining a solution than from an intendente, who is a central authority, with plenty of *employés* about him, and a police under his orders. Another reason for Vincenzo preferring the latter course was, that knowing, as he did, the intendente of Ibella, he could make use of that gentleman's name as a sort of introduction, and thus gain admittance more easily to the great man's presence. There still remained the knotty point of how to elude the colonel's strict surveillance. As to that, no course of action could be planned beforehand; all must depend on circumstances. Vincenzo must be ready to take advantage of them.

Having thus eased his mind, our young man prepared himself with a lighter heart for the labours of the day. It was only seven o'clock in the morning of the said Tuesday, when the colonel took up a position on horseback, in front of the inn where he had passed the night, and began operations. To account for a crowd of people thronging the village at so early an hour, and on a week day, we must say that a cattle fair was to be held there. The colonel was not the man to neglect so good an opportunity of letting the hymn be heard, or of making a little speech and puffing his scapularies. The hymn, the speech, and the scapularies succeeded so amazingly well with the numerous throng they attracted, and the harvest of pence proved so encouraging, that, forgetful, or maybe ignorant, of Horace's *non bis in idem*, the speculator yielded to the obvious temptation of trying his luck once more; that is, giving such well-disposed individuals the benefit of a second performance. Accordingly, a couple of hours or so later, he presented himself in front of another inn, or rather wine-shop, at the other end of the village, and was soon the centre of attraction to another numerous gathering.

Now, as the colonel's evil star would have it, there happened to be among the crowd a horse-dealer, one who furnished the neighbourhood with horses, and accommodated his customers by allowing them to pay by instalments. Well, to see Rosinante, and to identify him as the very same animal he had not two months back sold to a brother-in-law, who lived up in the hills, was for this horse-dealer one and the same thing. So, without preamble, he elbowed his way through the throng up to the colonel, and apostrophised him thus—

"By your leave, my good fellow, I should like to know how you came by that animal."

The colonel looked daggers at the questioner, and retorted angrily, "What business is it of yours?"

"Softly, my friend," said the horse-dealer, in a quiet voice. He was a stalwart man of about forty, and of very conciliating manners; but with an eye which told plainly enough that he might be a dangerous customer on occasions. "Softly, my friend; you needn't put yourself in a passion, nor

be insolent neither, my good sir. My business with the horse is clear enough, and here it is in two words. I sold the horse you are on, a very short time ago, to my brother-in-law who lives at Racorno. I saw him only last Sunday, and he was then well contented with his bargain, and had no idea, I am sure, of parting with it; and that is the reason why I wonder to see you bestriding it. It may be that my brother changed his mind, and that you came by the beast honestly enough; but it may be also that you came by it otherwise—and—"

"Take care how you impeach the character of an honourable man;" interrupted the colonel, in a loud voice, and looking as big as he could; "if you do, you must take the consequences; there are laws to punish defamation, sir."

"I know that," replied the other, without losing his composure; "and if I am wrong, I shall be ready to make you all possible amends. But one thing at a time. Just now have the goodness to come with me to the mayor; if you are a true man, you can have no objection. Do you know if the mayor is at home?" asked he, turning to the bystanders. Being answered in the affirmative, the horse-dealer grasped Rosinante by the bridle, and said to the rider, "Now then, let us go and settle the matter before the mayor; I just ask to be satisfied about the horse, nothing more. What do you say, good folks," continued he, addressing the crowd; "do I require anything unreasonable?"

Of course the crowd shouted with one voice that he was right. Besides being generally respected, the speaker had many a personal acquaintance among those present, not a few of whom, by the way, were in arrears with him, and naturally anxious to propitiate him.

The colonel, who had by this time doffed a portion of his arrogance, here said, deprecatingly—

"Would there be anything very extraordinary in my having hired the animal?"

"Why not?" said the other; "you may also have paid well for the loan of it; but excuse me for saying, that as I haven't the honour of knowing you, I must decline believing you on your unattested word. You can explain it all to the mayor, and if the mayor decides in your favour, well, I will abide by his decision, and make you an apology for distrusting you. I will even do more, I'll pay you a compensation. Can I offer more fairly?" added he, appealing to the chorus.

A volley of "Yes," "True," "Fairly spoken," and so on gave an unmistakable intimation that the chorus shared the sentiments of the horse-dealer.

"Well, let us be moving," said the plaintiff to the defendant, giving a shake to the bridle by way of a gentle hint. Thus driven to the wall, the colonel had nothing for it but to dismount, and with an escort more numerous than agreeable, proceed to the mayor's. Vincenzo, who had anxiously watched the various phases of this incident, silently accompanied his leader, trying now and then, by sidelong glances at the face of that personage, to anticipate the probable issue of the approaching investigation. The colonel caught one of these furtive glances, and said in an undertone, as if in answer, "I am the victim of a plot, artfully contrived by my enemies, who are also the enemies of my king and country; you slip away quietly and get out of the scrape—do, follow my advice."

Vincenzo hesitated for a moment, but the chivalrous part of his nature asserted itself, and he replied, "I'll stand by you if you are innocent. I have done no harm, and I have nothing to fear."

"You can do me no good; go," was the hasty rejoinder, as they were entering the mayor's house.

The mayor was an intelligent-looking farmer, a man probably of fifty years of age, who no sooner heard the nature of the charge than he recollected having that very morning received from the intendenza two letters relating to two cases of horse-stealing. "Go, some one of you, and fetch them," said the mayor; "the town-clerk is at the town-hall, and knows where they are." Ten messengers started at once, and the letters were pro-

duced in no time. One of them, in fact, referred to a horse, the description of which tallied exactly with Rosinante; the said horse had been hired for twenty-four hours by a tall long-bearded man, etc. etc., so long ago as the Monday before the last, and never returned to its owner, Paolo Sappi, of Racorno, the identical brother-in-law of the horse-dealer.

Roganti admitted the fact, but stoutly denied any intention of theft—in spite of his best wishes, urgent business had prevented his sending back the horse at the time agreed; but he was ready, and always had intended to pay for the extra time he had kept it.

The mayor exhorted him to reserve his explanations and defence for the justice of peace of the next town, whither he would be conveyed as soon as the carabineers should pass that way on their round. In the meantime, he ordered some national guards, then present out of uniform, to march off the accused to the town-hall, and to see that he did not make his escape. The case thus being disposed of, and the colonel removed, the mayor inquired who that seminarist was, pointing to Vincenzo. A dozen voices answered in a breath that the seminarist was the companion, and probably the accomplice of the thief. Vincenzo came forward boldly, and repelled the charge of complicity with the natural indignation of offended innocence. He briefly related the circumstances under which he had met, and been induced to accompany, the accused, and wound up by stating his own name and address, as well as those of his patron and godfather.

"A worthy gentleman, with whom I am well acquainted," said the mayor, "and who deserves better than to have godsons scouring about the country with horse-stealers. I will write immediately to the Signor Avvocato, that he may send for you, if he feels so disposed; but until that happens, you are my prisoner, sir," concluded the mayor with a half smile.

Vincenzo understood this announcement as a jest, and was confirmed in that belief by being invited half an hour later to sit down and partake of the mayor's dinner. There was a third person present at the meal, Ambrogio, the mayor's eldest son, a spirited youth of eighteen, who insisted on Vincenzo's relating all his adventures, and spoke of the innovations of the day and of the war with an enthusiasm which more than once drew down upon him a severe rebuke from his father.

The dinner over, the mayor took Vincenzo to an upper room, or rather a loft, in which there was a bed, and said to him, half in joke, half in earnest, "This is your prison for the time being, young man. As the Signor Avvocato will hold me responsible for your safe return to him, I had better take precautions against your giving me the slip."

Having thus delivered his sentence, the mayor locked the door on the outside, and put the key in his pocket. The joke was rather too true to be pleasant; but, as there was no remedy, Vincenzo had to be resigned. With no book to read, and no more interesting objects to look upon than the dead wall of the adjoining house, or a number of ropes of onions and strings of garlic, pendant from the rafters of his loft, the poor prisoner had ample leisure for speculating on his own concerns.

So here was an end of all travelling and soldiering for him, and a beginning to a new series of humiliations. He shuddered at the thought of having to go back on compulsion, with an escort as though he were a criminal, with the stigma attached to him of having consorted with a quack and impostor, probably a thief! Ah! what a contrast to his dream of presenting himself at Rumelli a proved soldier, the cross of honour on his breast, the pride and envy of all who knew him. What a misfortune to have stumbled upon a rogue, instead of a real officer able and willing to assist him. As things had turned out, how could he expect any one ever to believe that he had seriously wished and intended to join the army? Not even Miss Rose. Well, whatever mortifications the future might have in

store for him, on this he was determined —to have done for ever with seminary, theology, and priesthood. No, though he had to work like a peasant, he would a thousand times rather do so, than live in ease by a profession for the duties of which he felt himself unfitted. One could be a good Christian, and work out one's salvation without being either a priest or a monk; otherwise, what was to become of that immense majority who were neither?

Vincenzo had the presentiment of a coming struggle against his resolution, and he girded up his loins to meet it. Just as the sip of some cool beverage increases one's thirst, so did the little taste Vincenzo had had of the world add to his longing for more of it, and make him desire to wander through it without tether. The last few eventful days had marked the turning point in his life; they had steeled his hitherto vague aspirations after freedom into an indomitable purpose of conquering it. Many an apparently soft and pliable nature needs but the pressure of some extraordinary circumstances to harden at once, just as water needs but a strong degree of cold to consolidate into ice.

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon, Vincenzo's *tête-à-tête* with himself was interrupted for a few instants by a visit from his *pro tempore* gaoler, who brought him a large slice of bread and some cherries; and again about eight o'clock in the evening, when the mayor bid him come downstairs to supper. During the repast, Vincenzo was rather put out of countenance by the frequent kicks which his *vis-à-vis*, the mayor's son, inflicted on his legs, a proceeding from which the sympathising, nay, friendly expression of the kicker's face, took away all character of hostility; he could only construe them as a warning, the object of which was for the moment a mystery; or perhaps they might mean a promise of succour. As nine o'clock struck, Vincenzo was reconducted to his loft, and there left with a cordial good night, but no candle. He sat up hour after hour in the dark, with a vague expectation of something happening, until, having heard eleven strike, and silence reigning supreme indoors and out of doors, he came to the conclusion that the kicks meant nothing beyond an assurance of sympathy, conveyed in the only shape of which circumstances allowed, and then he decided that the wisest thing he could do was to go to bed and to sleep.

*To be continued.*

## THE OUTLOOK OF THE WAR.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN AMERICA.

The first walk up and down the quarter-deck of a homeward-bound steamer, lying alongside an American quay, affords one a curious, and to an Englishman not altogether an unpleasing sensation. A couple of steps across the narrow gangway, and you have passed from the New World to the Old. America is still in full view, almost within arm's reach. The great steam-ferries are ploughing through the waters round you; the street-railroads are bringing down their heavy loads close to the wharves; the old-fashioned American coaches are lumbering down, loaded with trunks of Transatlantic volume; the air is filled with the shouts of Yankee newsboys; the quays are crowded with American faces; and perhaps, amongst the crowd, if you are lucky, you may see the faces of kind friends who have made the New World almost a home to you. The day is hot, as only American days are hot, and the sky is blue, as English skies never are blue. And yet, in spite of all this, you are in England. You are in American waters still, subject to the laws of the United States, and three

thousand long, dreary, watery miles lie between you and home ; but you are as much in England as if the good ship *Europa* was a floating island, just detached from the Land's End or the North Foreland. The stewards treat you with that mixture of obsequious politeness and chilling indifference which is peculiar to English waiters. The officers of the ship, down to the boatswain, regard the natives with a supreme and undisguised conviction of superiority, which it is not given to any one not born within the four seas to attain to. And the captain—well, any country might be proud of him; but by no human possibility could he have been produced anywhere, except in England. So, by the time you have got out to sea, you begin, almost before the low coast of New England is out of sight, to doubt whether you have ever been away from home, and whether the receding vision of the New World is not a dream. I am not even sure that, especially when the vessel begins to roll, a doubt does not cross your mind, whether the whole of the New World is not a sort of Fata Morgana, and whether Columbus ever *did* discover anything beyond that waste of waters.

That doubt I have not altogether shaken off. I have still a good deal of that kind of feeling, which I daresay most of us have experienced when we jump off a bathing-machine, and happen to turn the wrong way, so that we do *not* see the machine when the salt water has got out of our eyes. It seems to me on coming back, that what I recollect, or fancy I recollect, must be a delusion of the mind. I saw a country rich, prosperous, and powerful, and am told that I have just returned from a ruined, bankrupt, and wretched land. I saw a people eager for war, full of hope, and confident of success, and am told, that this same people has no heart in the matter, and longs for foreign interference to secure peace at any price. I saw great principles at stake, great questions at issue, and learn that in this struggle there is no principle involved. These are matters of opinion, in which I may be mistaken ; but so much I do know for a fact, that I saw vast armies composed of as fine regiments as the old world could show—not Irish, nor Germans, but native-born Americans ; that I came across the track of great battles, and saw, only by too palpable an evidence, how bloody and how hard-fought had been the contest ; that I knew too, myself, of hundreds and thousands who had left home and family and business, to risk their lives for the cause that was dear to them. And then, I am still informed that I must be mistaken, because it is notorious that the Americans do not fight at all, that their soldiers are hired mercenaries, and that such qualities as courage and love of country do not exist in America. Before, then, I grow utterly confused as to what I saw or did not see, I will endeavour to record the impression left upon my mind as to the outlook of the war. If that impression should differ from the one popularly received in England, I trust I may be excused on the ground that things look very different near at hand from what they do at a distance. Which view is likely to be the more correct one, I do not presume to say. I never heard so much discussion on the comparative beauties of different kinds of scenery, as I once did at the baths of Gräf-rath, where all the company were purblind.

### THE CASE OF THE NORTH.

What on earth is the North fighting for? is a question which I have often had asked me here. If you were to put it to an American, he would doubt your asking it seriously; the answer seems to him so very simple and obvious. The Americans are not a reflective people ; they look at facts much more than at theories, and, like ourselves, act rather from general convictions, than on any logical system of reasoning. Their answer, therefore, to such a question is often indistinct and illogical enough. But having talked with scores of Northern men of all States and all classes on the subject, I should say that the gene-

ral chain of argument, which forms the basis of the different answers you receive, is easy to explain and understand. In considering it, it should be borne in mind, that the merits or demerits of the Northern cause are entirely independent of the issue of the war. Before the war commenced, the North had no doubt, whether right or wrong, that it possessed the power to suppress the insurrection by armed force. The present question, therefore, is, not whether the North was wise in going to war, but whether her motives were sufficient to justify her in so doing? I am not going to enter upon the questions, whether war is ever justifiable except in self-defence, or whether any nation is ever at liberty morally to coerce another against its will. The arguments against aggression and coercion are very strong ones, but they are not ones which an Englishman can use, and I wish to speak of this question from an English point of view.

The answer then would be much after this fashion:—"We will put the slavery question aside. On that point we are divided among ourselves. We do not claim to be carrying on a war of emancipation; we are not fighting for the blacks, but for the whites. Emancipation may come, probably will come, as one result of our war; but *the* object of the war is to preserve the Union. We allowed perfect freedom to the Southern States, freedom as full and as untrammelled as we enjoyed ourselves. Not only did we not interfere with their peculiar institution, but we granted them every facility they claimed for its maintenance. We permitted the South to have more than its full share of power, to fill up the Government with Southern men. There was one thing only we objected to, and that was to having slavery forced upon the Free States of the North. We objected to this legally and constitutionally, and by legal and constitutional measures we expressed the will of the nation. Our whole Government, like all free governments, rests upon the principle that the will of the majority must decide. The South revolted at once because it was defeated by the vote of the majority. If we had acquiesced in that revolt the vital principle of our Government was overthrown. Any minority whatever, either in the Union or in the separate States, which happened to be dissatisfied with the decision of the majority, might have followed the example of the South, and our Government would have fallen to pieces, like an arch without a keystone. The one principle of power in a democracy is the submission of the minority to the will of the people; and, in fighting against the South, we are fighting for the vital principle of our Government. You call a man a coward who will let himself be robbed of all that makes life valuable without making an effort to resist; and what would you have called a nation that submitted placidly to its own dismemberment?

"We are fighting too"—so the Northerners would urge—"not only for abstract constitutional principles, but for clear matter-of-fact interests. Our Government was at any rate a very good one in our own eyes. As a people we had prospered under it. We had enjoyed more of freedom, order, and happiness beneath the Union than, we believe, any people had ever enjoyed before. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, we were one people, dwelling under one government, speaking one language, without custom-houses or passports or frontier lines to separate us, without the fear of invasion and war, without the need for standing armies and camps and fortified cities, free to carry on unmolested our great mission of reclaiming the vast wilderness. We are asked to abandon all this, and you wonder that we refuse to do so without striking a blow in defence of our rights.

"It is not only our present, but our future that is at stake. Supposing we had acceded to the proposals of tame submission, what would have been the inevitable result? We should have had upon our frontier a hostile power, to whom our free institutions were a standing menace, and to whom extension of territory was a necessity of political

existence. War must have come sooner or later, and in the interest of our future peace it was better to fight at once. Even if a peaceable and durable separation had been possible, and if terms of compromise could have been devised, where was the process of disunion to end? If once the South goes the Union is dissolved; the Western States would inevitably part company before long with the Sea-board States; California would assert its independence; the Border States would fall away from the Central States; and the Union, the great work of our forefathers, would give place to a system of rival republics, with mutual enmities, antagonistic policies, foreign alliances, and intestine wars. We have seen the whole of Europe applauding Italy for endeavouring to become one people under one government; and are we to be blamed because we decline being reduced into the same political condition as Italy was in before the revolution?"

Such in substance would be the answer of any average Northerner. In speaking to a foreigner, he would not dwell much on the national dream of the golden future, to whose realization Secession is absolutely fatal; but I believe that in the heart of most Americans, this feeling is uppermost. That dream of the possible future was not so unreasonable, or so chimerical a one, as we are apt to fancy. It was the one great beauty of the Federal constitution, that it was adapted to an almost indefinite expansion of territory. Such complete and absolute liberty was granted to the individual States by the Federal compact; the central government conferred so many advantages and demanded so few sacrifices, that it was really possible for state after state to have joined the Union, as civilization pushed further westwards, without the necessity of change or revolution. It was within the bounds of possibility, almost of probability, that the dream might have been realised—that the whole of that vast continent might have been occupied by a hundred states, each ruling itself as it thought best, and all living under one common free government. The idea that Washington should one day be the seat of government of the whole of North America, was not a more absurd one than that the little island of England should rule over India and Australia and Canada. Be the idea reasonable or not, it was at least a very grand one, and one consonant, too, to that admiration for sheer greatness which is peculiar to the American mind. It was an idea palpable to all understandings, and shared by all classes. The ablest of American novelists once said to me, "We have no past, we have no present to be proud of, and, if we lose our faith in the future, we have nothing worth living for." And in so speaking, he uttered, only somewhat more openly than usual, a conviction, which, right or wrong, is the prevailing one amongst educated Americans. It would be very difficult for the writer, or probably for the reader, or for ninety Englishmen out of every hundred, to show in what single respect, financial, commercial, or political, he was one atom better off from the fact that the British flag waves over a thousand colonies; and yet every Englishman must feel that our colonial empire adds somehow or other to his personal dignity and happiness. So in like manner, if an American feels that his pride and sense of dignity are involved in that possible empire of the future, it is not for an Englishman to ridicule the idea. It happened that, early in this war, I had the pleasure of being introduced to General Scott. With that frank cordiality of manner which gives a charm to the conversation of well-bred Americans at home, he began talking to me about England, expressing his keen desire to see our country again after an absence of forty years; and he wound up by saying, "England, sir, is a noble country; a country worth fighting for." What the old hero said of England, I think any candid Englishman, who knew the country, would say of America. The North has a cause worth fighting for; and, successful or unsuccessful, it will be better for the North, better also for the world at large, that a great cause has been fought for gallantly.

I admit freely, on the other hand, that the South also has fought gallantly. I can understand the sympathy that bystanders inevitably feel for the weaker party, fighting against great odds and holding out manfully against defeat and discouragement. Any one who knows the facts must be aware, that the odds in favour of the North were not nearly so strong as they looked at first sight. I suppose, too, the most ardent of revolutionists must admit that every revolution should be justified by some act of oppression; and the most eager of Secessionists would be puzzled to find any one act of oppression, which the South had endured at the hands of the North, before secession, with that one single exception, which Southern partisans always keep in the back-ground, that the North objected to the extension of slavery. "I do not like you, Doctor Fell," may be a very good argument for a school-boy; but when a nation can give no better "reason why," for revolution, I confess that my sympathies are with the established government. It is curious, indeed, to hear Englishmen, who stand aghast at the notion of repeal, who can find no terms strong enough to stigmatize the Ionians for desiring a nationality of their own, and who look on the Indian mutiny as an act of unparalleled ingratitude, advocating the sacred right of revolution with regard to the South. Still, to my mind, the right of every nation, wisely or unwisely, to choose its own government, is so important a principle, that I should admit its application to the case of the South, if it were not for the question of slavery, of which I would speak next.

### THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

"Qui veut la fin veut les moyens," according to the French proverb; and I perceive already that a large party in England are so anxious for the disruption of the Union, that they are disposed to look very tenderly on the peculiar institution, whose maintenance is essential to the success of their hopes. Still, happily, we have as yet had no party cynical enough to advocate openly the merits of slavery. Everybody still professes to disapprove of slavery. "Of course," so the cant of the day runs, "slavery is a very dreadful thing, and everybody, the South above all, would be glad to see it abolished; but slavery has nothing to do with the present war. The North dislikes the negro even more than the South does; and whichever side conquers, the negro has nothing to expect from the war. He is out of court, and any attempt to get up sympathy on his behalf is irrelevant to the present question."

Now, in answer to this sort of talk, I grant that the North has not gone to war for the idea of emancipation, and is not fighting for it now. Nations very seldom do fight for an idea. There has been one war for an idea in the last half-century, and we have never left off deriding it, and sneering at it, till the present hour. Very few great causes in this world are fought for on abstract principles, and if one, out of many motives, for which the North is fighting, is a dislike to slavery, it is as much as you can reasonably expect. In any great question you must look much more to the principles at stake, than to the motives of the actors. The racehorse who runs for the stake does not know or care a straw about your betting book, but you feel as much interest in his success as if he was running for your sake alone. What I wish to point out then is, that the issue of slavery is really involved in the present struggle. The other day, on the return of the "Comte de Paris," he said to an informant of mine, "The thing that surprises me most in England is to be told, that slavery has nothing to do with the American war. Why, from the day I set foot in America to the day I left it, I never heard of anything except the question of slavery." Every American traveller must confirm this opinion. During my whole stay in the United States, I never took up a newspaper—and heaven only knows how many I did take up daily—without seeing the slave question discussed in some form

or other. If the war had done no other good, it would have effected this much, that the case of the slave has been forced upon the conscience of the North, and that the criminal apathy which acquiesced tamely in the existence of an admitted evil, has received its death-blow. More than this, however, the one *casus belli* has been, throughout, the question of the extension of slavery. Stories about tariff grievances, about aristocratic incompatibility to put up with democratic institutions, about difference of race and political government, are mere inventions to suit an European public, which their authors must have laughed inwardly to see swallowed so willingly. It was my fortune to see a good deal of Southern men and newspapers in the States, and the one cause of complaint against the North was always and alone the slave-question. If slavery were not the cause of Secession, it is impossible to explain the limits of the Secession movement. Massachusetts is not more different from Georgia in geographical position, commercial interests, and social character than Tennessee is from Louisiana, or Virginia from Alabama. Every Free State, without one exception, is loyal to the Union. Every Slave State, with the single exception of Delaware, where slavery is nominal, has been disloyal. The inference is obvious, and, to my mind, undeniable. Now the Southern leaders have shown too much acuteness to make it probable that they risked everything to avoid an imaginary danger. They seceded from the Union, solely and avowedly because slavery was in danger from the North, and it is more probable that they knew the real state of affairs, than their enthusiastic partisans on this side the water, who assert that slavery had nothing to do with Secession. I believe myself, from their own point of view, they were right in seceding. They understood the position better than the North did. They knew perfectly that the republican party had no intention of interfering with slavery as it existed. They knew that the peculiar institution in South Carolina, for instance, was as safe under Lincoln as it had been under Buchanan. But they knew, also, that to the permanent existence of slavery in the Union, two things were essential—the supremacy of the slave power in the Central Government, and the power of indefinite expansion. Another election might restore them to the seats of office in Washington; but, if once the extension of slavery were prohibited, as it was by the adoption of the Chicago programme, slavery was doomed. The system of slave-labour exhausts the soil so rapidly, that slavery would be starved out without a constant supply of fresh ground to occupy. I hear constantly, that the South only wants to establish its independence. If the European powers could offer to-morrow to guarantee the independence of the Gulf States, the offer would be rejected without hesitation, unless the Confederacy could be secured also the possession of the vast regions that lie west of the Mississippi, whereon to ground new slave states and territories. The North is fighting against, the South is fighting for, the power of extending slavery across the American continent; and, if this was all that could be said, it is clear on which side must be the sympathies of any one, who really and honestly believes that slavery is an evil and a sin.

But this is not all that can be said. The present war is working directly for the overthrow of slavery where it exists already. If you look at facts, not at words, you will see, that the progress of the anti-slavery movement has been more rapid since the war burst out than it has been in the last half-century. Slavery is abolished once for all in the district of Columbia, and no senator can come henceforth to Washington, bringing his slaves with him. With a free territory in their heart, slavery becomes ultimately impossible in Maryland, as well as in Virginia. For the first time in American history, a distinct national proposal has been made to emancipate the slaves. The proposal is impracticable and unsatisfactory enough; but still it is a solemn avowal of the fact, that slavery is to be abolished, and, as such, it is of

the highest moment. The slave-trade has been finally suppressed as far as the United States are concerned, and, after half a century of delay, Hayti has been recognized. These measures are no unimportant ones in the world's history; but what renders them more important is that they are due, not to popular enthusiasm, but to the inexorable logic of facts. Stern experience is teaching the North that slavery is fatal to their own freedom; and it is beneath the growth of this conviction that these and other blows have been dealt against slavery.

It is no answer to statements such as these to vapour about the inhumanity of the North towards the free negro. Anybody, who knows England and Englishmen, must be aware that, if we had an immense foreign population among ourselves, belonging to an ignorant, half-savage, and inferior race, too numerous to be objects of sentimental curiosity, too marked in form and feature to be absorbed gradually, our feeling towards them would be very much that of the Northerner towards the negro. The sentiment which dictates the advertisement, so common in our newspapers, of "No Irish need apply," is exactly the same as that which objects in the North to the contact of the negro. Moreover, in all the Northern States, after all is said and done, the negro is treated like a man, not like a beast of burden. In most of the New England States, the black man has exactly the same rights and privileges as the white: and throughout the whole of the Free States the growth of public opinion is in favour of a more kindly treatment of the negro. Somehow or other, the negroes in the Free States prefer their treatment, however inconsiderate, to the considerate care of slave-owners. There is nothing easier than for an emancipated or runaway slave, who has experienced the vanity of freedom, to recover the joys of slavery. He has only got to appear as a vagrant in a Slave State, and the State will take the trouble of providing him with a master, free of expense: yet, strange to say, slaves are not found to avail themselves of the privilege. But, admitting the very worst that could be said of the condition of free negroes in the North, a humane man must, I fear, conclude, that, on the whole, it is better for the world that the American negroes should die out like the Indians, than that they should go on increasing and multiplying under slavery, and thus perpetuating an accursed system to generations yet unborn.

Southern friends whom I knew in the North, used to try hard to persuade me, that the best chance for abolition lay in the establishment of a Southern Confederacy. I do not doubt they were sincere in their convictions, but, like most secession advocates, they proved too much. When you are told that the slaves are the happiest people in the world, and that slavery is the best institution ever devised for the benefit of the poor, you are surprised to learn, in one and the same breath, that the main object and chief desire of the Secessionists is to abolish slavery. Whatever may be asserted abroad, I have never seen any address or proclamation of the Southern leaders, in which the possibility of emancipation was ever hinted—in which, on the contrary, the indefinite extension of slavery was not held forward rather as the reward of success. That a social system based on slavery must fall to pieces ultimately, I have little doubt myself; but "ultimately" is a long word. The immediate result of the establishment of the Southern Confederacy is obvious enough. A new lease of existence will be given to slavery; vast new territories will be added to the dominions of slavery, and the cancer of slavery will spread its roots over the width and length of the New World. Those who wish the South to succeed wish slavery to be extended and strengthened. There is no avoiding this conclusion; and, therefore, as I hold that the right of every man to be free is a principle even more important than the right of every nation to choose its own government, I am deaf to the appeal that the South deserves our sympathy because it is fighting to establish its

independence. If the North had but dared to take for its battle-cry, the grand preamble of the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths "to be self-evident, that all men are "created equal; that they are endowed "by their Creator with certain inalien- "able rights; that amongst these are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happi- "ness," then it might have appealed to the world for sympathy, in a manner it cannot now. That this cannot be, I regret bitterly. The North still ignores the principles contained in its great charter of freedom, but it does not repudiate them like the South. And, in the words of a homely proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

### THE MILITARY POSITION.

Facts, however, not words or sentiments, will decide the contest between North and South. The "causa victa" may be better than the "causa victrix;" but, after all, the real question is, Which side will conquer? not, Which ought to conquer? Now, as the whole position of affairs may be altered by a single battle, long before this letter appears in print, there is little use in speculations about the immediate issue of the war. But there are certain broad features in the war, which, I think, people over here are too apt to forget. Two months ago, everybody fancied that the cause of the South was hopeless; now, everybody jumps to the conclusion, that the North has lost the game. Probably, one assumption may prove as groundless as the other. If you look at the whole spring campaign, instead of solely at the advance by the Peninsula, the balance of success is still enormously on the side of the North. Compare the present position of affairs with what it was when I reached Washington at the end of last February. At that time, the Confederate army was threatening Washington. A morning's ride from the Capital brought one in sight of the Confederate pickets. The Baltimore and Ohio route—the great main line between the Eastern and Western States, passing through Maryland and Virginia—was in the possession of the Confederates. If you wanted to go from Cincinnati to Washington, you had to make an immense détour through North Pennsylvania, in order to avoid capture by the Confederates. The line from Baltimore to Washington—the one single channel of communication between the Capital and the North—had to be guarded night and day, in order to secure it from Confederate forays. The Ohio was closed below Louisville, the Mississippi below Cairo, and the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers ran throughout their course between Confederate territories. Confederate armies were encamped at Bowling Green, in the heart of Kentucky. New Orleans and Nashville—the first and second cities of the South—were occupied by Confederate governments, prepared, as usual, to defend them to the death.

I visited Washington again early in July, just after the great reverses in the Peninsula. At that moment everybody there was gloomy and despondent, but still the change in the position of affairs since my first visit was encouraging enough. There was not now a Confederate regiment within a hundred miles of Washington, and a few mouldering earthworks at Manassas were the only traces left of the grand Confederate army which was to overrun the North. The war had been carried into the enemy's country, and the Federal advanced posts were within a morning's walk of Richmond. Maryland was no longer filled with troops. The Baltimore and Ohio route was running its trains as regularly as the Erie Central between New York and Niagara. Kentucky had not a Confederate soldier in arms on its soil. The Confederate army of the West was dispersed and routed. The Mississippi was open to Vicksburg, far south of the State of Tennessee; and Nashville and New Orleans were as completely under Federal rule as Boston or Chicago. Against all this, the one important item to be set down on the opposite side was, that the advance on

Richmond had proved a failure for the time being.

Still, Southern partisans would reply, with a show of reason, that these successes of the North, important as they were, did not affect the main question of the possibility of the North ever subjugating the South. This is true; and, if the South was really fighting only to secure its independence, and to establish a Confederacy of the Gulf States, the answer would be conclusive. But, in reality, as I pointed out just now, the struggle between North and South is, which party shall obtain possession of the Border States and the territories west of the lower Mississippi? which party, in fact, shall be the ruling power on the North American Continent? So far the successes of the North are fatal to the hopes of the Southern Empire. The South would not value, the North would not fear, a Confederacy confined within the Gulf States; and yet the result of the summer campaign has been to render it most improbable that the Confederacy, even if successful, will extend beyond its present narrow limits. So far the North has gained and the South lost.

With respect to the momentary aspect of the war there is little that need be said here. It is obvious by this time that the advance on Richmond by the Peninsula has proved a disastrous blunder, like the Walcheren Expedition. It is obvious, also, that the next attempt on Richmond will be made from another quarter. Probably, to venture on a military prophecy, we shall learn before the month is over, that McClellan's army has been withdrawn from the Peninsula, and conveyed up the Potomac to Acquia Creek. Thence, when the heats are over, that is, about the middle of September, it will probably march on Richmond along the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad in conjunction with Pope's advance from Gordonsville. To say the worst for the North, an expedition has failed, an army has been destroyed, and a general has been proved incompetent. If every war was over, in which such casualties occurred, possibly the world would have been a gainer. The war will be decided, not by any single defeat or victory, but by the relative power of the two combatants. Now, as far as wealth, numbers, and resources are concerned, it is not worth the trouble of proving that the North is superior to the South. As far as mere personal courage is concerned, one may fairly assume that both sides are equal. Any one who has, like myself, been through the hospitals of the North, where Federal and Confederate wounded are nursed together, can entertain no doubt that the battles of the war have been fought on both sides only too gallantly. The one doubt is, whether the South may not be superior to the North in resolution, in readiness to make sacrifices, and in unity of action. If it is so, the chances are in favour of the South; but there is no proof as yet that it is the case. Much, and, I think, undue stress is laid in England, on the slow progress of the late enlistments in the North. It is very easy to talk glibly about what England would do in case she was at war; but, if England did as much, relatively, as the United States have done, it would be a grand and a terrible effort. Already, out of the able-bodied men in the North, old enough to bear arms, one out of every four, or thereabouts, has volunteered at different times for the army. There is no evidence that the South has done as much, but the contrary. Six months ago, the volunteering energies of the South were exhausted; and, though the enemy was actually invading the sacred soil, it was necessary to resort to conscription in order to raise soldiers for the war. By this time the South must have as many men under arms as she can raise in any event; her armies have suffered fearfully in the late battles, and still more fearfully from disease; moreover, all the defects inherent to irregular armies, which tell so much on the North, tell doubly and trebly upon the South. The Southern papers which I saw while in America, were full of complaints of the misconduct of their troops, the want of patriotism of their citizens, and the

incompetence of their generals. Of course these stories were exaggerations, or only partial truths; otherwise the South could not have held out so long; but they serve to show that there is disorder and discontent, South as well as North. If the Northern States refuse to submit to the conscription, there is an end to the war for the time being; but if they do not, the North will again have a much better chance of success than the South. It looks unfavourable for the Southern cause, that the victory of the Chickahominy has not been followed up, and that the Southern generals have apparently adopted that policy of "masterly inaction" which proved so fatal to the North. At any rate, before we offer a "*Te Deum*" for the success of the South, it will be well to wait a while longer.

### THE PROSPECT OF THE FUTURE.

"But granting all this," I hear my intelligent objector—my moral ninepin, whom, disputant-like, I put up for the sole purpose of bowling down—conclude by saying, "if the North should win, how is it possible permanently to hold and govern the South?" Now this is a question that I bored all my American acquaintances with asking, ministers and senators amongst the number, and I own that very few of them seemed to be able to answer it satisfactorily. The nation is too much wrapt up in the immediate issue of the war to trouble itself much with speculations on the future. Moreover, the plain fact is, that the vast majority of Americans cannot realize the idea that the Southerners really do not like the Union. To themselves the Union appears so natural, so liberal, and so good a government, that it is impossible anybody who has lived beneath its rule should leave it willingly. Secession in Northern eyes is still an unaccountable and inexplicable act of madness. If the Southern States were, some fine morning, to lay down their arms, say they had been mistaken, and reunite themselves of their own accord to the Union, I believe that half, or more than half, the Americans of the Federal States would declare, with truth, that they had expected it all along. The belief in the existence of a strong union-party in the South has survived every refutation. The influence of this belief has diverted the popular mind from contemplating seriously the difficulties of reconstitution. Once conquer the South, suppress the armed insurrection, and all, according to the popular Northern faith, will be well. The leaders and promoters of Secession will be exiled, ruined, or reduced to insignificance; the great mass of the army will acknowledge that resistance is hopeless, and will make the best of their position; and then, somehow or other, it is incredible that the people of the South should not return to the belief that they are better off under the Union than under any other possible government. There is a good deal to be said for this view. All American politicians I have spoken to have assured me that, in the South, even more than in the North, public opinion changes with a degree of rapidity we cannot realize in Europe. There is no doubt, also, that, as a rule, nations do not resist without a chance of success. Between North and South there is no barrier of race, or religion, or language; and, if once the supremacy of either side was indisputably established, I think the weaker of the two would acquiesce in the rule of the stronger, without great reluctance or coercion.

The reason why the great majority of the Northern people are unwilling to interfere directly with the system of slavery is, because any interference destroys the possibility of reconstituting "the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was." But there is a powerful party in the North, who are opposed to this Micawber-like policy. According to their views, slavery is an inevitable source of hostility between North and South. To them, any peaceable restoration of the *status quo ante bellum*, unaccompanied by any settlement of the slavery-question, would appear a na-

tional calamity. Slavery, they argue, has caused the war. There can be no peace till the cause of war is removed. The South must be reorganized and reconstituted. The slave-owners—some three hundred thousand in all—must be virtually removed, whether by ruin, exile, or confiscation, matters little. Their place must be supplied by capitalists from the free North. Slavery once abolished, labour will cease to be dishonourable in the South. Emigration will pour in. A social revolution must be accomplished, and a new system of society constituted in the South, in which slavery has no part or share. To my mind, this view is really more rational than the popular one.

Very rapidly this view is gaining strength in the North. The people of the North, as a body, have no love for slavery, care very little about the slave, but have an intense attachment to the Union. The Abolitionists were unpopular at the commencement of the war, because it was believed their policy retarded the restoration of the Union by embittering the South. Now that it is seen that there is no chance of conciliating the South, the policy of Abolition has become popular, as the one best adapted for preserving the Union. If the war continues it must become, ere long, a war for emancipation. This is a fact it is useless ignoring. As long as emancipation does come, it can matter little to any true enemy of slavery by whom, or through whom, it does come; and, of all countries in the world, England is not the one to retard such a consummation. Whenever the partizans of the South are unable to deny the probability of emancipation being brought about by the war, they begin at once to lament the horrors of this wicked contest, to moan about the brutality of the North, and to hold up the bugbear of a servile war.

Now, that all war is an awful thing, and that a war amongst kinsmen, speaking the same language, is the most awful of wars, I admit most fully. But supposing war is justifiable, when your cause is good, and supposing the cause of the North, as I have endeavoured to show, is good, it is mere cant to maunder about the inevitable miseries and horrors of this particular war, as if every war had hitherto been exempt from them. As to the brutality of the North, that is a question of fact, not of sentiment; and if anybody can show me another instance in the world's history of a civil war having raged in a country for a year, without one traitor being executed, it will be matter of surprise to me. That individual acts of barbarity have been committed, I cannot doubt, because such occur in every war; but there has been no national demand for vengeance, such as was raised in England at the Indian mutiny. Ex-President Buchanan lives at Wheatlands, unmolested and unnoticed. Avowed Secessionists reside in New York and Boston with as much security as though they were in Paris or London, and the policy of confiscation has been forced upon the Government by Congress without the support, if not against the wishes, of the people. Surely these facts are worth setting against General Butler's Bunkum proclamation. As to the servile war, the horrors of which are constantly held *in terrorem* over the friends of emancipation, I see no cause to anticipate it. If the slaves are so contented with their position, so attached to their masters as we are told they are, there can be no danger of their butchering their masters' families at the first opportunity which offers. If they are not, there is little prospect of their rising. I should think more highly of the negro race than I do, if I believed there was any probability that, unarmed and unassisted by white men, they would rise against their owners. The slaves will not rise till the Union armies are in their midst, to support and protect them. They will not rise till they are supplied with arms, and the Federal Government has steadily refused to supply them with arms. Even if they should be armed, they will fight, if at all, in company with white men. Now, the feeling of race is so strong amongst the whites, so much stronger

than any other feeling whatever, that, however grievous the provocation given to the black man might be, no American would look on and see a negro butchering a fellow white man without interfering on the side of the white. Even in Canada, the volunteers refused, the other day, to be drilled in company with a coloured regiment; and from the same feeling, only bitterly intensified, no slave would be permitted to wreak his vengeance on the white man as long as he was fighting under the orders of American soldiers. If ever there should be a servile war, it must be carried on by black men alone against whites, not by blacks aided by whites.

If, then, the North succeeds in subjugating the South, the one clear result is, that slavery must be abolished. What else will follow it is idle to speculate on now; but this conclusion is sufficient to make me desire that the North should succeed.

### AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

It is, so I am told, unpatriotic to desire the success of the North, because the continuance of the war causes such bitter misery in Lancashire, and because the restoration of the Union would lead inevitably to a war between the United States and England. With regard to the first of these objections, I feel its force strongly. Every Englishman must care more about his own countrymen than he does about either Yankees or negroes. I could not wish the distress in Lancashire to be removed at the price of a great national sin; and such, in my judgment, would be the interference of England to establish a Slave power in order to procure cotton. But, if the war *could* be terminated without any action on our part, I own I should regret, what I consider a misfortune to humanity, less acutely if I thought it would bring permanent relief to our manufacturing poor. But I do not think so. If the Confederacy were established now, there would be no chance of cotton being procured elsewhere; the supremacy of Southern slave-grown cotton would be re-established all the more firmly for the sufferings we have undergone; and England would be virtually dependent on the South, entangled in her alliances, involved in her wars, and liable for her embarrassments. Moreover, it is a delusion to suppose that the South would prove a good customer to English manufactures. The South can never be a maritime power. For years to come, she must be afraid of Northern invasion. For the interests, therefore, of her own safety, she cannot rely upon England to supply her with manufactures, and must encourage manufactures of her own. The only way to do this in a poor, half-civilized country, like the South, is by a high prohibitive tariff; and such a tariff will certainly be adopted by the South, whenever her independence is established. By the establishment, therefore, of the Southern Confederacy, our manufacturing districts would purchase exemption from present distress, at the price of much heavier and more permanent loss in future.

As to the danger of war, it is idle to deny its existence. There is a state of feeling on both sides the Atlantic which is only too likely to lead to war. Both nations believe that they are entirely in the right, that they have given no cause of offence. Which is most right or the most wrong there is no good in discussing now. It is enough that a feeling of hostility exists. But the danger of war is far greater in the event of the failure of the North than in the event of its success. If the North should subjugate the South, a generation must pass away before the South is really reunited to the North; and, until the South is reunited, the Union *cannot* make war upon any foreign power. The necessity of keeping down insurrection in the South would render impossible aggression in the North. But take the other alternative. The North will be for a time a homogeneous, powerful, and prosperous nation of twenty millions of white freemen. As a nation it will be burning under a sense of disgrace and defeat. The necessity of cementing

together what remains of the Union will render a foreign war politically desirable. No war will be so gratifying to the national pride as a war with England. The neutrality of the Southern confederacy will be purchased easily by acquiescence in its designs on Cuba and Mexico; and a war with England for the Canadas will be the inevitable result of a divided Union. Those who wish for peace, then, must desire the success of the North.

This, then, is the upshot of the conclusions I have formed during my journeyings through the Federal States—that, in the interest of humanity, in the interest of the negro, in the interest of America, and in the interest of England, the success of the North is the thing we ought to hope and wish for. If what I have written in these letters should cause others to share my convictions I shall be satisfied. The one thing required to keep America and England on friendly terms is, that each country should know the other better. It is rare to find an Englishman who has lived much in America, or an American who has lived long in England, who has not a feeling of affection for the country which was for a time his home. I lived long enough in the States to understand the feeling. I was prepared to find a great country and a prosperous powerful people, but I was not prepared to find a people so kindly and easy-natured, or a country so like our own. I should, indeed, be ungrateful if my recollections of America were anything but pleasant ones, or my wishes for her welfare not very heartfelt. I wish that the readers of these papers might feel as I do.

E. D.

## OVER!

A KNIGHT came prancing on his way,
And across the path a lady lay:
"Stoop a little and hear me speak:"
Then, "You are strong, and I am weak:
Ride over me now, and kill me."

He opened wide his gay blue eyes,
Like one o'ermastered by surprise:
His cheek and brow grew burning red:
"Long looked for, come at last," she said:
Ride over me, now, and kill me."

Then softly spoke the knight, and smiled:
"Fair maiden, whence this mood so wild?"
"Smile on," said she; "my reign is o'er;
But do my bidding yet once more:
Ride over me now, and kill me."

He smote his steed of dapple-grey,
And lightly cleared her where she lay;
But still as he sped on amain,
She murmured ever, "Turn again:
Ride over me now, and kill me!"

## THE HIGHLANDS AND THE HEBRIDES: GLIMPSES FROM OBAN.

All through those picturesque parts of Britain where our home-tourists have been wont to take their autumn holiday the hotel-keepers are finding the present a dull season. The International Exhibition has made a visit to London the fashion this year for all residents in the provinces who have time and money to spare for a trip; and, though Londoners themselves, tired enough of rummaging in the gigantic bazaar, are not likely to miss, on account of it, their usual run to the hills or the sea-side, this migration from the great city alone does not disperse so many tourists, or so much cash, to the extremities and quiet districts as when the other towns also yielded their proportions. A partial compensation, indeed, arises from the unusual number of foreigners brought over by the Exhibition to London. Not a few of these, having duly performed the main object of their visit, are, with great good sense, extending their journey, either northwards through the English Lakes into Scotland, or across the Channel to Ireland. Still along the favourite tracks of our tourists there are complaints from the hotel-keeping interest. Princely hotels in remote solitudes that, after having been shut up for eight months, used to bloom out in July in all the bustle of seventy beds, sure to be full every night for three or four months to come, are this season but half in flower. A little of the season is yet left during which matters may take a different turn. Not solely for the sake of the hotel-keepers we hope that they may. While September and part of golden October yet remain, the poet's advice is, this year, more than usually a fit one—

> "From shows of art which chase
> True thought away, run, and with watchful eyes
> Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
> Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
> Untouched, unbreathed upon."

To rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes, we would, on the faith of our own experience, have a dash of salt sea added; and, if possible, we would have the tour over some region not altogether destitute of the associations of human legend. In other words, O Exhibition-besotted reader, do as we have just done, and take a fortnight's run in the Highlands of Scotland. If it rain, indeed, you will assassinate us when you come back; but, if it don't, you will bless us.

We were a small family-party—myself, two ladies, and a little girl. Starting from London, taking Edinburgh in our way, and going thence by Stirling and the Trosachs, and so by the ever-lovely Loch Katrine, Lochlomond, and the little line of railway between Lochlomond and the Clyde which passes through what was once Smollett's quiet Vale of Leven, we found ourselves at length on board one of the splendid Clyde steamers, which, sailing every morning from Glasgow, pick up and discharge passengers at various points on their voyage down the beautiful Firth. Transferred from this steamer, at Ardrishaig, to the track-boat drawn by three horses, ridden by red-coated postilions, which passes through the Crinan Canal, we were received at the other end by a powerful sea-boat, which, after a two hours' sail along the jagged coast of Argyleshire and its islands, landed us at Oban.

Most of our readers, we daresay, do not know where Oban is. We hope they will know one day. For Oban, besides being a nice little town of itself, pleasantly situated for scenery and sea-bathing on the Argyleshire coast, where it has sprung up since 1713, and now counts some 2,000 inhabitants, is, and exults in being, "the Charing Cross of the Western Highlands." That is to say, just as, when you want an omnibus in London, you go to Charing Cross, or, if you get into an omnibus elsewhere,

you are pretty sure to come to Charing Cross in your route, so you can hardly travel in the West Highlands without becoming acquainted with Oban. For the steamers, above all, going and coming between Glasgow and the Highlands, it is a central station. These steamers, which are, in fact, one of the best organizations of the commercial enterprise of Glasgow, are mainly the property of one firm—that of Messrs. Hutcheson and Co.; and it is interesting to the tourist to know, while availing himself of them, that this so regular and convenient system of communication with those wide-straggling and romantic fringes and offsets of our British territory, formerly all but inaccessible, is not merely a successful commercial speculation, but at the same time the realization of what was once a private dream or passion of the principal partner. "Be- "ginning his commercial life about forty "years ago," says Mr. William Chambers, "as a junior clerk to one of the "earlier steamboat companies on the "Clyde, Mr. David Hutcheson was "afterwards, for many years, connected "with the firm of J. and G. Burns, a "large shipping concern in Glasgow "and Liverpool, and principal proprie- "tors of the Cunard ocean-steamers. "Among other places on the coast, "Messrs. Burns sent steamers to the "Western Isles; but this branch of "their trade, it seems, did not pay, "and was willingly resigned to David "Hutcheson, who had formed his own "opinions on the subject. With an "enthusiastic, and we should almost "say poetic, admiration of the West "Highlands and Islands, and desirous, "not only to make tourists acquainted "with their scenery, but to develop the "resources of their innumerable soli- "tudes, he entertained the notion that, "by giving large and finely-appointed "steamers, and doing everything on a "liberal scale, the intercourse with the "Hebrides might be established on a "solid and prosperous basis." He began operations about 1851; and now the whole of that region, through a portion of which Johnson and Bozzy made their famous way, ninety years ago, through such dangers and discomforts of open boats, rough beds, and nothing to eat, is so grasped by Hutcheson's steamers from Glasgow, and coaches and inns in connexion with them, that Sir Rowland Hill himself might calculate on reaching, in a day or two, the remotest point in it known in his post-office lists, and on finding his hot chop and glass of creamy Bass ready on the table for him, and the local post-master bowing in awe and alarm before him, almost at any minute he might appoint. From the Clyde to Inverary and Campbelton, to Port Askaig in Islay, to Scarnish in Tiree, to Tobermory in Mull, to Broadford and Portree in Skye, to Ullapool in West Cromarty, to Lochinver in West Sutherlandshire, nay, to Cape Wrath itself, where all that is rational ends in the sea-surge, or to insanely distant Lochmaddy in North Uist, or ferocious Stornoway in Lewis—not to speak of the whole more easy and civilized length of the Caledonian Canal from Fort William to Inverness—you may go and come punctually for three months in the year, with the music of fiddles on the deck playing Scotch airs to you and your fellow-passengers as you paddle through the Scotch seas, and past their islets and castle-crowned headlands; and all the while, barring it rains and storms (in which case there are comforts below), you may really enjoy yourself. Anyhow, if you are thereabouts, you can hardly avoid going in at Oban and passing a night or two there. For the Caledonian Canal set of steamers it is the half-way station; and some of the special excursion-steamers—such as those for Staffa and Iona and the round of the Island of Mull—take their departure from it. Indeed, just as Charing Cross was Charing Cross before there were omnibuses, so Oban was a point of arrival and departure between Argyleshire and the Hebrides before there were steamers. It was here that, on the evening of Friday, the 22d of October, 1773, Johnson and Bozzy, after having been lost to all human ken for nearly two months among the islands, stepped

ashore from the Mull ferry-boat, with the glad feeling that they were once more on the mainland, and that there was a continuity of solid earth, albeit part of it might be rough enough, between them and the habitable bulk of Scotland and England. They found, Bozzy tells us, "a tolerable inn," and a Glasgow newspaper, in which there was a paragraph of which they were the subject. The great Dr. Johnson, it said, by way of information to its readers and to the whole British public, had not been heard of for some time, but was believed to be then confined by tempestuous weather in Skye, from which, at that season of the year, it was uncertain when he might get away. But there was a consolation. "Such a philosopher, detained on an "almost barren island, resembles a "whale left upon the strand. The "latter will be welcome to everybody, "on account of its oil, its bone, &c.; "and the other will charm his com- "panions, and the rude inhabitants, "with his superior knowledge and "wisdom, calm resignation, and un- "bounded benevolence." So the Doctor and Bozzy went happily to bed at Oban; and the next morning, after breakfast, while the Doctor talked of Goldsmith and recited a passage from his *Traveller*, Bozzy helped him on with his great-coat; and, on two Highland shelties, with but one bridle between them (which the Doctor, of course, got) they set out southwards by Lochawe. Things are changed now. You may choose among half-a-dozen inns at Oban; in each you may find the London, as well as the Glasgow papers; and there are booksellers' shops, at which they sell, among other books, "Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides," and at one of which they publish a penny *Oban Magazine*.

Whether any such big fishes as Johnson now visit those Highland parts about Oban, might be best ascertained by inspecting the visitors' books at the several inns. If they do, however, there is no chance of their being stranded so long on any one spot as to enrich the natives with their oil, their bone, &c. This year the Count de Montalembert has been in that neighbourhood; and among other highly respectable-looking foreigners who were our fellow-passengers in several trips from Oban, were, as we gathered, M. Odillon Barrot, and M. Duvergier d'Hauranne. It is to be hoped that they diffused something good as they went. We think we know of one party who, had he been there in similar conditions to those in which these gentlemen were understood to be—that is, under invitation to free quarters and a week's shooting from one or other of the noble proprietors of the surrounding moors—would have done his best to be a minor Johnson in return for the hospitality, and to charm his host and the rude inhabitants, if not by his "superior knowledge and wisdom," or even his "unbounded benevolence," at least by his "calm resignation." Alas! we were in no such luck, and the first grouse that we are to shoot flutters yet in unknown futurity. As it was, we did our best; and, with two such fair companions as we had to shed envy round us, and the third wee one to prattle with, and make friends for herself and us, we were happy enough. One day we made the excursion to Ballachulish and Glencoe, revisiting from the sea that wondrous glen which we had traversed in a former season from the opposite or landward end. Another day, again starting from Oban and returning to it, we made the voyage of a hundred and twenty miles or so round the great island of Mull, viewing its rugged shores and indentations, passing minor dark islets of varied shapes near and far, and landing, we four in the hurried crowd of that day's pilgrims, first at holy Iona to see the ruins, and then at Staffa to see the caves. The third day, for reasons of my own, I walked alone to Dunstaffnage, at the mouth of Loch Etive, returning to Oban in time for the steamer which was to carry us, by an extension of our first day's route, to Banavie, at the entrance of the Caledonian Canal, whence next morning we were to proceed to Inverness.

On the whole the three days in and

from Oban, as we spent them, were worth much. As respects mere visual and other sensations—the mere reception of casual impressions and photographs, as one moved and looked—a greater difference could not be conceived in the whole world of contrasts than between three days in the Great Exhibition and those three days among the seas, lochs, and islands of the Argyleshire coast. For the perfection, indeed, of a Highland tour, there must be something of inland travelling as well—of coaching, or walking on foot, over black tracts of deer-forest, and round the bases or up the shoulders of the great mountains, and past the lips of silent lochs, and through the solitary shut-in-glens. But the coast-aspects are not to be missed; and these alone, or with such easy additions as may be got by a walk or a drive where one lands, form a series of scenic photographs in the first reception of which the untravelled Londoner, or any dweller on flat English lands however rich and beautiful, might find a sudden sensuous rouse, and a positive enlargement of spirit. Such knolly green promontories and peninsulas; such endless ins and outs of shore; such clear green pools of sea; such rocks covered with tangle and chafed with foam; such picturesque channels among islands and islets; such monotony and yet change of wooded and shaggy, or of scarred and torrent-seamed heights, dipping to the waves; such expanses of sleepy ocean, glistening in the sunshine or dark under the passing clouds, with always the form of a new islet or two on the horizon; such breaks and clefts, as one goes, into the mysteries of sinuous glens, around and behind which mountain-masses are tumbled, with the far blue peak over all of some one Ben More or Ben Cruachan! And then, when the passing of the boat from the open sea into one of the narrower lochs permits a closer view of the scenery right and left, what wilds of heath and moor, what corries and ravines, what solitudes for grey stone and cairn, what serried brown steeps, down which white streams trickle like threads, what sunbursts and sudden blackenings, what wreaths and rollings of mist from the tops overhead! Not till one has been in the Highlands can one know what a noble element in scenery is pure grey mist. It changes all; it is the wizard element. By its motions and wreathings, its risings, its descents, its strugglings with the blue, its sweepings and expansions, tracks of mountain-side, lake, and valley, that were else a kind of permanent monotony of green and brown, are fingered and played upon into endless phantasies of vision and meaning. There is a wreath of mist round the mountain-top. You gaze, and, as you gaze, the wreath takes lateral motion; it passes as a thin smoke, and the dark outline of the summit, peaked or lumpishly rounded, with perchance a patch of snow on one of its sides, heaves into momentary view. Or, again, the mist may descend. Down the dark sides it rolls, whirling and eddying; the whole valley becomes but a trough for the mist; through its whitish substance, at last, all becomes strange and ghastly; earth, lake, and air are confused; you are sailing in some realm of the doomed, a vapoury lake visible for some yards around, but beyond that nothing but vague, dark shapes of land, puffs and motions as of shadowy spirits cloaking themselves, and shimmering lakelets in depths of gloom. Let no one, till he has seen what it can do, blaspheme a Highland mist.

Always, wherever one moves, whether in clear view or in mist, there is the sense of wasteness and solitude, of the small proportion between the area of wild and picturesque earth around one and the humanity occupying it or that can occupy it. A thin population, you do know, is scattered over the region, here nestling in huts in some sequestered glen, there clustered in a village by the side of a loch, or in some sheltering recess of the sea-cliffs. But only now and then, at stopping-places, do groups or gatherings present themselves of these natives of the soil which has been immemorially theirs. In the appearance of such specimens of the native race as you do thus encounter, there is, we must say, whatever may be your prepossessions on the sub-

ject of the Saxon and the Celt, no sign of degeneracy. That type of the Irish-Celtic physiognomy which is most frequent in caricatures—the low forehead, the projecting under-face, the grinning gash for a mouth—was certainly here not predominant. In the slate-quarrying village of Ballachulish, at the mouth of Glencoe, where the workmen are all Celts and almost all MacDonalds, and which in itself might be cited (whoever is to blame) as realizing the worst that is said of Celtic slovenliness, the boys that tumble out from the wretched huts after your carriage are as splendid young rogues as you would wish to see, with such sturdy large heads that you cannot help looking at them, and feeling that, if there is any truth in phrenology, there is nothing in the world that men can be set to do in which these Celts, when they are grown up, might not match the Saxon. And so, though perhaps less conspicuously, with the adult Gael. So far as the rapid eye can observe, you are among a people as good, as capable intellectually, as any section whatever of her Britannic Majesty's subjects. And yet, withal, there *are* signs of difference. Many of the faces you see, nay, perhaps most, are of types in which there is nothing peculiar, and which might belong to Sheffield or Wapping as well as to Argyleshire. But others there are in which you recognize, or fancy you recognize, a purer Celtic character. Among these the fair-haired, or reddish-haired sort, both in its more powerful and in its meaner-looking variety, is not wanting. We are not sure, however, but that the type that, all in all, struck us most, as seeming peculiarly indigenous, was one of which we saw a good many specimens, and every now and then a most perfect one—a tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed type, slow and self-possessed in gesture, as if serving you under protest, and with faces of a proudly-sullen expression in which there was something Spanish. The occurrence of such figures and faces here and there, together with the greater frequency of the Celtic physiognomy as it is commonly conceived, does give the traveller who looks closely an impression that, as he has come to a peculiarly-formed part of the British territory, so he is among a people correspondingly peculiar. On the whole, however, were it not for the sounds of Gaelic speech which he hears around him, this might not occur to any except a very close observer. It is the passing from the Lowland-Scottish dialect to the Gaelic that breaks abruptly what would otherwise, as respects the people, be an imperceptible transition. For it would require more opportunities than fall in the way of the ordinary tourist to make him aware of what is nevertheless true—that the Highlands are now the fastness of forms of theological belief, and of accompanying social ordinances and observances, which were originally Lowland-Scottish, and that, in fact, certain strictnesses of Presbyterianism, which the Lowland-Scotch are relinquishing or modifying, have passed northward among the Gael. There are Highland parishes, the men of which would march southward, on very little bidding, to put down the present movement which we hear of in Edinburgh for opening the Botanic Gardens on Sunday.

The tourist, if he were to depend on the mere pleasure of movement, and of the successive images of scenery and people superficially impressed upon him as he goes, would soon, unless he had more of Ruskin in him than most men have, become satiated even with the grandeurs of the Highlands. But most tourists, it is to be hoped, have, in the knowledge with which they are already furnished ere they go into these parts, the means of prolonging and deepening the pleasures of sight-seeing by the definite interrogations with which they regulate them, and the miscellaneous thoughts and fancies which they make vision serve.

For a geologist, for example, or even for one who has a smattering of geology, a sail along the coast of the West Highlands is full of suggestion. By what forces, in what depths of prehistoric time, were these tracts of mountain and promontory, of loch and island, of rock and torrent, shaped or flung together?

When the rude, hard skeleton was at length complete, and the Atlantic roared against some such jagged barrier, how was it farther cracked and scarped, fashioned and modified, into its present exact configuration? How was it lichened and mossed, ferned and heathed, fringed with its seaweed, and brought to such a show of verdure and softness that sea-fowl began to scream round it, and preparatory forms of life appeared on it, promising afar off the advent of man? There are teachings yet in these matters which have to come from geological surveys of the whole north-west of Scotland, and more especially of particular parts of it which are known to our experts. But no man exists into whose mind, let it be never so void of all taught geology, something of that vague geological wonder, which in itself is worth having, would not be driven by the sight of Staffa. Who has not heard of this "Isle of Columns," this marvel of the western seas? Every one has looked at engravings of it, and read descriptions of it. And yet the actual sight of it—which is one of the objects of the twice-a-week steamer-excursion in the season round Mull from Oban—surpasses all that the tourist expects. You approach gradually a low, lumpish-looking bluff of rock, which you have seen at a distance rising from the sea; and, as you approach, the columnar structure, so familiar to you from prints, becomes beautifully apparent. At length, before the steamer stops, you can make out distinctly the three parts of which the island consists—the rough amorphous lava-like base or pavement; the masses of upright or slanting shafts of basalt which shoot from this pavement; and the sloping grass-covered entablature or roof. Landing in small boats, you are introduced to such of the special wonders as time and the state of the tide will permit—the Clamshell Cave, the Herdsman or Lesser Islet, the Boat Cave, the Great Cave, &c. The Great Cave, called also Fingal's Cave, is the sight of sights. A cave, 227 feet long, 66 feet high at mean tide, and of a varying breadth of from 42 feet at the mouth to 22 at the inner extremity; the floor a strip or flood of pure green sea, which swells and roars and makes music with the rock; two side-galleries or irregular pathways, formed by endless tops of broken columns, along which you may clamber with the rest and safely keep your footing, though we did there see timid Beauty unnerved and in tears; from these galleries on both sides the close-jammed rows of symmetrical and perpendicular columns; and over all, where these end atop, the rough, rich fretwork of the stony arch! Can this possibly be the work of Nature? is the inevitable feeling as you are within the cave and as you leave it. From the time when Sir Joseph Banks first discovered Staffa, as it may be said, and called attention to the unknown marvel of a Gothic minster amid the Hebridean seas, all who have visited the island have had this one feeling, that here Nature, in her days of the elements, had indulged in her closest freak in anticipation of human art. So Wordsworth, in his sonnets to Staffa—

> "The pillar'd vestibule,
> Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
> Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
> Of his best workmanship by plan and tool."

But it is after you have walked on the grassy roof of the island, and, taking farewell of it, have embarked once more in the steamer, whence you can look back at its fading ranges of columns, that the whole geological wonder breaks fully upon you. Back your thoughts are carried to those mysterious ages when, as this mass of basalt was upheaved in its place, so simultaneous agencies were forming the stony framework of all the surrounding mainland and archipelago. Forward thence your imagination sweeps to the nearer lapse of ages, when, all having been fashioned as it now is, and that marvellous minster perfectly scooped and built, there was no eye of man or of architect to behold it, but the Atlantic roared against its foundations, as against the shores and isles around, and the pure green flood rose and fell in its

recesses, the music all unheard. Nay, nor need we send fancy back to those pre-human ages for the full sense of Staffa's solitude. It is but within these last ninety years, as we have said, that Staffa has been rescued from its girdling concealment of Ocean, and what was once a horror to superstitious passing boatmen has become a world's miracle for reverent tourists. Even yet it is but during three months in the year, and during these only in certain conditions of weather, that the island is of easy access; and, as the tourist leaves it, he knows that in a little while Ocean will savagely reclaim it, and through the long winter the Hebridean storms will thunder round it again, defying approach, and the basalt pillars will tremble day and night with the solitary shock, and the waves will plash mournfully in the unvisited aisles. For no human being can dwell on Staffa. Once, it is said, there was a hut upon it, in which a shepherd and his wife tried to live. Throughout the summer it was possible; but in winter such was the howling and moaning in the caves underneath that they begged to be taken off from that home of the demons. Now only a few sheep feed upon the grassy roof of the island, which are removed as the autumn ends. There is, we believe, a MacDonald of Staffa, owning the island, and taking his designation from it; but it is at present leased by Mr. David Hutcheson, for the sheer convenience of being able to exhibit it thoroughly to the tourists who travel by his steamers. Probably no other man in the kingdom leases such a property. Through the winter it disappears; but in summer all is there again fresh and untouched. Those are unoccupied premises that require no watchman.

The tourist, however, who should add to the mere delight in scenery and social novelties, and to more or less of the geological spirit and the habit of geological observation, the third and rarer requisite of an interest in Celtic history—this is the man for whom a fortnight along the West Highland coast would be fraught with the fullest enjoyment. We do not mean merely the annals of the Gaels during these last two or three centuries of their episodic action in Scottish and in general British history. It may be presumed that few visit Scotland at all without that sort and extent of acquaintance with the Gaelic past which may have resulted from the reading of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, his *Waverley*, his *Rob Roy*, and his *Legend of Montrose*. Many, perhaps, have recollections also of Macaulay's account of Scotland in King William's time, of the Jacobite ballads, and of some of the accessible narratives of the Jacobite Rebellions. And, if so provided, the visitor brings with him associations enough to employ him, and may take tracks through the Highlands from end to end with a view to the actual vision of numberless scenes which his fancy has pictured. There is Loch Katrine and Helen's Isle; there is the Clachan of Aberfoyle, where Nicol Jarvie brandished the red-hot poker; there is ducal Inverary; there are Glencoe and Culloden, and all the varied scenes of Charles's wanderings. There might be a topographic tour of the whole Highlands in mere explication of allusions in the Jacobite and other Scottish songs.

> "The news frae Moydart cam yestreen,
> Will soon gar mony ferlie,
> That ships o' war hae just come in,
> And landed royal Charlie."

Or—

> "Cam ye by Athol braes, lad wi' the philabeg,
> Down by the Tummel, or banks o' the Garry?
> Saw ye my lad, wi' his bonnet and white cockade,
> Leaving his mountains to follow Prince Charlie?"

More or less of this kind of knowlege of recent Celtic history, or of the romance of recent Celtic history, most tourists who visit the Highlands at all do, we say, bring with them. But there is an older history of the Gael, any knowledge of which, or any interest in it, is a much rarer possession, and yet some tincture of which is almost necessary for the complete use by the mind's eye of a tour on the West Highland coast, where its bold green promontories embrace the Hebrides. Back beyond the

period even of Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, back beyond the farthest period in the history of our Islands reached by him in any of his fictions, ought the imagination to be busy as the eye ranges the shores about Oban.

It is a significant fact that a number of inquirers, independently of each other, are at present engaged in the investigation of Gaelic antiquities. It is part of a more general fact—of a growing conviction among our scholars—that we have been neglecting the true origins of our national history; that, in dating all worthy commencement of life, whether political or intellectual, in these islands, from the Norman Conquest, or even from Hengst and Horsa, we have been persistently wrong; and that there remains for our historians the subtle problem of working back, through existing data, to some conception of primitive Britain, Cymric or Gaelic, and perhaps of proving *à posteriori* what might be reasoned *à priori*, that the Roman Invasion, the Saxon Immigrations, and the Norman Conquest, were but tributaries to a stream of life already flowing, the springs of which may lie even in the mists of Druidism. There is much in this view from which, with our preconceptions, we must revolt. Still, underneath the overwhelming prevalence among us for twelve centuries of the Saxon breed and speech, subtle enquirers *are* finding traces of the continuous filtration of Celtic tradition and Celtic influence. In the interest of this inquiry there is a new raking of our oldest records, and especial attention is being directed to those two great masses of the Celtic race that still remain unabsorbed among us—the Welsh, and the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland.

As regards the Celts of Scotland and their connexions with Scottish history, we shall probably know a great deal more when Mr. W. F. Skene shall have published his *Celtic Scotland*. At present it is not to be expected that any tourist who may find his way to the Scottish Highlands will survey these regions in the light of any more profound or exact notion of ancient events of which they were the theatre, than may result from vague recollections of Ossian and his commentators, clarified by scraps from Bede, and by half-forgotten readings in those early parts of all summaries of Scottish history in which one is bewildered by the duality of Scots and Picts, till at last this duality vanishes, and one gets upon that single line of Scottish Kenneths and Donalds and Duffs, of whom the authentic portraits are to be seen in Holyrood Palace, and from whom the pedigree is clear on to Shakspeare's murdered Duncan, and so through the succeeding Malcolms, Davids, and Alexanders, and the Bruces and Stuarts, to her present Majesty. Even in this jumble of notions, however, the tourist will have something to enhance the interest with which he looks at the scenes amid which he finds himself in the West Highlands.

First of all, as he sails or walks, time will be rolled back for him to the extreme limit of British historic fancy, and he will see those wild tracts of hill, island, and peninsula, in their Ossianic period. What matters it, in his mood then, whether there ever was a real Ossian or no, or whether, if there was, it is to the third century or to any later time that we are to refer him and the heroes whom he sings? Let Ossian be a man or a myth; let there have been one chief bard from whom came the germs of those epic legends of the Gaelic race, or let them be the produce of the Gaelic imagination shaping out its limited national epic through a series of bards age after age; let Macpherson's Ossian be a rendering of Ossianic legends as he found them, or a substitute of his own which hints from these legends had inspired—all this, as the tourist finds, little affects the reality. In no way can one so well, or, in a high sense, with such historic accuracy, realize the pristine condition of that region of wild country of which we have made Oban the centre, as by calling it to oneself "the land of Ossian," and believing that it had an "Ossianic" period. Yes, it was among these peninsulas and islands, and on these hills and heaths,

that the men of the Ossianic poems, those primitive Gael-Albanich, or Scots of North Britain, moved and fought and hunted, going and coming between these haunts and the Ireland of their Gaelic kin. Here were the race of the Feinn—those very tribes of Fingal and his heroes whose deeds Ossian saw and sung, or later bards exalted in fancy. Nay, and if *our* Ossian be in the main Macpherson, this must be said for Macpherson, that his imposture was at least a marvellous feat of the historic instinct. Not more true are the Norse epics and sagas to native Scandinavian scenery and circumstance than are Ossian's poems, after their more narrow and sombre style of epic, to the scenery and circumstance of the jagged West-Scottish land of mountain and sea-gulf, loch and mist. Only after one has seen the region does one feel the exact fitness of that scenic monotony, that paucity of descriptive phrases, which all have remarked in Ossian. "The streamy Morven"—what could be better than that? "He hummed a surly song, and heard his hair in the wind"—meet the blast in a Highland glen, and, if you have never heard your own beard whistle before, I can promise you the sensation. Or again, "As rushes a stream of foam "from the dark shady steep of Cromla, "when the thunder is travelling above, "and dark-brown night sits on half the "hill." Or again, "From their hundred "streams came the tribes to grassy "Colglancrona." Or, describing the preparation of warriors for a battle, "No "words come forth; they seize their "spears. Each soul is rolled into itself. "At length the sudden clang is waked on "all their echoing shields. *Each takes "his hill by night; at intervals they "darkly stand.*" Or again, "Dost thou "not behold, Malvina, a rock, with its "head of heath? Three aged pines "bend from its face; green is the narrow "plain at its feet; there the mountain-"flower grows and shakes its white "head in the breeze. The thistle is "there alone, shedding its aged beard. "Two stones, half sunk in the ground, "show their heads of moss. The deer "of the mountain avoids the place, for "he beholds a dim ghost standing there." And so *passim*—streamy hills, sounding blasts, descending mists, roarings of the sea against rocks, cairns on the lonely heath. That perpetual fancy in Ossian, too, of ghosts dwelling in the mists and appearing as beckoning shadows through them on the hill-sides, or of ghosts as themselves misty phantoms rising in solitudes on the heath in clear nights—only reside for six months in the Highlands, and be out at all hours, and, if you do not feel this Ossianic superstition growing upon you, you are a tough fellow. Besides, for my part, I am not so sure that the thing isn't true.

What said Fingal to his foe of Lochlin, when that chief told him how the men of future times would visit the scenes of their battles? "Swaran," said the King of the Hills, "to-day our fame "is greatest. We shall pass away like "a dream. No sound will remain in "our fields of war. Our tombs will be "lost in the heath. The hunter shall "not know the place of our rest. Our "names may be heard in song. What "avails it when our strength has "ceased?" As the wiser hero prophesied, so it has happened. Here and there, indeed, religion or legend has fastened the name of one or other of the mythic fathers of the Gael to some enduring natural object. There is Fingal's Cave in Staffa; remarkable crags and other wonders on the mainland are connected with the fame of Fingal; in the grounds of Dunolly Castle, close to the sea at Oban, one sees a strange upright mass of rock, called "The Dog's Stone," to which Fingal used to chain his dog Luath. Otherwise it is to the whole vague land, from Kintyre to Cape Wrath, and hardly to one part more than another, that there cling the memories of the Feinian heroes. If there is an exception it is in the case of Ossian himself. It is with the Vale of Cona, now the well-known Glencoe of the tourists, more than with any other spot in the whole land of the Gael, that he connects his life and the associations of his song. "The Voice of Cona" is

one of Ossian's designations for himself. The thundering of the streams down the hill-sides in Cona, and the howling of the night-winds through it, are his ever-recurring images. It is in Cona that he expects to meet the spirits of his kindred, wherever they may have died; and, when he is old and blind, and left the last of all his kin, it is his sorrow that, though Cona is around him, he can behold it no more. Visitors to Glencoe are not sufficiently alive to this. One of the sights pointed out to them, indeed, is "Ossian's Cave," on the high face of the cliff on one side near the middle of the glen; but it is the massacre of the Macdonalds that is the paramount association. Let this be remedied, and, the next time that the tourist revisits the matchless glen, let him not forget "the massacre," but let him give Ossian a turn. Near Ossian's cave, or underneath it, let him fancy the bard, old and solitary, uttering these words in his *Cath-loda:* "Whence is the "stream of years? Whither do they roll "along? Where have they hid in mist "their many-coloured sides? I look into "the times of old; but they seem dim "to Ossian's eyes, like reflected moon-"beams on a distant lake. Here rise "the red beams of war. There, silent, "dwells a feeble race. They mark no "years with their deeds, as slow they "pass along. Dweller between the "shields! Thou that awakest the failing "soul! Descend from thy wall, Harp of "Cona, with thy voices three. Come "with that which kindles the past; "rear the forms of old on their own "dark-brown years." Such is Ossian's invocation of his Epic muse. Haunt Glencoe for ever, thou grand old shade!

But no soul can dwell for ever in mist; and so it is a comfort for the tourist when he comes upon some one spot where he can see the old Gael walking out of Ossianism into the light of record. Such a spot is Dunstaffnage. Here, on the lip of Loch Etive, three miles and a half from Oban, is the site of that first small Scottish royalty, or royalty of the Lorn branch of the Dalriad Scots from Ireland, which developed itself at last into the complete kingdom of Scotland. Here stood that famous stone of Scottish fate —the actual stone on which Jacob had rested his head when he dreamt his dream in Padan Aram—which, having found its way in a marvellous manner to Spain, and thence to Ireland, had been brought over by the Dalriad Scots to be the stone on which their kings were crowned. Kenneth Macalpine, when he became king of all Scotland, removed it and his capital from Dunstaffnage to Scone; and at Scone it remained for four centuries more, still the coronation-stone of the Scottish kings, till Edward Longshanks carried it to England. It is at this moment in Westminster Abbey, fixed in the chair on which our British sovereigns are and ever will be crowned; and every one knows the legend attached to it—

"Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

Of course, therefore, the stone is not to be seen now at Dunstaffnage, and there is little likelihood of a national agitation among the Scots for bringing it back thither. Nor are there any remains of the old castle of the Scottish kings. The present Dunstaffnage Castle is the ruin of a much later edifice, supposed to have been built by a Scandinavian chief on or near the site of the first one. But they show a little chapel in a wood close by, inclosing a burying-ground in which are said to be the bones of some of the old kings. There are carved tombs in the chapel and burying-ground, but none old enough actually to tell of a Fergus, an Achaius, or an Aidan. Even in this absence of monuments it is something to stand on the site of the old Dunstaffnage, looking on Loch Etive. I asked the little boy who was sent from the castle to show me the chapel and burying-ground, whether he went to school. "O, yes." "Are you a good scholar?" "No that bad: I'm in the History of Scotland class." There could be few fitter spots, I thought, in which to learn Scottish history than that on which we were treading.

The preaching of Christianity among the Gael, the gradual progress among

them of the observances of the Christian worship, and their reluctance to part with their ancestral habits and superstitions, are quaintly set forth in some of the legends still found in the Highlands relating to Ossian, as well as in some of the so-called poems of Ossian, not used by Macpherson, which late research has discovered. In these legends Ossian is represented, and in these poems he is made to represent himself, as a very old man living on to the days of St. Patrick, and conversing with the saint; but sadly put about by the saint's proceedings. Thus, from one of the pieces recently published, by Messrs. McLauchlan and Skene, from the Dean of Lismore's manuscript Book of Gaelic Poetry, collected about 1530:—

> "In this great world none is like me.
> So sad, how sad my case!
> A poor old man now dragging stones!
> Long are the clouds this night above me;
> The last man of the Feine am I,
> The great Ossian, the son of Finn,
> *Listening to the sound of bells.*"

And again, from a dialogue in the same collection between Ossian and Patrick:—

> "Tell us, O Patrick, what honour is ours.
> Do the Feinn of Ireland in heaven now dwell?
>
> "In truth I can tell thee, thou Ossian of fame,
> That no heaven has thy father, Oscar, or Gaul.
>
> "Sad is the tale thou tellest me, Priest,
> I worshipping God while the Feine have no heaven!
>
> "Shalt thou not fare well thyself in that city,
> Though ne'er should thy father, Caoilte, and Oscar be there?
>
> "Little joy would it bring to me to sit in that city
> Without Caoilte and Oscar, as well as my father.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "For thy love's sake, Patrick, forsake not the heroes:
> Unknown to Heaven's King, bring thou in the Feinn.
>
> "Though little room you'd take, not one of your race,
> Unknown to Heaven's King, shall get beneath his roof.
>
> "How different Mac Cumhail, the Feinn's noble king:
> All men, uninvited, might enter *his* great house."

This, of course, shocks St. Patrick, and the two nearly come to blows.

Now here is not the noble Ossian of Macpherson; nor, except by violating the usual chronology, or protracting Ossian's age to nearly two hundred years, as well as putting him in Ireland, could he and St. Patrick be brought together. The legend is a poetic representation of the struggle between Christianity and the old Gaelic paganism, in Ireland rather than in Scotland. Not to St. Patrick, but to Palladius and Ninian, is assigned the beginning of the work which was afterwards completed by the great St. Columba.

The same excursion from Oban which takes tourists to Staffa, lands them at Iona. The two islands are both on the west coast of Mull, and at no great distance from each other. Unlike Staffa, however, which is a mere rock, Iona is a habitable and, though bleak-looking, not unproductive little island, of about three and a half miles long, by one and a half broad. Its shores in most parts are low, and, though there are eminences in the middle, they are not very considerable. You are landed in small boats from the steamer, at a little village of about forty houses in a row, containing most of the three hundred and fifty inhabitants that form the population of the island, and are carried at once to the ruins close by, which you have already seen from the sea as you approached. The Chapel of the Nunnery; Maclean's Cross, an old sculptured stone cross, said to be one of 360 crosses that were in the island before the Reformation; the Reilig Orain, or Cemetery of Oran, in which there are a multitude of tombstones of Highland chieftains, and in which Scottish, Irish, and Danish kings are also said to be buried; St. Oran's Chapel, within this cemetery, with a tomb called St. Oran's own, and tombs of a McQuarrie of Ulva, and Scott's "Lord of the Isles," Angus Macdonald; another stone cross, called St. Martin's Cross; and lastly the Cathedral itself, also with its tombs and other objects of interest—such is the usual succession of sights. You are hurried through them in a crowd

within the single hour during which the steamer can afford to wait. Still, you are here among the ruins which Johnson examined ninety years ago, and respecting which he moralized in the sounding words which so many can repeat. These, however, though very interesting ecclesiastical antiquities, are not relics of St. Columba or his Culdees. They are ruins of edifices and monuments which were placed there in the later days of the Roman Catholic Church, because the ground of Iona was even then sacred by the tradition of its older fame. You are told indeed of stones and mounds on the other side of the island which probably mark the site of Columba's first settlement, and you are at liberty to suppose that under the ruins of the Cathedral and Chapel may be the débris of some of the Culdee establishments. On the whole, however, all that you have seen of the real Icolumbkill is the island itself. Even this is worth going for; nay, perhaps it is better that there should be no fragments of buildings on which to fritter your regards. The ground is enough. Here, on this little isle, which you shall ever afterwards be able to fancy as it is, landed, in the year 563, at the age of forty-two, that Columba, who had left his native Ireland, then for a generation or two fully Christian, that he might preach the gospel to the less favoured Scots of North Britain and to their Pictish neighbours. This was the island made over to him by the Scottish king, Conval; hence it was that he made his journeys to the mainland—not only to Dunstaffnage, but even as far as the capital of the northern Picts on the bank of the Ness; and here it was that, enlarging the scheme of his work, he founded his college of monks, in which were trained up missionaries for all northern Europe. Here, at the head of this college, for more than thirty years, he lived—reading, praying, teaching, tilling the ground and fishing; and here he died, A.D. 597. Before his death many of his disciples had gone forth as missionaries. Nor did the fame of his school cease with his life. A series of Abbots of Iona succeeded him; young men from all parts of Britain, and even from Gaul and other foreign lands, came to Iona to be educated; and, throughout the seventh and eighth centuries, the Columbite College of Iona was one of the greatest institutions in northern Christendom. Scottish monks from Iona were among the first missionaries and bishops among the Angles and Saxons of the Heptarchy; they found their way to the Orkneys and Shetlands; and even in remote Iceland, when the Norwegian colonists first arrived there, about 870, they found that they had been preceded by men who had brought with them from Iona the Irish ritual. By that time, however, the establishment at Iona had disappeared—broken up and destroyed by those Danish sea-rovers, whose invasions, protracted through several centuries, form so important an era in Scottish, as well as in English history. Its seat in the Hebrides thus destroyed, and the Roman Catholic form of Christianity gradually gaining political ground in Scotland as well as in England, Culdeeism died out. The sanctity of Columba's Island, however, remained a national tradition; and hence Scottish kings and chiefs were brought from afar to be buried in it, and, after the Danish invasions had subsided, Roman Catholic piety re-edified the soil. To Columba himself legend ascribes a Gaelic verse, of which the following is a translation:—

"In the Isle of my heart, the Isle of my love,
Instead of a monk's voice shall be lowing of cattle;
But, ere the world comes to an end,
Iona shall flourish as before."

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# THE WATER-BABIES:

## A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, F.L.S. ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

Tom was now quite amphibious. You do not know what that means? You had better, then, ask the nearest Government pupil-teacher, who may possibly answer you smartly enough, thus—

"Amphibious. Adjective, derived from two Greek words, *amphi*, a fish, and *bios*, a beast. An animal supposed by our ignorant ancestors to be compounded of a beast and a fish; which therefore, like the hippopotamus, can't live on the land, and dies in the water."

However that may be, Tom was amphibious; and what is better still, he was clean. For the first time in his life he felt how comfortable it was to have nothing on him but himself. But he only enjoyed it: he did not know it, or think about it; just as you enjoy life and health, and yet never think about being alive and healthy: and may it be long before you have to think about it.

He did not remember having ever been dirty. Indeed, he did not remember any of his old troubles, being tired, or hungry, or beaten, or sent up dark chimnies. Since that sweet sleep, he had forgotten all about his master, and Harthover Place, and the little white girl; and in a word, all that had happened to him when he lived before; and what was best of all, he had forgotten all the bad words which he had learnt from Grimes, and the rude boys with whom he used to play.

That is not strange: for you know, when you came into this world, and became a land baby, you remembered nothing. So, why should he, when he became a water baby?

Then have you lived before?

My dear child, who can tell? One can only tell that, by remembering something which happened where we lived before; and as we remember nothing, we know nothing about it; and no book, and no man, can ever tell us certainly.

There was a wise man once; a very wise man, and a very good man, who wrote a poem about the feelings which some children have, about having lived before; and this is what he said—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home."

There, you can know no more than that. But if I was you, I would believe that. For then the great fairy Science, who is likely to be queen of all the fairies for many a year to come, can only do you

good, and never do you harm; and instead of fancying, with some people, that your body makes your soul, as if a steam-engine could make its own coke; or, with some other people, that your soul has nothing to do with your body, but is only stuck into it like a pin into a pincushion, to fall out with the first shake;—you will believe the one true

orthodox,
rational,
philosophical,
logical,
irrefragable,
nominalistic,
realistic,
inductive,
deductive,
seductive,
productive,
salutary,
comfortable,
and on-all-accounts-to-be-received

doctrine of this wonderful fairy tale, which is, that your soul makes your body, just as a snail makes his shell. For the rest, it is enough for us to be sure that, whether or not we lived before, we shall live again; though not, I hope, as poor little heathen Tom did. For he went downward into the water; but we, I hope, shall go upward, to a very different place.

But Tom was very happy in the water. He had been sadly over-worked in the land world; and so now, to make up, he had nothing but holidays in the water world for a long, long time to come. He had nothing to do now but enjoy himself, and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool clear water-world, where the sun is never too hot, and the frost is never too cold.

And what did he live on? Watercresses, perhaps; or perhaps water-gruel, and water-milk: too many land-babies do so likewise. But we do not know what one-tenth of the water things eat; so we are not answerable for the water-babies.

And sometimes he went along the smooth gravel waterways, looking at the crickets which ran in and out among the stones, as rabbits do on land; or he climbed over the ledges of rock, and saw the sand-tubes hanging in thousands, with every one of them a pretty little head and legs peeping out; or he went into a still corner, and watched the caddises eating dead sticks, as greedily as you would eat plum pudding, and building their houses with silk and glue. Very fanciful ladies they were; none of them would keep to the same materials for a day. One would begin with some pebbles; and then she would stick on a piece of green weed; and then she found a shell, and stuck it on too; and the poor shell was alive, and did not like at all being taken to build houses with: but the caddis did not let him have any voice in the matter; being rude and selfish, as vain people are apt to be; and then she stuck on a piece of rotten wood, and then a very smart pink stone, and so on, till she was patched all over like an Irishman's coat. And then she found a long straw, five times as long as herself, and said, "Hurrah! my sister has a tail, and I'll have one too;" and she stuck it on her back, and marched about with it quite proud, though it was very inconvenient indeed. And, at that, tails became all the fashion among the caddis-baits in that pool, and they all toddled about with long straws sticking out behind, getting between each other's legs, and tumbling over each other, and looking so ridiculous, that Tom laughed at them till he cried. But they were quite right, you know; for people must always follow the fashion, even if it be spoon-bonnets.

Then sometimes he came to a deep still reach; and there he saw the water-forests. They would have looked to you only little weeds; but Tom, you must remember, was so little, that everything looked a hundred times as big to him as it does to you, just as things do to a minnow, who sees and catches the little water-creatures which you can only see in a microscope.

And in the water-forest he saw the water-monkies, and water-squirrels (they had all six legs, though; every

thing almost has six legs in the water, except efts and water-babies); and nimbly enough they ran among the branches. There were water-flowers there, too, in thousands; and Tom tried to pick them: but as soon as he touched them, they drew themselves in, and turned into knots of jelly; and then Tom saw that they were all alive—bells, and stars, and wheels, and flowers, of all beautiful shapes and colours; and all alive and busy, just as Tom was. And now he found that there was a great deal more in the world than he had fancied at first sight.

And there was one wonderful little fellow, who peeped out of the top of a house built of round bricks; and he had two big wheels, and one little one all over teeth, spinning round and round like the wheels in a thrashing-machine; and Tom stood and stared at him, to see what he was going to make with his machinery. And what do you think he was doing? Brick-making. With his two big wheels he swept together all the mud which floated in the water: all that was nice in it he put into his stomach and ate; and all the mud he swept together into the little wheel on his breast, which really was a round hole set with teeth, and there he spun it into a neat, hard, round brick, and then he took it and stuck it on the top of his house-wall, and set to work to make another. Now was not he a clever little fellow?

Tom thought so; but when he wanted to talk to him, the brick-maker was much too busy and proud of his work to take notice of him.

Now you must know that all the things under the water talk: only not such a language as ours; but such as horses, and dogs, and cows, and birds talk to each other; and Tom soon learnt to understand them and talk to them; so that he might have had very pleasant company if he had only been a good boy. But I am sorry to say, he was too like some other little boys, very fond of hunting and tormenting creatures for mere sport. Some people say that boys cannot help it; that it is nature, and only a proof that we are all originally descended from beasts of prey. But whether it is nature or not, little boys can help it, and must help it. For if they have naughty, low, mischievous tricks in their nature, as monkies have, that is no reason why they should give way to those tricks like monkies, who know no better. And therefore they must not torment dumb creatures; for if they do, a certain old lady who is coming, will surely give them exactly what they deserve.

But Tom did not know that; and he pecked and howked the poor water things about sadly, till they were all afraid of him, and got out of his way, and crept into their shells; so he had no one to speak to or play with.

At last one day he found a caddis, and wanted it to peep out of its house: but its house-door was shut. He had never seen a caddis with a house-door before; and what must he do, the meddlesome little fellow, but pull it open, to see what the poor lady was doing inside? What a shame! How should you like to have any one breaking your bedroom door in, to see how you looked when you were in bed? But Tom broke to pieces the door, which was the prettiest little grating of silk, stuck all over with shining bits of crystal; and when he looked in, the caddis poked out her head, and it had turned into just the shape of a bird's. But when Tom spoke to her she could not answer; for her mouth and face were tight tied up in a new nightcap of neat pink skin. But if she didn't answer, all the other caddises did; for they held up their hands and shrieked, like the cats in Struwelpeter, "Oh, you nasty horrid boy! there you are at it again! And she had just laid herself up for a fortnight's sleep, and then she would have come out with such beautiful wings, and flown about, and laid such lots of eggs, and now you have broken her door, and she can't mend it, because her mouth is tied up for a fortnight, and she will die. Who sent you here to worry us out of our lives?"

So Tom swam away. He was very much ashamed of himself; and felt all

the naughtier; as little boys do when they have done wrong, and won't say so.

Then he came to a pool full of little trout, and began tormenting them, and trying to catch them; but they slipt through his fingers, and jumped clean out of water in their fright. But as Tom chased them, he came close to a great dark hover under an alder root, and out floushed a huge old brown trout, ten times as big as he was, and ran right against him, and knocked all the breath out of his body; and I don't know which was the more frightened of the two.

Then he went on, sulky and lonely, as he deserved to be; and under a bank he saw a very ugly, dirty creature sitting, about half as big as himself; which had six legs, and a big stomach, and a most ridiculous head, with two great eyes, and a face just like a donkey's.

"Oh," said Tom, "you are an ugly fellow, to be sure!" and he began making faces at him; and put his nose close to him, and halloed at him, like a very rude boy.

When, hey presto! all the thing's donkey-face came off in a moment, and out popped a long arm, with a pair of pincers at the end of it, and caught Tom by the nose. It did not hurt him much; but it held him quite tight.

"Yah, ah! Oh, let me go!" cried Tom.

"Then let me go," said the creature. "I want to be quiet. I want to split."

Tom promised to let him alone, and he left go. "Why do you want to split?" said Tom.

"Because my brothers and sisters have all split, and turned into beautiful creatures with wings; and I want to split too. Don't speak to me. I am sure I shall split. I will split!"

Tom stood still, and watched him. And he swelled himself, and puffed, and stretched himself out stiff, and at last —crack, puff, bang—he opened all down his back, and then up to the top of his head.

And out of his inside came the most slender, elegant, soft creature, as soft and smooth as Tom: but very pale and weak, like a little child who has been ill a long time in a dark room. And it moved its legs very feebly; and looked about it half ashamed, like a girl when she goes for the first time into a ball-room; and then it began walking slowly up a grass stem to the top of the water.

Tom was so astonished that he never said a word; but he stared with all his eyes. And he went up to the top of the water too, and peeped out to see what would happen.

And as the creature sat in the warm bright sun, a wonderful change came over it. It grew strong and firm; and the most lovely colours began to show on its body; blue and yellow and black; spots and bars and rings; and out of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze; and its eyes grew so large that they filled all its head, and shone like ten thousand diamonds.

"Oh, you beautiful creature!" said Tom; and he put out his hand to catch it.

But the thing whirred up into the air, and hung poised on its wings a moment, and then settled down again by Tom quite fearless.

"No!" it said, "you cannot catch me. I am a dragon-fly now, the king of all the flies; and I shall dance in the sunshine, and hawk over the river, and catch gnats, and have a beautiful wife like myself. I know what I shall do. Hurrah!" And he flew away into the air, and began catching gnats.

"Oh! come back, come back," cried Tom, "you beautiful creature. I have no one to play with, and I am so lonely here. If you will but come back I will never try to catch you."

"I don't care whether you do or not," said the dragon-fly; "for you can't. But when I have had my dinner, and looked a little about this pretty place, I will come back; and have a little chat about all I have seen in my travels. Why, what a huge tree this is! and what huge leaves on it!"

It was only a big dock; but you know the dragon-fly had never seen any but little water-trees; starwort,

and milfoil, and water-crowfoot, and such like; so it did look very big to him. Besides, he was very short-sighted, as all dragon-flies are; and never could see a yard before his nose; any more than a great many other folks, who are not half as handsome as he.

The dragon-fly did come back, and chatted away with Tom. He was a little conceited about his fine colours and his large wings; but you know, he had been a poor dirty ugly creature all his life before; so there were great excuses for him. He was very fond of talking about all the wonderful things he saw in the trees and the meadows; and Tom liked to listen to him, for he had forgotten all about them. So in a little while they became great friends.

And I am very glad to say, that Tom learnt such a lesson that day, that he did not torment creatures for a long time after. And then the caddises grew quite tame, and used to tell him strange stories about the way they built their houses, and changed their skins, and turned at last into winged flies; till Tom began to long to change his skin, and have wings like them some day.

And the trout and he made it up (for trout very soon forget, if they have been frightened and hurt). And Tom used to play with them at hare and hounds, and great fun they had; and he used to try to leap out of the water, head over heels, as they did before a shower came on; but somehow he never could manage it. He liked most, though, to see them rising at the flies, as they sailed round and round under the shadow of the great oak, where the beetles fell flop into the water, and the green caterpillars let themselves down from the boughs by silk ropes for no reason at all; and then changed their foolish minds for no reason at all either; and hauled themselves up again into the tree, rolling up the rope in a ball between their paws, which is a very clever rope-dancer's trick; and neither Blondin nor Leotard could do it: but why they should take so much trouble about it no one can tell; for they cannot get their living, as Blondin and Leotard do, by trying to break their necks on a string.

And very often Tom caught them just as they touched the water; and caught the alder flies, and the caperers, and the cock-tailed duns and spinners, yellow, and brown, and claret, and grey, and gave them to his friends the trout. Perhaps he was not quite kind to the flies; but one must do a good turn to one's friends when one can.

And at last he gave up catching even the flies; for he made acquaintance with one by accident, and found him a very merry little fellow. And this was the way it happened; and it is all quite true.

He was basking at the top of the water one hot day in July, catching duns and feeding the trout, when he saw a new sort, a dark grey little fellow, with a brown head. He was a very little fellow indeed; but he made the most of himself, as people ought to do. He cocked up his head, and he cocked up his wings, and he cocked up his tail, and he cocked up his two whisks at his tail-end, and, in short, he looked the cockiest little man of all little men. And so he proved to be; for instead of getting away, he hopped upon Tom's finger, and sat there as bold as nine tailors; and he cried out in the tiniest, shrillest, squeakiest little voice you ever heard,

"Much obliged to you, indeed; but I don't want it yet."

"Want what?" said Tom, quite taken aback by his impudence.

"Your leg, which you are kind enough to hold out for me to sit on. I must just go and see after my wife for a few minutes. Dear me! what a troublesome business a family is!" (though the idle little rogue did nothing at all, but left his poor wife to lay all the eggs by herself.) "When I come back, I shall be glad of it, if you'll be so good as to keep it sticking out just so;" and off he flew.

Tom thought him a very cool sort of personage; and still more so, when in five minutes he came back, and said—"Ah, you were tired waiting? Well, your other leg will do as well."

And he popped himself down on Tom's knee, and began chatting away in his squeaking voice.

"So you live under the water? It's a dirty low place. I lived there for some time; and was very shabby and dirty. But I didn't choose that that should last. So I turned respectable, and came up to the top, and put on this grey suit. It's a very business-like suit, you think, don't you?"

"Very neat and quiet indeed," said Tom.

"Yes, one must be quiet, and neat, and respectable, and all that sort of thing for a little, when one becomes a family man. But I'm tired of it, that's the truth. I've done quite enough business, I consider, in the last week, to last me my life. So I shall put on a ball-dress, and go out and be a smart man, and see the gay world, and have a dance or two. Why shouldn't one be jolly if one can?"

"And what will become of your wife?"

"Oh! she is a very plain stupid creature, and that's the truth; and thinks about nothing but eggs. If she chooses to come, why she may; and if not, why I go without her;—and here I go."

And, as he spoke, he turned quite pale, and then quite white.

"Why, you're ill!" said Tom. But he did not answer.

"You're dead," said Tom, looking at him as he stood on his knee as white as a ghost.

"No I ain't!" answered a little squeaking voice over his head. "This is me up here, in my ball dress: and that's my skin. Ha, ha! you could not do such a trick as that!"

And no more Tom could, nor Houdin, nor Robin, nor Frikell, nor all the conjurors in the world. For the little rogue had jumped clean out of his own skin, and left it standing on Tom's knee, eyes, wings, legs, tails, exactly as if it had been alive.

"Ha, ha!" he said, and he jerked and skipped up and down, never stopping an instant, just as if he had St. Vitus's dance. "Ain't I a pretty fellow now?"

And so he was; for his body was white, and his tail orange, and his eyes all the colours of a peacock's tail. And what was the oddest of all, the whisks at the end of his tail had grown five times as long as they were before.

"Ah!" said he, "now I will see the gay world. My living won't cost me much, for I have no mouth, you see, and no inside; so I can never be hungry, nor have the stomach-ache neither."

No more he had. He had grown as dry and hard and empty as a quill, as such empty shallow-hearted fellows deserve to grow.

But, instead of being ashamed of his emptiness, he was quite proud of it, as a good many fine gentlemen are, and began flirting and flipping up and down, and singing—

"My wife shall dance, and I shall sing,
So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it one of the wisest things,
To drive dull care away."

And he danced up and down for three days and three nights, till he grew so tired, that he tumbled into the water, and floated down. But what became of him Tom never knew, and he himself never minded; for Tom heard him singing to the last, as he floated down—

"To drive dull care away-ay-ay!"

And if he did not care, why nobody else cared either.

And one day Tom had a new adventure. He was sitting on a water-lily leaf, he and his friend the dragon-fly, watching the gnats dance. The dragon-fly had eaten as many as he wanted, and was sitting quite still and sleepy, for it was very hot and bright. The gnats (who did not care the least for their poor brothers' death), danced a foot over his head quite happily, and a large black fly settled within an inch of his nose, and began washing his own face and combing his hair with his paws: but the dragon-fly never stirred, and kept on chatting to Tom about the times when he lived under the water.

Suddenly, Tom heard the strangest noise up the stream; cooing, and grunting, and whining, and squeaking, as if you had put into a bag two stock-doves,

nine mice, three guinea-pigs, and a blind puppy, and left them there to settle themselves and make music.

He looked up the water, and there he saw a sight as strange as the noise; a great ball rolling over and over down the stream, seeming one moment of soft brown fur, and the next of shining glass: and yet it was not a ball; for sometimes it broke up and streamed away in pieces, and then it joined again; and all the while the noise came out of it louder and louder.

Tom asked the dragon-fly what it could be; but, of course, with his short sight, he could not even see it, though it was not ten yards away. So he took the neatest little header into the water, and started off to see for himself; and, when he came near, the ball turned out to be four or five beautiful creatures, many times larger than Tom, who were swimming about, and rolling, and diving, and twisting, and wrestling, and cuddling, and kissing, and biting, and scratching, in the most charming fashion that ever was seen. And if you don't believe me, you may go to the Zoological Gardens (for I am afraid that you won't see it nearer, unless, perhaps, you get up at five in the morning, and go down to Cordery's Moor, and watch by the great withy pollard which hangs over the backwater, where the otters breed sometimes), and then say, if otters at play in the water are not the merriest, lithest, gracefullest creatures you ever saw.

But, when the biggest of them saw Tom, she darted out from the rest, and cried in the water-language sharply enough, "Quick, children, here is something to eat, indeed!" and came at poor Tom, showing such a wicked pair of eyes, and such a set of sharp teeth in a grinning mouth, that Tom, who had thought her very handsome, said to himself, Handsome is that handsome does, and slipt in between the water-lily roots as fast as he could, and then turned round and made faces at her.

"Come out," said the wicked old otter, "or it will be worse for you."

But Tom looked at her from between two thick roots, and shook them with all his might, making horrible faces all the while, just as he used to grin through the railings at the old women, when he lived before. It was not quite well-bred, no doubt; but you know, Tom had not finished his education yet.

"Come away, children," said the otter in disgust, "it is not worth eating, after all. It is only a nasty eft, which nothing eats, not even those vulgar pike in the pond."

"I am not an eft!" said Tom; "efts have tails."

"You are an eft," said the otter, very positively; "I see your two hands quite plain, and I know you have a tail."

"I tell you I have not," said Tom. "Look here!" and he turned his pretty little self quite round; and, sure enough, he had no more tail than you.

The otter might have got out of it by saying that Tom was a frog: but, like a great many other people, when she had once said a thing, she stood to it, right or wrong; and so she answered:

"I say you are an eft, and therefore you are, and not fit food for gentlefolk like me and my children. You may stay there till the salmon eat you (she knew the salmon would not, but she wanted to frighten poor Tom). Ha! ha! they will eat you, and we will eat them;" and the otter laughed such a wicked cruel laugh—as you may hear them do sometimes; and the first time that you hear it you will probably think it is bogies.

"What are salmon?" asked Tom.

"Fish, you eft, great fish, nice fish to eat. They are the lords of the fish, and we are the lords of the salmon;" and she laughed again. "We hunt them up and down the pools, and drive them up into a corner, the silly things; they are so proud, and bully the little trout, and the minnows, till they see us coming, and then they are so meek all at once; and we catch them, but we disdain to eat them all; we just bite out the back of their heads and suck their sweet brains. Oh, so good!"—(and she licked her wicked lips)—"and then throw them away, and go and catch another. They

are coming soon, children, coming soon, I can smell the rain coming up off the sea, and then hurrah for a fresh, and salmon, and plenty of eating all day long."

And the otter grew so proud that she turned head over heels twice, and then stood upright half out of the water, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"And where do they come from?" asked Tom, who kept himself very close, for he was considerably frightened.

"Out of the sea, eft, the great wide sea, where they might stay and be safe if they liked. But out of the sea the silly things come, into the great river down below, and we come up to watch for them; and when they go down again we go down and follow them. And there we fish for the bass and the pollock, and have jolly days along the shore, and toss and roll in the breakers, and sleep snug in the warm dry crags. Ah, that is a merry life too, children, if it were not for those horrid men."

"What are men?" asked Tom; but somehow he seemed to know before he asked.

"Two-legged things, eft: and, now I come to look at you, they are actually something like you, if you had not a tail" (she was determined that Tom should have a tail), "only a great deal bigger, worse luck for us; and they catch the fish with hooks and lines, which get into our feet sometimes, and set pots along the rocks to catch lobsters. They speared my poor dear husband as he went out to find something for me to eat. I was laid up among the crags then, and we were very low in the world, for the sea was so rough no fish would come in shore. But they speared him, poor fellow, and I saw them carrying him away upon a pole. Ah, he lost his life for your sakes, my children, poor dear obedient creature that he was."

And the otter grew so sentimental (for otters can be very sentimental when they choose, like a good many people who are both cruel and greedy, and no good to any body at all) that she sailed solemnly away down the burn, and Tom saw her no more for that time. But Tom could not help thinking of what the otter had said about the great river and the broad sea. And, as he thought, he longed to go and see them. He could not tell why; but the more he thought, the more he grew discontented with the narrow little stream in which he lived, and all his companions there; and wanted to get out into the wide, wide world, and enjoy all the wonderful sights of which he was sure it was full.

And once he set off to go down the stream. But the stream was very low; and when he came to the shallows he could not keep under water, for there was no water left to keep under. So the sun burnt his back and made him sick; and he went back again and lay quiet in the pool for a whole week more.

And then, on the evening of a very hot day, he saw a sight.

He had been very stupid all day, and so had the trout; for they would not move an inch to take a fly, though there were thousands on the water, but lay dozing at the bottom under the shade of the stones; and Tom lay dozing too, and was glad to cuddle their smooth, cool sides, for the water was quite warm and unpleasant.

But toward evening it grew suddenly dark, and Tom looked up and saw a blanket of black clouds lying right across the valley above his head, resting on the crags right and left. He felt not quite frightened, but very still; for everything was still. There was not a whisper of wind, nor a chirp of a bird to be heard; and next a few great drops of rain fell plop into the water, and one hit Tom on the nose and made him pop his head down quickly enough.

And then the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and leapt across Vendale and back again, from cloud to cloud, and cliff to cliff, till the very rocks in the stream seemed to shake; and Tom looked up at it through the water, and thought it the finest thing he ever saw in his life.

But out of the water he dared not put his head; for the rain came down by bucketsful, and the hail hammered like shot on the stream, and churned it

into foam; and soon the stream rose, and rushed down, higher and higher, and fouler and fouler, full of beetles, and sticks, and straws, and worms, and addle-eggs, and wood-lice, and leeches, and odds and ends, and omnium-gatherums, and this, that, and the other, enough to fill nine museums.

Tom could hardly stand against the stream, and hid behind a rock. But the trout did not; for out they rushed from among the stones, and began gobbling the beetles and leeches in the most greedy and quarrelsome way, and swimming about with great worms hanging out of their mouths, tugging and kicking to get them away from each other.

And now, by the flashes of the lightning, Tom saw a new sight—all the bottom of the stream alive with great eels, turning and twisting along, all down stream and away. They had been hiding for weeks past in the cracks of the rocks, and in burrows in the mud; and Tom had hardly ever seen them, except now and then at night: but now they were all out, and went hurrying past him so fiercely and wildly that he was quite frightened. And as they hurried past he could hear them say to each other, "We must run, we must run. What a jolly thunderstorm! Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

And then the otter came by, with all her brood, twining and sweeping along as fast as the eels themselves; and she spied Tom as she came by, and said:—

"Now is your time, eft, if you want to see the world. Come along, children, never mind those nasty eels: we shall breakfast on salmon to-morrow. Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

"Down to the sea!" said Tom; "everything is going to the sea, and I will go too. Good-bye, trout." But the trout were so busy gobbling worms that they never turned to answer him; so that Tom was spared the pain of bidding them farewell.

And now, down the rushing stream, guided by the bright flashes of the storm; past tall birch-fringed rocks, which shone out one moment as clear as day, and the next were dark as night; past dark hovers under swirling banks, from which great trout rushed out on Tom, thinking him to be good to eat, and turned back sulkily, for nothing dare eat water-babies; on through narrow strids and roaring cataracts, where Tom was deafened and blinded for a moment by the rushing water; along deep reaches, where the white water-lilies tossed and flapped beneath the wind and hail; past sleeping villages; under dark bridge-arches, and away and away to the sea. And Tom could not stop, and did not care to stop; he would see the great world below, and the salmon, and the breakers, and the wide, wide sea.

And when the daylight came, Tom found himself out in the salmon river.

And what sort of a river was it? Was it like an Irish stream, winding through the brown bogs, where the wild ducks squatter up from among the white water-lilies, and the curlews flit to and fro, crying "Tullie-wheep, mind your sheep;" and Dennis tells you strange stories of the Peishtamore, the great bogy-snake which lies in the black peat pools, among the old pine stems, and puts his head out at night to snap at the cattle as they come down to drink?—But you must not believe all that Dennis tells you, mind; for if you ask him,

"Is there a salmon here, do you think, Dennis?"

"Is it salmon, thin, your honour manes? Salmon? Cartloads it is of thim, thin, an' ridgments, shouldthering ache other out of water, av' ye'd but the luck to see thim."

Then you fish the pool all over, and never get a rise.

"But there can't be a salmon here, Dennis! and, if you'll but think, if one had come up last tide, he'd be gone to the higher pools by now."

"Shure thin, and your honour's the thrue fisherman, and understands it all like a book. Why, ye spake as if ye'd known the wather a thousand years! As I said, how could there be a fish here at all at all, just now?"

"But you said just now they were shouldering each other out of water?"

And then Dennis will look up at you with his handsome, sly, soft, sleepy, good-natured, untrustable, Irish grey eye, and answer with the prettiest smile:

"Shure, and didn't I think your honour would like a pleasant answer?"

So you must not trust Dennis, because he is in the habit of giving pleasant answers: but, instead of being angry with him, you must remember that he is a poor Paddy, and knows no better, and burst out laughing; and then he will burst out laughing too, and slave for you, and trot about after you, and show you good sport if he can—for he is an affectionate fellow, and as fond of sport as you are—and if he can't, tell you fibs instead, a hundred an hour; and wonder all the while why poor ould Ireland does not prosper like England and Scotland, and some other places, where folk have taken up a ridiculous fancy that honesty is the best policy.

Or was it like a Welsh salmon river, which is remarkable chiefly for containing no salmon, as they have been all poached out by the enlightened peasantry, to prevent the Cythrawl Sassenach (which means you, my little dear, your kith and kin, and signifies much the same as the Chinese Fan Quei) from coming bothering into Wales, with good tackle, and ready money, and civilization, and common honesty, and other like things of which the Cymry stand in no need whatsoever?

Or was it such a salmon stream as I trust you will see among the Hampshire water-meadows before your hairs are grey, under the wise new fishing laws?—When Winchester apprentices shall covenant, as they did three hundred years ago, not to be made to eat salmon more than three days a week; and fresh-run fish shall be as plentiful under Salisbury spire as they are in Holly-hole at Christchurch; in the good time coming, when folks shall see that, of all Heaven's gifts of food, the one to be protected most carefully is that worthy gentleman salmon, who is generous enough to go down to the sea weighing five ounces, and to come back next year weighing five pounds, without having cost the soil or the state one farthing?

Or was it like a Scotch stream, such as Arthur Clough drew in his "Bothie:"—

> "Where over a ledge of granite
> Into a granite bason the amber torrent descended. . . . .
> Beautiful there for the colour derived from green rocks under;
> Beautiful most of all, where beads of foam uprising
> Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate hue of the stillness. . . . .
> Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendant birch boughs." . . . .

Ah, my little man, when you are a big man, and fish such a stream as that, you will hardly care, I think, whether she be roaring down in full spate, like coffee covered with scald cream, while the fish are swirling at your fly as an oar-blade swirls in a boat-race, or flashing up the cataract like silver arrows, out of the fiercest of the foam; or whether the fall be dwindled to a single thread, and the shingle below as white and dusty as a turnpike road, while the salmon huddle together in one dark cloud in the clear amber pool, sleeping away their time till the rain creeps back again off the sea. You will not care much, if you have eyes and brains; for you will lay down your rod contentedly, and drink in at your eyes the beauty of that glorious place; and listen to the water-ouzel piping on the stones, and watch the yellow roes come down to drink, and look up at you with their great soft trustful eyes, as much as to say, "You could not have the heart to shoot at us?" And then, if you have sense, you will turn and talk to the great giant of a gilly who lies basking on the stone beside you. He will tell you no fibs, my little man; for he is a Scotchman, and fears God, and not the priest; and, as you talk with him, you will be surprised more and more at his knowledge, his sense, his humour, his courtesy; and you will find out—unless you have found it out before—that a man may learn from his Bible to be a more thorough gentleman than if he had been brought up in all the drawing-rooms in London.

No. It was none of these, the salmon

stream at Harthover. It was such a stream as you see in dear old Bewick; Bewick, who was born and bred upon them. A full hundred yards broad, sliding on from broad pool to broad shallow, and broad shallow to broad pool, over great fields of shingle, under oak and ash coverts, past low cliffs of sandstone, past green meadows, and fair parks, and a great house of grey stone, and brown moors above, and here and there against the sky the smoking chimney of a colliery. You must look at Bewick to see just what it was like, for he has drawn it a hundred times, with the care and the love of a true north countryman; and, even if you do not care about the salmon river, you ought, like all good boys, to know your Bewick.

At least, so old Sir John used to say, and very sensibly he put it too, as he was wont to do—

"If they want to describe a finished young gentleman in France, I hear, they say of him, 'Il sait son Rabelais.' But if I want to describe one in England, I say, 'He knows his Bewick.' And I think that is the higher compliment."

But Tom thought nothing about what the river was like. All his fancy was, to get down to the wide, wide sea.

And after a while he came to a place where the river spread out into broad, still, shallow reaches, so wide that little Tom, as he put his head out of the water, could hardly see across.

And there he stopped. He got a little frightened. "This must be the sea," he thought. "What a wide place it is. If I go on into it I shall surely lose my way, or some strange thing will bite me. I will stop here and look out for the otter, or the eels, or some one to tell me where I shall go."

So he went back a little way, and crept into a crack of the rock, just where the river opened out into the wide shallows, and watched for some one to tell him his way; but the otter and the eels were gone on miles and miles down stream.

There he waited, and slept too, for he was quite tired with his night's journey; and, when he woke, the stream was clearing to a beautiful amber hue, though it was still very high. And after a while he saw a sight which made him jump up; and he knew in a moment it was one of the things which he had come to look for.

Such a fish! ten times as big as the biggest trout, and a hundred times as big as Tom, sculling up the stream past him, as easily as Tom had sculled down.

Such a fish! shining silver from head to tail, and here and there a crimson dot; with a grand hooked nose, and grand curling lip, and a grand bright eye, looking round him as proudly as a king, and surveying the water right and left as if it all belonged to him. Surely he must be the salmon, the king of all the fish.

Tom was so frightened that he longed to creep into a hole, but he need not have been; for salmon are all true gentlemen, and, like true gentlemen, they look noble and proud enough, and yet, like true gentlemen, they never harm or quarrel with any one, but go about their own business, and leave rude fellows to themselves.

The salmon looked him full in the face, and then went on without minding him, with a swish or two of his tail which made the stream boil again. And in a few minutes came another, and then four or five, and so on; and all passed Tom, rushing and plunging up the cataract, with strong strokes of their silver tails, now and then leaping clean out of water, and up over a rock, shining gloriously for a moment in the bright sun; while Tom was so delighted that he could have watched them all day long.

And at last one came up bigger than all the rest; but he came slowly, and stopped, and looked back, and seemed very anxious and busy. And Tom saw that he was helping another salmon, an especially handsome one, who had not a single spot upon it, but was clothed in pure silver from nose to tail.

"My dear," said the great fish to his companion, "you really look dreadfully tired, and you must not over-exert your-

self at first. Do rest yourself behind this rock;" and he shoved her gently with his nose, to the rock where Tom sat.

You must know that this was the salmon's wife. For salmon, like other true gentlemen, always choose their lady, and love her, and are true to her, and take care of her, and work for her, and fight for her, as every true gentleman ought; and are not like vulgar chub and roach and pike, who have no high feelings, and take no care of their wives.

Then he saw Tom, and looked at him very fiercely one moment, as if he was going to bite him.

"What do you want here?" he said, very fiercely.

"Oh, don't hurt me!" cried Tom. "I only want to look at you; you are so handsome."

"Ah?" said the salmon, very stately but very civilly. "I really beg your pardon; I see what you are, my little dear. I have met one or two creatures like you before, and found them very agreeable and well-behaved. Indeed, one of them showed me a great kindness lately, which I hope to be able to repay. I hope we shall not be in your way here. As soon as this lady is rested, we shall proceed on our journey."

What a well-bred old salmon he was!

"So you have seen things like me before?" asked Tom.

"Several times, my dear. Indeed, it was only last night that one at the river's mouth came and warned me and my wife of some new stake-nets which had got into the stream, I cannot tell how, since last winter, and showed us the way round them, in the most charmingly obliging way."

"So there are babies in the sea?" cried Tom, and clapped his little hands. "Then I shall have some one to play with there? How delightful!"

"Were there no babies up this stream?" asked the lady salmon.

"No; and I grew so lonely. I had nothing to play with but caddises and dragon-flies and trout."

"Ugh!" cried the lady, "what low company!"

"My dear, if he has been in low company, he has certainly not learnt their low manners," said the salmon.

"No, indeed, poor little dear; but how sad for him to live among such people as caddises, who have actually six legs, the nasty things; and dragon-flies, too! why they are not even good to eat; for I tried them once, and they are all hard and empty; and, as for trout, every one knows what they are." Whereon she curled up her lip, and looked dreadfully scornful, while her husband curled up his too, till he looked as proud as Alcibiades.

"Why do you dislike the trout so?" asked Tom.

"My dear, we do not even mention them, if we can help it; for I am sorry to say they are relations of ours who do us no credit. A great many years ago they were just like us: but they were so lazy, and cowardly, and greedy, that instead of going down to the sea every year, to see the world and grow strong and fat, they chose to stay and poke about in the little streams, and eat worms and grubs, and they are very properly punished for it; for they have grown ugly and brown, and spotted, and small; and are actually so degraded in their tastes, that they will eat our children."

"And then they pretend to scrape acquaintance with us again," said the lady. "Why, I have actually known one of them propose to a lady salmon, the little impudent little creature."

"I should hope," said the gentleman, "that there are very few ladies of our race who would degrade themselves by listening to such a creature for an instant. If I saw such a thing happen, I should consider it my duty to put them both to death upon the spot." So the old salmon said, like an old blue-blooded hidalgo of Spain; and what is more, he would have done it too. For you must know, no enemies are so bitter against each other as those who are of the same race; and a salmon looks on a trout, as a Yankee looks on a nigger, as something just too much like himself to be tolerated.

*To be continued.*

## COTTON-WEAVING AND LANCASHIRE LOOMS.

The expression of surprise and look of bewildered amazement with which the Japanese ambassadors contemplated the mechanical wonders in the Western Annexe of the International Exhibition, are not greater than would be manifested by a Lancashire Rip Van Winkle, who, after a sleep of six decades, should arise in this year of grace, 1862, and take a peep at the machinery by which his grandchildren now turn out in a day the cloth that would have cost him the labour of a month. And we know not what Semiramis, the Queen of Assyria, would say (if it be true what Pliny tells us, that she was the inventress of weaving), could she collate and compare, along with a Lancashire operative of the present day, the loom with which he weaves with the rude contrivance by which her subjects were enabled to manufacture cloth two thousand years before the Christian era. This reference to an Assyrian queen, whose history belongs to the era of fable, is sufficient to show the antiquity, although not to fix the date, of the invention of weaving. And the frequent references to the subject in the Bible, and the frequency with which the swiftness of the weaver's shuttle is made to point a moral on the shortness and uncertainty of human life, prove how familiar the Jews were, and probably, also, the nations by which they were surrounded in the time of the patriarchs and prophets, with the process of weaving. We know not, and can hardly conjecture, by what combination of mechanical expedients the people of those times wove their "purple and fine linen," and their silk; but, as they do not appear to have woven cotton, and cotton-weaving is the subject we have at present in hand, we withdraw from the inquiry as foreign to our purpose; and, by thus making a virtue of necessity, we avoid an investigation which seems incapable of being further pursued with any hopes of success.

Turn we, however, to India, "the birth-place of the cotton manufacture," and there we shall find that cotton-weaving has undoubted claims to a great antiquity—the manufacture of cotton being known and practised in India quite as early as the manufacture of linen in Egypt. We know from Herodotus, who wrote 445 years B.C., that cotton garments were the clothing regularly worn by the Indians, for he says:—"They possess a kind of plant, which "produces wool, of a finer and better "quality than that of sheep; of this the "Indians make their clothes." But for how many centuries prior to this time the Indians manufactured cotton, history or tradition saith not. There is evidence, however, that at that period the cultivation and manufacture of cotton were confined to India; and not till four or five hundred years later are any traces to be found of cotton manufactures in other countries. At the Christian era the growth and manufacture of cotton had spread to Persia and Egypt, and thence the use of cottons and muslins spread gradually into Arabia and neighbouring countries. But India maintained the pre-eminence to which her priority in the cultivation of the plant, and her dexterity and skill in the manufacture of the wool, gave her something like a title; and not till a period within living memory did she yield the palm to Lancashire. The looms of India were wont to supply the markets of the world; and, what may seem to modern notions like "sending coals to Newcastle," the importation into this country of calicoes from Calcutta—where, however, they were first manufactured, and whence the name is derived—was, up to a comparatively recent period, a most important item in the trade between England and her Eastern dependency. Towards

the close of the seventeenth century, the value of the muslins and calicoes which England annually received from India was about 160,000*l.* During the eighteenth century, the importation of Indian piece goods into this country, despite legislative enactments intended to foster the home manufacture of cotton fabrics by prohibiting the wearing of Indian muslins and calicoes, rose to the annual value of 1,250,000*l.*; and the acme of this increasing trade was reached in 1806, when our importations from India of such goods as are now the staple of the industry of Lancashire amounted to 2,000,000*l.* From this date there is a decline, great and rapid, till England becomes an exporter of what she had previously imported so largely, and is able, not only to furnish cotton goods of every variety and quality for the supply of all her own wants, but also to carry the produce of her looms ten thousand miles across the seas, and, "placing "them at the doors of the Indian con- "sumer, undersell the goods made by "his own hands from cotton grown in "his own garden." And now India figures in our trade returns as the most considerable of our customers for the produce of our looms and spindles, taking from us annually to the value of about 12,000,000*l.*, or nearly one-fourth of our total exports of cotton products.

This striking and rapid change in the relative position of the two countries, as respects the cotton manufacture, is the result of those improvements in machinery which are the special glory of Lancashire. The muslins of India, poetically spoken of by the ancients as "woven webs of air," maintained their superiority till long after English ingenuity had applied the power of steam to the spinning and weaving of cotton. Even with the aid of machinery, the weavers of Lancashire failed, for a time, to rival what the "unlettered Hindoo "had manipulated in his little mud hut "on the remote banks of the Ganges," with the aid of only such a loom as his ancestors had used with like success probably thirty centuries before. Looking at the Hindoo weaver, as represented in the engraving usually employed to illustrate the process of weaving in India, sitting at what is called the Indian loom, with his feet and legs in a pit dug in the ground, and throwing the shuttle by hand across a web rudely stretched on a bamboo frame, one is constrained to confess with Mr. Baines, the historian of the cotton manufacture, that no people possessing a physical organization less exquisitely adapted to give manual dexterity than that of the Oriental, could possibly produce cloth so fine by appliances so rude. But we must now turn to England, which has been described as "the second birth-place of the art," and glance at the steps by which she has attained the undisputed pre-eminence she now enjoys as the seat and centre of the cotton manufacture.

Weaving is defined as "the inter- "lacing together of two lines of threads "at right angles to each other;" and the threads running from end to end of the piece are called the "warp," and those which cross from selvage to selvage—that is, from side to side of the fabric—the "weft." This is the definition of "plain weaving," and it is sufficient for our purpose. The process by which this interlacing is effected consists of three motions, which must be performed in succession. There is, first, the shedding of the web for the introduction of the shuttle with the weft shot; second, the throwing of the shuttle through the shed; and third, the striking home of the shot. Now, all the improvements which mechanical skill has effected on the first rude contrivance by which these three motions were effected—by the "rude Indian" for centuries, and by the English hand-loom weaver up to 1738—are but expedients for facilitating these motions.

When John Kay, of Bury, in 1738, substituted the fly-shuttle for the hand-shuttle, by which the production of the hand-loom was trebled, his improvement was simply a facilitating of the second of the three essential motions in the process of weaving, "the throwing of the shuttle through the shed;" and the

various "picking" motions applied to the power-loom, with the improvements which have been successively made in them, are but further expedients for performing with greater speed and facility the same primitive and fundamental motion. With the hand-loom, as improved by the application of the "flying shuttle," the weaver could throw a hundred shots per minute, on a web a yard wide, while on broader work the number would be reduced to about eighty; and this rate of shuttling was about three times greater than what had been previously practicable with the hand-shuttle.

The next great improvement effected in the hand-loom was the substitution of what is called the "friction pace" for the bore-staff previously used in tightening the web. It will be readily understood by those most ignorant of the art of weaving, that the cloth as woven is rolled on to a beam or roller in front of the loom, while the yarn which forms the warp is unrolled from a beam at the back of the loom. In the old hand-loom the weaver had to stop shuttling after every two inches of cloth he wove and "draw the bore," and then he had to adjust the warp to the proper degree of tension by means of a ratchet and click. This interfered very much with his progress in weaving, and he was not always able so to adjust the ratchet and click as to secure a uniform tension of the warp. The "friction pace" remedied all this. This was an arrangement by which a weight, suspended to a rope passed two or three times round the end of the yarn-beam, converted the yarn-beam into a friction roller. The amount of friction determined the degree of tension in the warp, and by changing the weight this could be either lessened or increased; but, when it was once adjusted to the fabric to be woven, uniformity was secured, and the weaver could draw the "bore" without disturbing the tension of his warp. Under this improved arrangement the weaver was exposed to less interruption in his shuttling, and he secured the advantage, so essential to the making of good cloth, of having his web kept at a uniform degree of tension. By a subsequent invention, applied to what was called the "Dandy loom," and which forms the principal peculiarity of that kind of loom, the weaver was saved the necessity of stopping to "draw the bore." A simple motion, connecting the lathe or slay with a ratchet fixed on the end of the cloth beam, caused the beam to take up the cloth as it was woven. A similar motion is a feature in all power-looms; but, as applied to the hand-loom, although it was adopted as an improvement of considerable importance in the weaving of the coarser fabrics, it found little favour with the weavers of muslins and the finer kinds of cloth.

The invention of the power-loom is due to a doctor of divinity in England and a doctor of medicine in Scotland, both of whom seem to have conceived the idea about the same time, and to have worked on unknown to each other in developing their respective projects. The English inventor was Dr. Edmund Cartwright, a Church of England clergyman, who was incited to the rumination of a subject so foreign to the studies connected with his sacred calling by a tea-table conversation, while on a visit to a friend at Matlock, Derbyshire. Richard Arkwright, who had left Lancashire to avoid the fate of Hargreaves, had recently erected in the vicinity of the reverend doctor's temporary sojourn, one of his large spinning factories; and the conversation turned on the great success which had been achieved in the application of machinery to spinning. Already the genius of Arkwright, Hargreaves, and Crompton had increased the production of yarn three hundred fold, and the question was asked: Could not machinery be as successfully applied to weaving as to spinning? This turned the genius of the doctor in the direction indicated; he set himself to solve the suggested problem; and the result was a loom, theoretically capable of performing the three motions which are the essentials in weaving, but prac-

tically defective to an extent which rendered the invention useless. The doctor was not a weaver; he had not studied practically the nature of the material with which the weaver has to deal; and his loom lacked all those organs of sensation, if we may so speak, which the more perfect machine of modern times possesses, by which every slip or hitch in the working, caused by bad yarn or breakage, is either prevented or provided against, and which stop the loom when a "smash" is otherwise inevitable. The doctor could see the defects of his loom; but his want of practical knowledge denied him the power of remedying them, and the difficulties with which he long struggled proved to him insurmountable. It is surprising, however, on looking back, to see how near he came to the results of modern times.

Dr. Cartwright's first patent for a weaving machine is dated the 4th April, 1785, and of it he says: "It is worked "by mechanical force. The warp, in- "stead of lying horizontal, as in the "common loom, is in this machine "(which may be made to hold any "number of warps at pleasure) placed "perpendicularly. The shuttle, instead "of being thrown by hand, is thrown "either by a spring, the vibration of a "pendulum, the stroke of a hammer, "or by the application of one of the "mechanical powers, according to the "nature of the work, and the distance "the shuttle is required to be thrown; "and lastly, the web is taken up "gradually as it is woven." The number and variety of the mechanical expedients to which the reverend mechanic appeals for aid in throwing his shuttle, shows the crude and imperfect notions he had of what was requisite to produce the desired result. In practice, as we learn from the details of his invention which have been preserved, Dr. Cartwright used *springs* for throwing the shuttle, and these springs were "con- "nected with a cylinder placed beneath "the machine," which also gave motion to a lever, which reversed the shed of the warp. Successive improvements made in the machine, and patented in 1786, 1787, 1788, and 1792, did not bring it the length of practical utility; and, after spending a fortune of between 30,000*l.* and 40,000*l.* in this and other mechanical projects, the doctor was rewarded with a Government grant of 10,000*l.*, in consideration of his inventions having led to the successful adaptation of machinery to weaving, which soon after came into general use.

Contemporaneous with these unsuccessful efforts to develop the power-loom in England, Dr. Jeffray, practising as a physician in Paisley, invented a loom which in principle was very similar to that of Dr. Cartwright. The leading feature in each was "that the shuttle "and lathe were worked by the reaction "of springs, and the power applied to "them consisted in repressing them, so "as to bring them into a state fit for "reacting at the proper time" In one respect, the loom of the Scotch physician was superior to that of the English divine; and that was as to the means adopted for preventing the "smash" caused by the stoppage of the shuttle in the shed. A spring which kept the shuttle from recoiling when it entered the shuttle-box also supplied a motion which stopped the lathe when the shuttle was accidentally caught in its passage through the warp. But even this improvement did not entirely overcome the difficulty, and Dr. Jeffray's loom was never brought into practical use.

The man who first completed the improvements which made weaving by power practicable was Mr. Robert Millar, a calico printer by trade, and the manager of a print-field near Glasgow. He patented, in 1796, an improvement called the "protector," which stopped the loom altogether when the shuttle was prevented by any cause from accomplishing its passage from the one box to the other; and he substituted the direct action of the motive-power for the springs formerly used in throwing the shuttle. He had also a motion for taking up the cloth as woven. These improvements, which were still further

developed by Messrs. Radcliffe and Ross, Mr. Thomas Johnson, and Mr. H. Horrocks, all of Stockport, are features in all the power-looms which have since been made, and even in those models of mechanical skill, now exhibited in the Western Annexe of the International Exhibition, which present in so many respects such a striking contrast to the comparatively rude machinery for weaving which was in general use at the beginning of the present century. Millar's looms have been at work in Scotland until a comparatively recent period ; and in the Great Exhibition of 1851, Mr. Joseph Harrison, of Blackburn, exhibited, in contrast with an improved loom of his own make, one of those antique and now almost unique machines. Of the contrast thus presented it is well said in the *Encyclopædia Britannica:* "It needs no great culture " of the eye to have noticed in exhibi- " tions of machinery how often and how " strikingly improvements in power and " efficiency are, at the same time, im- " provements in form and appearance." With the improved "power and efficiency" we have more to do than with the improved "form and appearance ;" and what did that amount to ? The loom of 1800 required the undivided attention of one operative to each warp, or, in special cases, five persons might tend six looms ; but the loom of 1851 accomplished so much by itself, without the weaver's attention, and in spite of his carelessness, that two, and in many cases three, looms were worked by a single operative. On the loom of 1800 the most industrious operative could produce, in a week of sixty hours, no more than four pieces of printing cloth, twenty-five inches wide, twenty-nine yards long, and with eleven picks or shots of weft in the quarter inch ; whereas, with the loom of 1851 twenty-six pieces of the same kind of cloth could be produced with equal facility. The remuneration of the operative of 1800 was 2*s.* 9*d.* per piece, for the description of cloth we have selected as an illustration, which made his weekly earnings 11*s.* ; the price paid to the operative of 1851 was only about 6*d.* per piece, but this made his weekly earnings 13*s.* These are proofs of increased "power and efficiency," which are not only demonstrable on paper, but have been felt in every household in the land, cheapening most materially an article of universal consumption, and at the same time benefitting pecuniarily those most concerned in its production. But to return to our historical sketch of the power-loom.

The improvements of Mr. Millar, which gave to his loom the name of "wiper," from the motion of the shuttle being effected by eccentric wheels of this description, and those of Mr. Horrocks, which gave to his loom the name of "crank," from this agency being the means made use of by him for working the lathe, were soon combined ; and they are to be found, more or less improved and variously modified, in all power-looms. But these improvements, great as they were, and demonstrating as they did the practicability of weaving by power, did not dispose of all the difficulties connected with the manufacture of cloth by the power-loom. One process to which we have not yet referred, necessary in the hand-loom, and still more in the power-loom, is "dressing"—the application of starch or size to the warp to give the yarn such a stiffness and consistency as may enable it to stand the strain to which it is subjected in the process of weaving. In the old hand-loom the weaver "dressed" as much of the warp as was stretched from the back of the heddles, or healds, to the warp-beam, which might be about a yard. He then worked his cloth till the end of the dressed part came up to the heddles, when he again stopped and dressed a yard, and then resumed his weaving ; and this process he had to repeat, throughout the whole length of his web, as every yard of warp was unrolled from the warp-beam. It is evident, that however little this might be considered an obstruction or a hindrance in the case of hand-loom weaving, it was quite incompatible with weaving by power. It would not pay the weaver

to stop his loom while he dressed a yard of warp; and the yarn would not stand the double strain of being dragged forward by the process of weaving, and pulled backwards by the process of dressing. This difficulty rendered almost nugatory for a time the comparative perfection to which mechanical ingenuity had brought the process of weaving. But the inventive genius of those interested in the progress and extension of manufactures was soon turned, and that successfully, to the consideration of the means by which warps could be dressed or sized by power, and given out to the weaver in a state which would obviate the necessity for dressing. And there was more to stimulate the progress of invention in this direction than the desire to test the capabilities and obtain the full benefit of the power-loom. The great and rapid improvements which had been made in spinning machinery, by which the production of yarn had been increased three or four hundred fold, demanded means of consumption for the produce of the mule greatly beyond the capabilities of the old hand-loom and the new power-loom. The greatest desideratum towards this object was a machine for "dressing" by power, and this was soon supplied, and improved by successive inventors, who gradually substituted "sizing" for "dressing," till the perfection had been attained which is now observable in the sizing machine known as the "slasher." It is foreign to our present purpose, and quite unnecessary, that we detail the successive improvements effected in machines for dressing and sizing, or that we describe the sizing machine now in general use. Let it suffice to say that by the use of these machines the weaver is saved the necessity for dressing his warp—yard by yard, as in the hand-loom, or in snatches and at irregular intervals, as in the first power-loom—and, being thus enabled to devote his whole attention to the process of weaving, makes greater progress in his work, and also makes better cloth. The invention of the sizing machine demonstrated for the first time, not the practicability of weaving by power, but the capabilities of the power-loom; and since then each successive improvement, both in sizing machinery and in weaving machinery, has increased its productiveness.

But the important advantages of sizing and weaving by power were not recognised all at once. Machines for both purposes had been brought to a comparative degree of perfection in 1805; but in 1813, eight years after, it is estimated that not more than 2,400 power-looms, with about 100 sizing machines, were in use in all parts of the country. From 1813 to 1820, the number of power-looms increased in a more rapid ratio, there being then upwards of 14,000 in use in England and Scotland. In 1830, the number had increased to 60,000; and in 1833, to 100,000—this latter figure showing the rate of increase to have been greatly accelerated during the three years from 1830 to 1833. But there was sufficient in the daily augmenting productive power of the loom to justify this great and rapid increase. The shirting, of which a good hand-loom weaver of full age and strength could weave only *two* pieces per week, could, in 1823, be produced by two power-looms, attended by a youth of fifteen, at the rate of *seven* pieces per week, and in 1826 at the rate of *twelve* to *fifteen* pieces per week; while, in 1833, a weaver of from fifteen to twenty years of age, with the assistance of a girl of twelve, could produce from four looms *eighteen* or *twenty* pieces per week.

Another index of the great and rapid extension of the cotton manufacture during the period embraced in the above comparison, is the official returns of the imports of cotton wool. In 1803, the quantity of cotton wool imported into this country, and consumed in our manufactures, was upwards of 52,000,000 lbs.; in 1823, the consumption was upwards of 186,000,000 lbs.; and in 1833, it had increased to about 294,000,000 lbs. But we must return to the power-loom, and note, although it may be hurriedly, the progressive steps by which its present perfection was attained.

The loom of 1862 is a striking contrast to that of 1833. In general appearance the two machines may not be so dissimilar, or present so great a contrast as that which is observable between the loom of 1800 and that of 1851; but in many points of detail the loom of 1862 has been so improved—by modifications and additions which may singly be comparatively unimportant, but in the aggregate amount to almost a revolution in its mode of operation as a machine for weaving—that the progress made during the last thirty years must be considered quite as important as that which resulted in the development of the loom of 1800 into that of 1851. The first improvement to be noticed is that beautiful expedient for stopping the loom when the weft-thread breaks. It is evident that, when a weaver has three or four looms to attend, he cannot always notice on the instant the breakage of the weft-thread; and, should the loom continue working for even half a minute after the weft has broken (at the rate of, say, only 150 picks or shots per minute), the cloth-beam, by the motion which regulates its movements, will have taken up an inch to an inch and a half of the warp before it has received the weft necessary to make it into cloth. In such a case the weaver would be under the necessity of "letting back" his web, so as to resume working at the exact spot where the weft-thread broke, and this would prove a very great hindrance to him in the case we have supposed, of his having three or four looms to attend. But mechanical ingenuity having devised, and mechanical skill having successfully adapted to the power-loom, a peculiar motion, endued with sufficient sensibility to know when the weft-thread breaks, and sufficient power to throw the loom out of gear and stop, almost in an instant, all its rapid and complicated movements, the weaver is apprised of the breakage the moment it occurs, and is enabled to remedy the defect with the least possible loss of time. The first expedient for this purpose was the invention of John Ramsbottom and Richard Holt, of Todmorden, who, among other improvements in power-looms patented by them in 1834, had a "contrivance for stopping the loom on the breaking of the "weft-thread." The details of this invention can hardly be made intelligible without the aid of a diagram; but its general principle may be understood, if we say that it consisted of what the patentees called "hands and fingers"—a sort of lever, so placed that the "fingers" rested on, and were supported by, the weft when the loom was working and all was going right, and fell down when the weft broke and the support on which they rested was thus taken away. The effect of the "fingers" falling down was to disconnect a lever, which caused the next stroke of the "slay" (which contains the reed, and by the movement of which the weft is beaten up) to throw the driving-strap on to the loose pulley, and so stop the loom. The same patentees had also an improved contrivance for stopping the loom when the shuttle failed to reach the opposite box. These contrivances were improvements on the power-loom, but practically of no great value, except as paving the way for subsequent inventions. So far as regards the stoppage of the loom when the weft-thread breaks, the "hand and fingers" were superseded by the motion invented and patented by Messrs. William Kenworthy and James Bullough, both of Blackburn, in 1841. The superiority of this later appliance consists in the certainty and promptness with which the object in view, the stoppage of the loom for the preventing of damage, is secured. The patentees style their apparatus "the weft-watcher, or detector;" and it well deserves the name, for, with unerring certainty, on the breakage or absence of the weft-thread, it instantaneously disengages the "taking up" motion, and entirely stops the loom. The "detector" bears a general resemblance to the "hands and fingers," to the extent that the absence of the weft-thread, releasing the lever over which it passes while the loom is working, is the "prime mover," if we may so speak, in the stopping of the loom; but the

invention of 1841 has the decided advantage over that of 1834, in respect of the means by which the rising of a delicately constructed lever—so delicate that a thread fine as gossamer holds it in check—effects the almost instantaneous stoppage of the whole machinery of the loom. The contrivance of Messrs. Kenworthy and Bullough has not been superseded by the ingenuity of any subsequent inventor, and all the improvements since effected in it are simply such as are owing to the superior skill and workmanship displayed by the different makers of looms.

To Mr. James Bullough is also due the credit of another invention, patented in 1842, for the prevention of damage and the stopping of the loom when the shuttle is caught in the shed. The contrivance for this purpose, patented in 1834, was not found to be always effective; but the importance of preventing the great damage to the web which was inevitable when the slay, with the reed, beat up the shuttle instead of the weft shot, prompted and justified great efforts to remedy the evil. Mr. Bullough effected this desirable object by the invention of the "loose reed"—a contrivance by which the reed is "carried by a spring cap and swivels in the top rail" of the slay; and thus, when the shuttle is caught in the shed, the reed is forced back and acts upon levers which stop the loom. This is an arrangement by which all uncertainty of action is done away with. The reed can never fail to be acted upon by the shuttle when it is in the shed; and there is a mechanical certainty that the movement of the reed will operate effectually on the levers connected with the stopping motion. We need only remark further on the subject of the loose reed—which is applicable to all the lighter kinds of cloth, up to cloths having eighteen to twenty picks in the quarter inch—that it has enabled looms to be worked much quicker than was previously practicable. A forty-inch loom, for instance, which before the invention of the loose reed might be worked at the rate of 120 picks per minute, could afterwards be worked at 180 to 200 picks per minute, or at an increased speed of more than fifty per cent.; and further improvements have since increased the practicable speed at which the same loom can be worked to about 230 picks per minute.

But the loose reed is not applicable to the weaving of heavy fabrics. The force with which the weft in the heavier class of goods requires to be beaten up is greater than could be applied with a slay fitted on the loose-reed principle. The looms, therefore, for weaving cloths of a coarser quality than eighteen to twenty picks in the quarter inch are all fitted with fast reeds, and it is left to an application termed a "stop-rod" to throw the loom out of gear when the shuttle is prevented, from any cause, from completing its course through the warp. This "stop-rod" is acted upon by the shuttle as it arrives at each end of the slay; and, on its failing to arrive at either end, the "stop-rod" falls upon a moveable bracket and instantly stops the loom. But this sudden stoppage of the loom, in the first application of the "stop-rod," was attended by a great shock, which caused damage, not only to the warp but to the loom itself; and, as the "stop-rod" proved in practice very uncertain in its working, the mishaps it was intended to guard against were not always prevented. This led to another improvement of considerable importance as applicable to fast reed looms—an improvement which goes by the name of the "break," which was patented by Mr. John Sellers, of Burnley, in 1845, and by which the loom can be stopped instantaneously, whatever the speed at which it may be working, without the great shock to the machinery which the "stop-rod" produces when used without the "break." These several contrivances for stopping the loom, the most of them self-acting, requiring neither the presence nor the intervention of the weaver, effectually obviate the mischief which would otherwise be inevitable, and which, in the absence of these mechanical appliances, the most

watchful vigilance, supposing no more than one loom was under the care of each operative, would be powerless to prevent.

We must now notice the "taking up" and the "letting back" motions. We have already referred to the tedium of the process which compelled the hand-loom weaver, as every two inches of cloth were woven, to stop his loom and "draw the bore," and then adjust the warp to the proper degree of tension. Contrivances which, in view of more modern inventions, must be characterised as rude, superseded this method of winding the cloth on the beam, but they were far from securing uniformity in the make of the cloth, the quality of which was left largely dependent on the skill and care of the weaver. The importance of the "taking up" motion in securing uniformity in the texture of the cloth will be apparent, if it is considered that every stroke of the slay (180, or, it may be, 250 per minute) brings the reed, by which the weft-shot is beaten up, forward towards the cloth-beam to precisely the same spot; and this requires that the web be pulled on to the cloth-beam the length of a pick (which may be the eightieth or the hundredth part of an inch), as each shot is beaten up, or 180 to 250 times per minute. These conditions, severe as they are, have been secured by the "taking up" motion introduced by Messrs. Kenworthy and Bullough in 1841, and which has never yet been superseded. In this motion change wheels are made use of, which secure, with the greatest nicety, that any given number of picks shall be put in each inch of the cloth. And this it secures with a mechanical accuracy which is in no way dependent on the weaver—who, either for the purpose of getting out more cloth, or from carelessness, might vary the number of shots per inch, and so produce a fabric which would be unsaleable on account of the irregularity of the texture. Closely connected with the "taking up" motion is the "letting back" motion, a simple expedient by which the web can be let back any number of picks which the loom may have worked after the breakage of the weft-shot, that the beating up of the slay may be resumed at the exact spot it left off when the weft broke, and so the unseemly blemish of "gaws" in the cloth may be prevented.

Another important part of the power-loom is the "temple," which keeps the cloth stretched to the proper width, and which requires to be, like everything else connected with a loom driven by power, self-acting. In the hand-loom the temple was of wood, flat and hinged in the centre, with a button which kept the hinge locked while the loom was at work. The length of the temple was the breadth of the cloth, and a series of small spikes or needles at either end, caught in the selvage of the cloth, kept the web at the proper width. The shifting of the temple was a great hindrance to the weaver, as it required to be shifted every time the "bore" was drawn, or after every two inches of cloth he wove. In the power-loom such an appliance would be perfectly useless. In the earliest efforts to construct a temple adapted to weaving by power, metallic discs were made use of, with small spikes or needles on the periphery which caught in the selvage of the cloth and thus kept it stretched at the required breadth. As the cloth was pulled forward on to the beam by the action of the "taking up" motion, the discs revolved, and fresh spikes took the place of those which were thus disengaged from the selvage, so as to keep the cloth always stretched. This was the characteristic of the self-acting temple invented by that ingenious mechanic, Mr. James Smith, of Deanston, who had the spikes or teeth in his discs set at a slight angle, in a direction outwards from the fabric, so as to give them a better hold on the selvage. It was a very successful invention, and very extensively used till superseded by the "roller-temple" invented by Messrs Kenworthy and Bullough in 1841. This contrivance was

" a small roller, covered with fine sand, " emery, or other rough surface, revolving " in a semi-circular trough or casing ; " and the cloth passing under the roller and between it and the casing, was transmitted of a parallel and uniform breadth to the cloth beam. An improvement effected on this roller temple by the late Mr. John Railton, of Blackburn, was patented by him in 1842. In this improved temple two or more rollers or bars are used, which are chased with a screw-thread, one half right-handed and the other left-handed, and also fluted, so as to present " a continuous surface of small points or pins." The cloth, being led over one roller and under the other, is kept distended tightly and transmitted over the breast-beam to the cloth roller. Another temple, combining the features of Mr. James Smith's and Messrs. Kenworthy and Bullough's patent, was invented and patented in 1852 by Messrs. John Elce, of Manchester, and John Bond, of Burnley. In this invention " two or more rollers " are used, as in Messrs. Kenworthy and Bullough's, and they are covered with " rowels," and provided with guards and shells, so shaped " that " the fabric to be distended in the loom " is carried about half round each of " the rollers." But the temple which has stood best the test of experience, and is now in most general use, is the " trough and roller temple " of Messrs. Kenworthy and Bullough.

These several improvements, with others of lesser note, due to the varying skill and ingenuity of the different makers, are to be seen in the looms exhibited in the Western Annexe of the Exhibition Building. One loom there, made and exhibited by Messrs. W. Dickinson and Sons, of Blackburn, has the merit claimed for it of great speed, which is due to a peculiar kind of crank, the patented invention of Mr. W. E. Taylor, of Enfield, near Accrington. But the only complete series of weaving machinery for the cotton manufacture is that exhibited by Messrs. J. Harrison and Sons, of Blackburn, the same firm whose looms attracted so much notice in the Exhibition of 1851. It is only with their looms, however, that we have at present to deal, and we select them as illustrations of the various improvements of which we have been speaking, because they are all adapted to the weaving of plain cloth (to which we have throughout this article limited our attention), and because the adaptation of the various parts of the loom to the weaving of cloth can be there seen in the greatest perfection. We have also another reason for selecting the looms of Messrs. Harrison as illustrating this paper, and that is, because they are just such looms as are in most general use in the great manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Cheshire, where in ordinary times thousands of operatives find profitable employment in weaving upon them the plain cloth which forms the staple trade of the country, but where unfortunately now, through the scarcity of cotton, many are suffering privations on account of the shortened hours of labour, and many more are in positive want from a total cessation of employment.

In addition to the improvements noticed above as those which constitute the grand features of the modern power-loom, the looms of Messrs. Harrison are fitted with a new treading motion (for working the healds or heddles), whereby a better shed of the warp is secured for the passage of the shuttle. One result of this improvement is, that the loom can be worked at a greater speed without any absorption of power ; and another important object which it secures is economy in the wear and tear of healds, the expenses of which are an important item in the manufacturer's cost-book. In the loom for light fabrics, fitted with a loose reed, the "taking up" roller is of sheet-iron, covered with composition, instead of the ordinary wood roller covered with emery. The advantage of this substitution of an iron for a wood roller is, that it is not affected by change of temperature. In the loom for heavy fabrics the "taking

up" roller is of cast-iron, to which the necessary roughness of surface is imparted by its being fluted and chased. It is also adapted for the weaving of wetted weft by being painted. This loom is fitted with Sellers' "break" for stopping the loom (as already noticed), and with a "vibrator," which enables the warp to give a little whilst the healds are forming the shed, and thus moderate the strain which might otherwise result in breakage. But it is time to leave mechanical details to glance at the rapid increase in the number of power-looms, and at their enormous production.

In the early days of the cotton manufacture, and indeed up to a very recent period, no steps were taken to obtain full and reliable statistics of what is now the staple industry of the country. The only approach to statistics on the subject are the figures supplied by the Customs' returns; and these merely furnish, and in only a very summary manner, information of the quantities of yarn and cloth imported and exported year by year, and of the gradually increasing quantities of cotton wool required to supply our increasing powers of consumption. They afford no information with respect to the employment of the people in the cotton manufacture; nor can we gather from them any very definite idea of the rapid strides by which the cotton trade has attained to its present extraordinary dimensions. We have already remarked that the number of power-looms estimated to be in use in England and Scotland in 1833 was 100,000. As the data for noting the progress of the trade from the date of this conjectural estimate are, during many subsequent years, more or less conjectural, it may suffice if we take a leap at once to the year 1850, when the number of factories, spindles, and looms, and of persons employed in the spinning and weaving of cotton, as shown by official returns, was as follows:—

1850.

| Lancashire. | No. of Factories. | No. of Spindles. | No. of Looms. | Power. | | Numbers employed. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | Steam. | Water. | Males. | Females. | Total. |
| Spinning only . | 517 | 6,110,074 | — | 16,102 | 1,340 | 26,165 | 29,847 | 56,012 |
| Weaving only . | 196 | — | 31,875 | 2,538 | 152 | 8,045 | 11,629 | 19,674 |
| Both Spinning and Weaving | 436 | 7,766,991 | 143,690 | 27,612 | 1,820 | 61,125 | 74,135 | 135,260 |
| Total in Lancashire . . . | 1,149 | 13,877,065 | 175,565 | 46,252 | 3,312 | 95,335 | 115,611 | 210,946 |
| Total in England | 1,531 | 18,740,802 | 221,360 | 61,302 | 7,465 | 127,424 | 152,285 | 280,909 |

These figures show most strikingly how completely the cotton trade was at that date centred in Lancashire, there being then about three-fourths of the total number of spindles, and about four-fifths of the total number of power-looms in the kingdom at work in that single county; and, out of a population of two millions, no less than 210,946 were employed in the spinning and weaving of cotton. The progress of the trade during the next ten years will be seen from the following similar tables for the years 1856 and 1861:—

1856.

| Lancashire. | No. of Factories. | No. of Spindles. | No. of Looms. | Power. | | Numbers employed. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | Steam. | Water. | Males. | Females. | Total. |
| Spinning only . | 591 | 12,111,954 | — | 22,295 | 1,037 | 31,339 | 37,121 | 68,460 |
| Weaving only . | 344 | — | 58,822 | 5,321 | 113 | 14,168 | 22,768 | 36,936 |
| Both Spinning and Weaving | 516 | 8,115,243 | 165,531 | 34,154 | 1,495 | 66,561 | 86,363 | 152,924 |
| Total in Lancashire . . . | 1,451 | 20,227,197 | 224,353 | 61,770 | 2,645 | 112,068 | 146,252 | 258,320 |
| Total in England | 1,952 | 25,818,576 | 275,489 | 79,294 | 6,513 | 146,590 | 190,990 | 337,580 |

1861.

| Lancashire. | No. of Factories. | No. of Spindles. | No. of Looms. | Power. | | Numbers employed. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | Steam. | Water. | Males. | Females. | Total. |
| Spinning only . | 727 | 11,072,899 | — | 73,284 | 1,319 | 37,571 | 42,876 | 80,447 |
| Weaving only . | 571 | — | 116,446 | 13,627 | 183 | 22,077 | 34,552 | 56,629 |
| Both Spinning and Weaving | 565 | 10,457,633 | 189,977 | 113,326 | 1,828 | 73,877 | 98,129 | 172,006 |
| Total in Lancashire . . . | 1,863 | 21,530,532 | 306,423 | 200,237 | 3,330 | 133,525 | 175,557 | 309,082 |
| Total in England | 2,472 | 28,351,745 | 366,822 | 259,163 | 9,112 | 170,167 | 223,762 | 383,929 |

What must strike the most cursory student of these figures is the enormous increase of spindles and looms, especially in Lancashire, during the interval from 1850 to 1856. It will be seen that the number of spindles increased fifty per cent., from thirteen to twenty millions; and about fifty thousand were added to the number of power-looms. In 1856 Lancashire contained a million and a half more spindles than were at work in all England in 1850; and the number of power-looms in Lancashire in 1856 was three thousand in excess of the number in the whole of England in 1850. A striking increase, although not in so great a ratio, is observable on a comparison of 1861 with 1856. The number of spindles in Lancashire increased during that interval only about a million and a quarter, but the number of power-looms was increased by about eighty-two thousand, making the number in Lancashire in 1861 about thirty-one thousand in excess of the number in all England in 1856. It will be seen, also, that Lancashire contained in 1861 five-sixths of all the power-looms in England. To these statistics of the cotton trade in England we may add, that the quantity of cotton requisite to keep the spindles and looms of the United Kingdom at work is about one thousand million lbs., the cost of which, in ordinary times, is from 28,000,000*l.* to 30,000,000*l.*; and of this enormous quantity, required by the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Lancashire takes about eleven-twelfths. With the produce of this cotton the daily wants of our home

population—which, for an article of such universal consumption as calico, is no trifle—are amply supplied, and we export annually yarns and cloth to the declared real value of nearly 50,000,000*l.* Such is the trade which the fratricidal war in America has temporarily laid prostrate.

These figures, showing the greatness and importance of the cotton trade of England, show also the importance of that branch of it which is the subject of this paper. It will have been observed, from the notices which have been given of the ingenious mechanicians by whom the power-loom has been brought to its present state of perfection, that the major part of the inventions which have turned out improvements of practical utility, originated in Blackburn and neighbourhood; and it will in consequence have been surmised, and not unnaturally, that Blackburn must be the great weaving centre of Lancashire. And so it is. So far back as 1650, Blackburn was famous for the manufacture of what were known in the trade as "Blackburn checks"—a species of cloth consisting of a linen warp and cotton woof, one or both of which being dyed in the thread gave the piece, when woven, a striped or checked appearance. This fabric was afterwards superseded by the "Blackburn greys," so called because the materials of which it was composed were not dyed, but the cloth when woven was sent to the printers unbleached, or in the "grey" state. And Blackburn has ever since (except when the operatives, sharing in the ignorance which was at one time general with respect to the probable effects of improvements in machinery, resorted to measures of violence in order to protect their interests, which they believed to be in peril) maintained a foremost place as a manufacturing centre, and now boasts a weekly yarn market which is second only to that of Manchester. Within the borough boundary (containing a population of about 63,000), and including the suburbs of Witton and Livesey, which should rather be regarded as part of the town of Blackburn than out-lying townships (with an additional population of between 3,000 and 4,000), there are 36,000 power-looms, or about one-tenth of the total number of power-looms in England. And if Blackburn be taken as a centre, the number of power-looms to be found within a radius of five miles is about one-sixth of the whole number of power-looms in England. These facts and figures will justify us in soliciting the companionship of our readers on a flying visit to Blackburn, for the purpose of peeping into some of its weaving factories, and ascertaining, within a compass that may be comprehensible, the productive capabilities of the power-loom, and the facilities possessed for almost indefinite extension.

Here we are then, after a journey of seven to eight hours from the metropolis, in the borough of Blackburn, which is solely a manufacturing town, but a most busy and enterprising one, with a fine town-hall and market-house, and a most picturesque park. An introduction to the two M.P.s. for the borough, Mr. W. H. Hornby and Mr. James Pilkington, gives us free access to their respective establishments, at Brookhouse and Park Place, in both of which there is spinning as well as weaving. In the Brookhouse mills we find about 1,500 looms, and in the Park Place mills about 1,200. We have also the *entrée* to the spinning and weaving establishment of the mayor of the borough, R. H. Hutchinson, Esq., who is head of the firm of Robert Hopwood and Son, of Nova Scotia Mill, one of the largest in the town, and an object of mark to the passing traveller by the tallness of its chimney. Here we find upwards of 1,500 looms, from which are produced such calicoes as have secured for the firm "honourable mention" by the jurors of the International Exhibition. The sensation produced by the sight and sound of 800 or 1,000 looms at work in one immense shed, is what cannot be described. It is something bewildering beyond conception by any but those who have stood, as we have, in such establishments as those we have named. With sensations, how-

ever, we have nothing to do; it is with facts we are dealing. And what are the facts connected with the production of a thousand power-looms such as we have described, fitted with all the most recent improvements, and weaving the same sort of plain cloth as we have already referred to—twenty-five inches wide, with eleven picks to the quarter inch? Each loom will produce eighty yards of cloth in a day of ten hours; which makes the daily production of the thousand looms 80,000 yards, or 45½ miles. In a week of six days the cloth produced by the thousand looms would measure 273 miles; and in a year of fifty weeks, 13,650 miles, or more than half the circumference of the globe. In another aspect, viewed with regard to its clothing capabilities, this enormous production from a thousand looms, of 24,000,000 yards of cloth per annum, is clothing for a population of nearly 500,000 people, allowing each man, woman, and child an annual consumption of fifty yards. If the production of a thousand looms be capable of clothing so many, what population must be required to consume the production of the 306,000 power-looms to be found in Lancashire? And how must the clothing of the world be pinched by their stoppage through the want of cotton?

A few steps from the mayor's mill is the foundry of Messrs. Harrison, from whose looms, as exhibited both in the present Exhibition and in that of 1851, we have drawn our illustrations of the progress and present perfection of the power-loom as adapted for plain weaving. At this establishment, not only looms, but all the various kinds of machinery used in the preparation of the yarn for weaving, are manufactured on the largest scale; and the visitor interested in the cotton manufacture cannot fail to be gratified with what may be seen in the course of even a cursory inspection. To looms, and preparation machinery, the attention of this firm has been directed from its first establishment, and hence the facility with which from 180 to 200 looms per week, or a loom in twenty minutes, can be turned out, each and all of them just such machines as are exhibited under their name in the Western Annexe of the Exhibition Building; and hence, also, the perfection in construction with which such rapidity in production is combined in the looms manufactured by Messrs. Harrison. In the six years following the Exhibition of 1851, during which period, as appears from the official tables we have given of the progress and extension of the cotton trade, an addition of 54,000 was made to the number of power-looms in England, Messrs. Harrison constructed, for home and foreign customers, no less than 24,000 looms; and they are now in a position to turn out looms, with the necessary preparation machinery, at the rate of 120 per week, or a loom during each half-hour of working time. But, were they turning their whole establishment on to looms alone, the production could be increased to 200 looms per week, or a loom, as we have already said, in rather less than twenty minutes.

With such enterprise as these facts and figures display, the pre-eminence which Lancashire enjoys as the seat of the staple trade of the country is not to be wondered at; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, for any other district of England, or any other country in the world, to supplant Lancashire in a manufacture which once belonged to India, but which she has now made her own. The trade has had an unprecedentedly rapid extension—an extension which justified such preparations as have been made for its further development; but it is now suffering a fearful reverse, from a cause as unprecedented as it is disastrous. And it must be the earnest prayer and fervent hope of every one who considers the subject of the present distress in either its commercial or social aspect, that the 300,000 looms of Lancashire may soon be at work again, sending forth their 13,000 miles of cloth per day for the clothing of the nations of the world.

# HUMAN VEGETATION.[1]

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, F.R.S.E., AUTHOR OF "FOOTNOTES FROM THE PAGE OF NATURE."

It cannot possibly escape the notice even of the most unobservant, that the tendency to vegetate is a power restless and perpetual. It has been in operation from the earliest geologic ages, as evinced by the fossil remains found in the most ancient rocks. Like a palimpsest, the successive strata of the earth have been covered with successive races of plants, destroyed by earthquakes, volcanoes, and torrents, but leaving their imperishable relics behind, and again restored, in full luxuriance, by the play of the life agencies. Wherever an igneous rock was upheaved into the sky by some internal convulsion, its bare sides and summit were speedily covered with vegetation; wherever the water retired, leaving its sediment behind, the dry land thus formed became, in a wonderfully short space of time, clothed with verdure. From pole to pole, each stratum of soil, as soon as deposited, was adorned with a rich exuberance of plant-life. Nor is the layer of Nature's floral handwriting which now appears on the surface less extensive, as compared with the page, than the buried and partially obliterated layers beneath, though the characters be less grand and imposing. The earth has lost much of its primeval fire, and has toned down the rank luxuriance of its green and umbrageous youth; but it still retains a considerable portion of the vigour which characterised it during the first great period of organised being—the period of herbs and trees "yielding seed after their kind." The whole face of the earth, and almost every object which belongs to it, is still strangely instinct with vegetable life. Coeval in its origin, it is everywhere present with its indispensable conditions. Burn down the forest, or plough the meadow, and from the new soil thus exposed springs up spontaneously a new crop of vegetation. Hew a stone from a quarry, and place it in a damp situation, and shortly a green tint begins to creep over it. Construct a fence of wooden rails round your property, and in a few months it is covered with a thin film of primitive plants. Expose a pot of jam, or a piece of bread, or any decayed vegetable or animal matter, to the air, and in a day or two it will be hoary with the grey stalks and powdery fructification of the common mould. Dam up a stream or the outlet of a lake, and convert it into a stagnant pond, and in a week or so its sides and bottom are covered with a luxuriant growth of green confervæ, which go on increasing until the water is choked up with vegetable matter, and becomes converted into a bog. How rapidly does Nature bring back into her own bosom the ruin which man has forsaken, harmonizing its haggard features with the softer hues and forms of the scenery around! How quickly does the newly-built wall, which offends the eye by its garishness, become, by the living garniture of mosses and lichens that creep over it, a picturesque object in the landscape! Nature, faithful to her own law—"Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth"—crimsons even the cold and barren surface of the arctic or alpine snow with a portentous vegetation. As if there were not room enough for the amazing profusion of plant-life, she crowds her productions upon each other into the smallest compass, and makes the highest forms the supporters of the lowest. Every inch of ground, however ungenial its climate or unfavourable its conditions, is made available; every object, however unlikely at first sight, is pressed into her service, and made to bear its burden of life; and thus, the grandly wild Platonic myth of

[1] Des Végétaux qui croissent sur l'homme et sur les animaux vivants. Par M. Robin. Paris. 1862.

the *cosmos*, as one vast living thing, is not altogether without foundation.

One of the most remarkable examples of this universal diffusion and plastic power of vegetation is seen in the occurrence of a peculiar flora on living bodies. The irresistible torrent of vegetable life, overflowing the whole earth and every inorganic object upon its surface, has not left uninvaded the domains even of animal life. In its effort to extend itself, it has overleaped the barriers imposed by nature upon the law of propagation, and sought to establish a footing in a strange region, foreign to all its conditions and aptitudes. Several kinds of plants vegetate on the bodies of living insects, such as the wasp, the sphinx, and the may-bug. The story of Sindbad and his old-man incubus, has its counterpart in the vegetable kingdom; for it is by no means rare to observe bees flying about in summer, loaded with a yellow club-shaped plant, almost as large as themselves, protruding from their heads, of which they cannot divest themselves by any effort. The disease called muscardine, so injurious to silk-worms—the mouldiness with which the common house-fly is attacked about the end of autumn—the white slime which covers the sides of gold-fishes, are all vegetable growths which spring up with great rapidity, at the expense of the vital fluids of the animals they infest, converting their bodies into solid masses of white vegetable filaments. In a large number of animals, including caterpillars, beetles, grasshoppers, reptiles, eider-ducks, and animals still higher in the scale, a luxuriant growth of entophytes has often been found. In fact, animals of feeble organic activity, using solid food which is very slowly digested and contains little nutriment, are rarely, if ever, free from these parasites. Nor is man himself exempt from their attacks, although his vigorous organization, his habits of personal cleanliness, and the cooking process to which he subjects his food, are, in the main, inimical to the development of parasitic vegetation. Possessed of a material structure, he is necessarily subjected to the same organic forces which operate throughout the wide field of nature; and the law which regulates the increase and spread of vegetable life shows no greater deference to him, than to the humblest caterpillar, or the stone from the quarry. It regards his animal body, notwithstanding its wonderful and complex formation, simply as a convenient surface on which to carry out its destined ends. Just as the tree is made the basis of support to the lichens which clothe its trunk with their shaggy rosettes, to the mosses which weave their emerald bracelets round its boughs, and to the fungi which seek out and luxuriate on its decayed parts, so is the human body made the matrix of several vegetable parasites, some of which are symptomatic of general debility or local disease, and others are found on the healthiest subjects. Almost every part of the body is infested with some form or other of this strange growth. Literally, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, internally and externally, man is made the victim of this vegetable vampyrism. One of the most fearful pictures which the vivid imagination of Dante created out of the gloom of the infernal regions, is that of the living forest into which certain wicked men were transformed, every bough and leaf of which was endowed with human vitality, emitted a wailing cry of pain, and exuded drops of blood when broken or injured. This extraordinary idea may have been absolutely original—an inspiration of the poet's own fancy; but it is not improbable, as most of the images under which he represents his abstract thoughts were taken from the characters and events of his time, that it was suggested to him by some ancient botanical treatise. At all events, this singular metamorphosis is only a poetical exaggeration of an appearance often produced on certain parts of the human body by vegetable parasites. The recent excellent work of M. Robin, which contains in a compact and systematic form all that has been hitherto discovered upon the subject, describes about a dozen kinds of parasitic plants to which man is liable; but, as

the author's range of observation has been principally confined to the inhabitants of Europe, there is every reason to believe that he has not exhausted the subject. The manners and occupations, as well as the food, of the inhabitants of tropical regions, are peculiarly favourable to the production of these abnormal growths, while the heat and moisture of the climate stimulate them into excessive development. Hence, when more particular attention is paid by travellers to this obscure department of research, new and strange diseases caused by plants will, in all likelihood, be found comparatively common in these countries. All the forms of human vegetation hitherto discovered are supposed by some of our ablest naturalists to have a common origin, and are consequently referred by them to one species, which is possessed of singularly protean qualities, and is able to accommodate itself to almost any situation, however different from that which it usually affects in its normal form. Such individuals not only maintain the identity of all human diseases caused by plants, but also assert that there is no vegetable growth infesting any animal body, however high or low in the scale of organization, which is not referable to one primitive form. Whether this be not carrying the Darwinian theory, in this particular application of it, a little too far, we are not yet in a position positively to say; but certainly, the more intimate and extended our acquaintance with the plant in question, the more remarkable do we find its range of variation, while by a series of experiments made to trace its growth through successive stages of development on different substances and in altered circumstances, we have acquired several links in the chain of evidence towards establishing the truth of the opinion. The common mould, so familiar to every one as covering, with its greyish or greenish flocculent crust, damp walls, old shoes, and almost any substance, in dark ill-ventilated places, and which is the plague of the economical housewife, invading her pantry and defiling her cherished preserves, is supposed to be the many-headed hydra, the cause of all the mischief. As the appearances which it presents on different parts of the human body, however, are so very distinct and remarkable, it may be interesting to give a brief detailed description of them, under the separate names given to them by those who affirm that they are not local modifications of one and the same plant, but different and peculiar species.

Beginning with the human head, it might seem the height of presumption for vegetable aspiration to strive to establish its dominion on the dome of thought, the palace of the soul. But this object it has attained, and the crown of man is actually brought into subjection to the vegetable kingdom. Whatever the character or quantity of the brains beneath may be—whether intellectual or Bœotian—the crania of the philosopher and the fool indiscriminately afford a resting-place and pabulum for the lowest forms of vegetable life. Utterly regardless of Gall and Spurzheim, they luxuriate on the bumps which indicate the intellectual faculties, as well as on those which point out the animal propensities. They have no greater respect for the iron-grey head of the sage, filled with the accumulated wisdom and experience of half a century, than for the bald pow, with its indefinite silky floss, of the little child. So very variable are the appearances which this vegetation produces on the head that it has received no less than twenty different names. It is most commonly known, however, under the scientific synonyms of porrigo, herpes, alopecia, tinea, and popularly as scald-head and ring-worm. Some forms of it attack children almost exclusively, and are found only among the poor, where there is not sufficient attention paid to cleanliness, while others occur at all ages and in all ranks and conditions of society. The effects which it produces are no less variable than its forms, ranging from the small brown scurfy spots, which at a certain period cover the head of every child, and which a few vigorous applications of soft soap and water will remove,

to those extreme cases where it disorganizes the whole structure of the scalp, and seriously affects the general health. Its varying appearances and effects are in all likelihood caused by the different stages of development of the plant, its greater or less abundance on the parts affected, and the more or less favourable circumstances in which it is placed. The form which it most frequently exhibits is that of rounded patches of thick yellowish scales marked by numerous depressions, at first very small, but gradually increasing and invading larger surfaces. The hairs on the parts affected are dull, dry, and colourless, exceedingly brittle, and easily extracted, broken off close to the skin, and covered with greyish-white dust. It is described with sufficient accuracy by Moses in the 13th chapter of Leviticus: "If a man or woman have "a plague upon the head or the beard; "then the priest shall see the plague: "and, behold, if it be in sight deeper "than the skin; and there be in it a "yellow thin hair; then the priest shall "pronounce him unclean: it is a dry "scall, even a leprosy upon the head or "beard." Examined under the microscope, the hairs are found to be considerably swollen, with nodosities here and there produced by masses of sporules or seeds embedded between the longitudinal fibres. The bulbs are flattened or destroyed altogether; the ends have a very ragged appearance, resembling in miniature the ends of a piece of wood which has been broken across; while the medullary portion, or the pith of the hair, is quite disorganised, owing to the pressure of the plant, which appears enveloping it, either as isolated spores or as chains of cells. The disease may last an indefinite length of time, but it usually terminates in the obliteration of the hair-follicles, and permanent baldness of the affected parts. It is far more severe in foreign countries than in this; instances being numerous where it has completely removed the hair from the whole head, eyebrows, and beard, leaving them perfectly smooth and naked, impairing the constitution when so extensively developed, and, when children are the subjects, arresting their growth. A very formidable type occurs frequently in Poland, under the name of *Plica polonica*, characterised by acute inflammation of the scalp. The hair is swollen, matted together into a compact mass, sprinkled over as with flour with the germs of the fungus, and endowed with such exquisite sensibility that it can scarcely bear to be touched; while, strange to say, the disease seems to be aggravated by cutting the hair. The same parasitic plant, the *Acorion Schönleinii*, which causes all these abnormal appearances on the human head, also infests the skin of the mouse; and produces in both cases a peculiar odour by which its presence is easily recognised.

It is a subject of frequent remark that alopecia or baldness is much more common now than it used to be, not only among old men, but even among youths and persons of middle age. The advertising and purchasing of all kinds of hair manures and stimulants seems to be a feature of the times—a universally recognised necessity of social and domestic economy. Our hardy and unruly ancestors, being often exposed to the risk of hard blows, acquired, by a process of natural selection as it were, a remarkably strong and hirsute head-covering, from which cudgel and mace rebounded as from a feather pillow, and which stood in no more need of Macassar oil or Bentham's capillary fluid, than a hedgehog's prickles. But now, when the fighting is all done in print, which breaks no bones—when martial valour explodes more frequently in vehement speech-making than in crunching the head of an adversary, and even Donnybrook Fair is a tradition of the past—nature seems to have recalled her gift, there being no necessity for its use; and there is a general landslip of hair from the superior to the inferior parts, from the head to the cheek, lip, and chin. A great many ingenious and occult reasons have been assigned in explanation of this curious phenomenon. Some advocates of the development theory attribute it to the degeneracy of the times, as if the human

form were taking a retrograde step towards the bare molluscous condition from which it originally sprung; others take an exactly opposite view, and consider it a sign of the progress of the race, a proof of the great intellectual activity of the age. By a few incorrigible jokers it is regarded as a kind accommodation of nature to the manipulating convenience of that useful and important class, the phrenologists; while the respectably-uncomfortable head-gear, which people will persist in wearing, in despite equally of the law of æsthetics and the law of storms, comes in for a share of the reproach. Perhaps after all, the *savants* may be right, unwelcome as the conclusion may be; and the youthful heir of all the ages may owe his venerable appearance, not, as he fondly imagines, to the disintegrating effects of brain-work, or the pressure and friction of centuries of accumulated wisdom under which, Atlas-like, he groans—but, oh bathos! to the ravages of a minute and contemptible vegetable!

Passing downwards from the head, we find another variety of tricophyton or hair-plant which luxuriates on the beard. It is associated with the disease called chin-welk, or mentagra (*Sycosis contagiosa*). Its appearance is indicated by redness, tension, and irritation of the skin of the chin, lower jaw, and upper lip, followed by an eruption of tubercles of various sizes, resembling strawberries, each of which is traversed by a single hair, which has lost its colour, become brittle, and can be pulled out with the utmost ease. Segments of circles of these pustules interspersed with the parasitic growth often extend round the front of the neck, beneath the beard, from ear to ear, at the expense of permanent loss of the hair of those parts. As might have been expected from the nature of the plant concerned, it is more frequent in the seasons of spring and autumn. It is often very obstinate in its cure, being aggravated by injudicious applications, and lasting for years when suitable treatment is not adopted. From the rigorous measures enforced for its extirpation by the Levitical law, we find that it was very common amongst the Jews, by whom it must have been regarded as a grievous scourge, polluting their highly cherished beards, if not consigning them to the tomb of all the Capulets. There must have been an occult significance in the Eastern salutation, "May your shadow never be less, and the hairs of your head never decrease!" Pliny describes it as an epidemic raging among the inhabitants of Rome during the reign of Tiberius Claudius Cæsar. A Roman knight is said to have imported it from Asia, where it was very common, and to have transmitted it to his fellow-citizens. It was treated in a most barbarous manner with powerful caustics, and the diseased parts were even burnt down to the bone in order to eradicate it, the deformities thus occasioned being far more hideous than those produced by the disease itself. On the Continent it is more frequent than it is in this country, owing to the contagion communicated and spread by the vile mode of salutation in use among friends and acquaintances, and the universal practice of shaving in the barber's shop.

There is a singular form of cutaneous disease which seems to have a special predilection for those parts of the body which are habitually covered with clothing; being most frequently found on the skin of the neck and breast. This is the pityriasis or dandriff, caused by the presence of a vegetable growth, discovered by Eichstädt in 1846, and called *Microsporon furfur*. It consists of an efflorescence of small circular spots which gradually coalesce and produce irregular patches extending nearly over the skin of the whole trunk, and accompanied by abundant desquamation of dry branny scales, constantly renewed. The depth of tint in these scales varies considerably, being sometimes so light as scarcely to differ from that of the healthy skin, and sometimes, as in one variety occurring on people of very dark complexion, almost black. The colour usually resembles that of diluted bile; hence the name of *éphélide hépatique*

formerly applied to it, from its supposed connexion with some disorder of the liver. On subjecting a portion of the branny desquamated matter to the microscope, numerous epithelial scales may be observed mingled with the oval seeds and filaments of the parasite; some of these filaments being isolated, and others united to one another at the ends, forming branched chains or ramified tubes with knots at intervals, like miniature bamboo canes, covered at the extremities with fructification. This affection is very common, occurring at all ages and in both sexes, though women generally are more subject to it than men.

A large number of skin diseases peculiar to foreign countries, which were formerly supposed to be caused entirely by hereditary predisposition, constitutional debility, or impurity of the blood, have been recently ascertained to be associated more or less distinctly and directly with parasitic plants. The yaws, so prevalent in the West Indies, and in some parts of Africa and tropical America; the elephantiasis, which so horribly disfigures the Egyptians; the ichthyosis or fish-skin of the East; the pellagra of the plains of Lombardy and Northern Italy—are all either primarily produced or invariably accompanied by some form or other of the vegetation under review. A very remarkable form of fungoid disease has very lately been described in the *Bombay Medical and Physical Transactions*, and has also formed the subject of a pamphlet with illustrations published in this country by the same author. Though new to us, it has been well known for the last twenty years in India, in many parts of which it prevails endemically. It is very common among the ryots or farmers, and is caused by the development of the seeds of a species of mould, introduced through abrasion beneath the skin of the foot. Its effects are exceedingly curious, and utterly disproportionate, we should imagine, to the cause; disorganising in many cases the structure of the whole member, and occasioning much suffering. In hospitals—more especially those of France and other parts of the Continent—cases not unfrequently occur in which collections of white flocculent filaments, forming a cottony tissue, are found on removing bandages from sore surfaces. In summer these develop with the most astonishing rapidity, a few hours being sufficient for their appearance, and are exceedingly annoying, not only on account of the trouble involved in removing them, but chiefly because they either aggravate the sore or retard its healing. These vegetable filaments are called mycoderms, and are similar to the spawn of the mushroom, both being analogous to the creeping interlacing roots of flowering plants.

But not only does this peculiar vegetation infest the external surfaces of the human body; it is also found, in forms as strange and varied, in several parts of man's internal economy. Of course, as might have been expected, fragments of fungi, confervæ, and lichens, often adhere as foreign matter to his food, and thus find their way to his stomach and other organs; but these cannot be regarded as parasites, inasmuch as they do not attach themselves to any surface, do not propagate themselves, and are perfectly harmless and easily expelled. But besides these, true entophytes are found growing on the internal structures, and propagating themselves with almost the same rapidity as in the open air. A curious specimen of this class is sometimes seen in the sordes of the teeth of persons ignorant of Rowland's odonto and all other dentrifices, and more frequently in those who are affected with low typhoid fever. This organism has little or no structure, consisting of simple tubes or filaments, like those of the common confervæ. It is somewhat interesting as being the first vegetable parasite found on man—discovered in 1677 by good old Leuenhoek, the Dutch botanist, who very ingeniously remedied the defects of the microscope of his day by furnishing every object intended for examination with its own proper lens, attached by a wire at the right focal distance.

The lining membrane of the mouth

and throat is the seat of an eruption of small superficial vesicles single or confluent, forming a thick whitish crust, which adheres tenaciously for a time, but ultimately falls off. This affection, called aphtha or thrush, is caused by the growth and development of a parasitic plant. It is very frequent during the period of early infancy, and also in advanced stages of pulmonary consumption, and in diseases attended with slow and gradual exhaustion of the vital powers. In the sputa of patients labouring under phthisis, the organism may often be seen by the microscope, springing in full luxuriance from the epithelial or mucous cells.

Free or unattached entophytes are comparatively rare, because they possess no means of counteracting the expulsive efforts of the organs in which they occur. The only plant of that class which is found in man is that described by Professor Goodsir under the name of Sarcina, from the resemblance of its little square cells, divided into four equal parts by two cross lines, to a collection of miniature woolpacks. It occurs in the frothy ejections occasionally met with in severe cases of stomach disease. This locality might appear at first sight exceedingly unfavourable for the development and nutrition of a vegetable organism ; but its very minute size, and its extraordinary powers of rapid reproduction, enable it to escape removal by the ordinary expulsive efforts of the stomach, the secreting power of which is greatly impaired before the plant appears. From the quaternate arrangement of its parts, it was supposed to belong to that minute but exceedingly prolific division of the algæ, called Desmidiæ, whose singular mathematical shapes afford an endless source of wonder and delight to the microscopical observer. More extended and careful investigations have, however, proved it to be merely an algal condition of the common mould, produced and retained in that state by the special food which it meets with in the stomach, and which it finds in no other locality, but reverting to its original form when the supply of this peculiar pabulum is exhausted. And, as if to establish this conclusion beyond the possibility of doubt, it has since been found in precisely the same form as in the stomach in a case of parasitic skin disease.

The class of plants concerned in these disagreeable affections of the human body has always furnished the strongest support of the doctrine of equivocal or spontaneous generation ; a doctrine which has found able and distinguished advocates from the time when barnacles were supposed to originate from the foam of the ocean, and ducks and geese to grow from barnacles. The various changes which they undergo, resembling the alternation of generations, so evident in the lowest classes of the animal kingdom, as noticed by Steenstrup and others ; the absence in many of these transition states of any apparent mode of reproduction ; the peculiar situations in which they are found, always constant under similar circumstances ; the suddenness with which they appear, and the rapidity with which they spread themselves—have all been adduced as arguments in support of the opinion that they are the vital elements into which bodies are resolved by decomposition, or the rudiments of vegetable existence produced by a self-creative power in nature. This belief, however, has been so weakened by an accumulation of incontrovertible facts, that it bids fair soon to be little more than an echo of the past. Amid all the mystery connected with the modes in which these plants are diffused, this one fact stands out clear and prominent,—proved beyond dispute by the great majority of modern observations,—that they are produced originally from germs or seeds derived from parents, and having a cyclical development. Difficult as it is to determine the course of their development, owing to the various stages of their existence being often passed under totally different circumstances—resulting in modifications of form so great, that two successive conditions cannot always be satisfactorily recognised as the same—still, when they have been traced to their

highest condition of growth, they have always been found to possess well characterised organs of reproduction. The vegetable germs or filaments which occur in human parasitic affections, however diverse their forms, have almost invariably been found, when placed in circumstances favourable to their full growth, to produce the cottony spawn or mycelium, and the dusty stalks of the common blue or green mould of our cupboards. On the living animal body, the circumstances being unfavourable, the germ-cells continue in the primordial stages, remaining either globular, or changing into the oval or even the filamentous form, but seldom or never reaching a higher condition. And, at this stage, the appearances which they present vary very much with the substances on which they are produced. For instance, in saccharine fluids undergoing the alcoholic fermentation—water being an unfavourable element to fungi as a class—these germs produce common yeast, which is nothing more than a mass of mould-cells or vesicles which nourish themselves at the expense of the organic principles contained in the fluid, thereby liberating the alcohol; the identity of yeast with human vegetation being proved by the fact that its granules may be made to induce the ordinary parasitic skin diseases—a few germs rubbed into the head or breast producing respectively tinea or dandriff. In an acetous solution, the same germs develop into the vegetative system or spawn, which, by way of compensation for its want of fructifying power, spreads to such an extraordinary extent as to form the thick gelatinous or leathery crust of the well-known vinegar plant. We see from these examples that, though the seeds of the mould-fungus will not refuse to germinate in situations contrary to the usual habits of the tribe to which it belongs—even in poisonous solutions—they will not in such situations develop into perfect plants, but remain, for almost any length of time, in various stages of embryonic or filamentous growth. To enable them to maintain this perpetual youth, and, at the same time, to spread themselves, they are furnished, in the absence of proper reproductive organs, with an almost indefinite power of merismatic division; that is, separating into laminæ, or layers—into joints, or buds—each growing into a distinct individual, and capable, in the same manner, of propagating the plant. A very extraordinary variety of this mode of propagation has been recently discovered by my friend, Dr. Lowe, who has experimented and written very ably upon this subject. He found in mothery catsup a number of yellowish globular bodies about the size of a pin's head, each containing an innumerable quantity of non-nucleated cellules, capable of assuming an oval form and acquiring a distinctly tubular or mycelial aspect, and ultimately growing into perfect mould. These cellules are often found on dry substances; and from their exceedingly minute size, (being much smaller than the ordinary seeds of fungi, smaller even than the blood-cells, incapable of detection except in masses) find easy access into the most out-of-the-way places—through the slightest lesions of the capillaries or veins of the mucous surface into the circulating system, where the presence of plants would be otherwise unaccountable. The white powder found on old beer barrels, and on wooden utensils where organic matter has been deposited, consists entirely of these curious entities, which were formerly supposed, without foundation, to be animalcules of the vibrio class. Gifted as they are with such anomalous powers of reproduction, and capable of multiplying themselves indefinitely in almost any form they assume, let us take also into account the enormous number of seeds, produced by the normal mode of reproduction whenever it is developed, constantly diffused into the atmosphere—floating about on every breeze that blows; dancing invisibly up and down in the air-currents of our rooms; capable of entering through the finest conceivable apertures; ever at hand, waiting only the combination of a few simple conditions to start into

active growth—and it is surely very unreasonable even to suppose the necessity of spontaneous generation for organisms so miraculously endowed for universal diffusion. There is no difficulty in accounting for their origin; the real difficulty is to conceive how any place can be free from their presence.

After these statements, it need hardly be asserted that parasitic affections of vegetable origin are highly contagious; their seeds or buds coming into contact with the skin by transmission through the air, or by the use of brushes, combs, razors, or articles of dress, of persons affected with them. The relation of fungi to the diseases in which they occur is a disputed question. It is not known positively whether they are the cause or the effect; whether their presence is a mere accidental occurrence—a secondary formation produced by some incipient alteration in the tissues—or whether they are active morbific agents producing disease on healthy surfaces. It is true that fungi, as a class, require a dead or decomposing matrix on which to vegetate; but any argument we may build upon this circumstance is opposed by the exceptional fact, that parasitic disease can be induced by inoculation, by the simple introduction of the vegetable beneath the skin; and, although it might appear probable, theoretically, that the spores of the fungus germinate more readily in persons previously diseased, or in a debilitated state of body resulting from want of proper food, pure air, and exercise, it is not confirmed clinically, for the majority of those affected are in vigorous health. That malarial and epidemic fevers may be of cryptogamous origin, and connected with the diffusion of these plants in the atmosphere, has more than once been asserted; and, though the opinion has been decried by several writers, a slowly accumulating mass of evidence seems to preponderate in its favour. The immense profusion of these plants; their power of penetrating almost everywhere, and developing themselves in almost any circumstances; their well-known deleterious effects in parasitic diseases; the fact that their agency is purely zymotic, and that bodies very closely resembling them, if not identical with them, have been found in the blood and kidneys of patients affected with typhus; all these render it very probable that the relation between these plants and epidemic diseases is, to say the least, closer than is commonly supposed. The pestilence still walks in darkness; but the little that is doing from time to time to lift the veil from the mystery is calculated to impress us more and more with a wholesome dread of this vast army of minute plants—which, as important auxiliaries in the operations of Providence, are conferring incalculable benefits, by making our world purer and more healthful than it would otherwise be; but which, when carried beyond the line of safety and usefulness by the very impetus acquired in obeying the anti-Malthusian law of vegetation, are attended with the most disastrous consequences to all organic nature, not excepting man himself.

# VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A NEW START.

WHETHER hours or minutes had elapsed he knew not, when he was awakened by the grating of a key in the lock of his door. He sat up in his bed, and by the light from the window (the night was clear and starry) he saw the door open gently, and a noiseless form steal towards his bed.

"I am awake," whispered Vincenzo; "who are you?"

"All right; I am Ambrogio," answered the mayor's son in the same cautious tone. "I dare say you expected me; didn't you?"

"Truth to say, I had lost all hope of anybody coming; I sat up till past eleven."

"Father has been uncommonly long in going sound asleep," explained Ambrogio, "and I dared not venture into his room to get the key of your door until I heard him snore. He is safe now till five in the morning; I know his way. Well, I have come to ask of you if you have still a mind to go and have a crack at those Tedeschi."

"I should think so," said Vincenzo, "if I only knew how to manage it; but where to enlist, that's one difficulty, and the second, that I haven't a penny."

"I have money enough for two," said Ambrogio, "and I know the country well. We'll make straight for the camp."

"But your father—think how angry he will be," objected Vincenzo.

"Of course he will," returned the other; "but he will forget and forgive for all that. My father, between ourselves, is all for the Statuto and the war, though before me he pretends to turn up his nose at one and the other. The fact is, he prefers me to either, and, as he well knows how I long to volunteer, he does all he can, poor man, to throw cold water upon my zeal. Well, shall we be off?"

"Ah! he will lay all the blame of your going on my shoulders," again objected Vincenzo, "and so will my godfather, the Signor Avoccato; they'll both of them accuse me of enticing you away."

"But how could you, shut up in the loft, and with no way of seeing me, be accused of enticing me away? No one in his right senses could do so; on the contrary, my having got hold of the key will prove, as plain as two and two make four, that I was the one to entice you; don't you see that? And then, haven't I a tongue in my head to clear you, if necessary?"

"As to that, I have no doubt but you would," said Vincenzo, whose scruples melted away rather from the effect of the winning warmth of his new friend's manner, than from the stringency of his arguments. "You are a brave fellow, and I will go to the end of the world with you. I shall be up and dressed in a minute."

"Stop," said Ambrogio; "would it not be safer for both of us that you should leave your seminarist's dress behind? It would be a sure mark, if we are pursued, by which to track and identify us; and, if I know anything of my father, pursued we shall be." Vincenzo asked nothing better than to part with what he considered as the outward badge of his thraldom, and which was, moreover, in a very deplorable condition. The two youths accordingly proceeded with all possible caution; Vincenzo carrying his shoes (Ambrogio had come up barefooted) down to the latter's bedroom, where Vincenzo, with great relish, dressed himself in a suit of fustian, rather the worse for the wear, which big Ambrogio had outgrown, and which

suited the slim figure of the seminarist tolerably well. The three-cornered hat was replaced by a round straw one; and, despite the old adage which declares that the frock does not make the monk, Vincenzo felt quite another being in his novel attire. Ambrogio put a change or two of linen, and some provisions, in a knapsack, and then they stole quietly out of the house.

The night was beautifully clear, the air fresh and pleasant, and the road less dusty than Vincenzo had anticipated from his late experience. So they went on at a brisk pace, exchanging confidences, and laying out plans for the future. Ambrogio, being the elder, the bigger, the more adventurous, and the better acquainted with things in general, of the two, naturally and without opposition took the lead of the expedition. Indeed, his knowledge of the road to the camp, of its position, of the different corps of Piedmontese assembled there, and of contemporaneous politics, was quite amazing in one who had scarcely received any education, and had always been engaged in the usual labours of a peasant.

He explained to Vincenzo that all the information he possessed, about the interesting topics of the day, he had gathered from the Official Gazette of Turin, which his father, as mayor, received *ex officio*, and which Ambrogio never failed to read and study by stealth. He had a positive passion for reading; and a student living in the neighbourhood during the vacations had lent him the novels of D'Azeglio, Manzoni, Guerrazzi, and other authors of the liberal party, all of which Ambrogio had devoured with intense pleasure. His political tenets had been instilled into him in his early childhood by the schoolmaster of his village, now dead, an ex-soldier, ex-monk, and a thorough republican, who had served under Murat in the short and unfortunate campaign of 1815, and whose passion to the last was political speculation.

Vincenzo learned also from his comrade, that his four days' wandering with the *soi-disant* colonel had not brought him farther from Ibella than one good day's journey. "If you trust to me," summed up Ambrogio, "that is, march when I say march, and stop when I say stop, I reckon upon our reaching Novara by dusk this evening, and fresh enough to get on a stage towards Lombardy. From Novara, you know, to the Ticino is but, as one may say, a leap—and beyond the Ticino is Lombardy itself."

"Very well; but," insinuated Vincenzo, who liked to conduct matters methodically, "since we have to pass through Novara, had we not better, while we are there, go to the proper authorities, and be regularly enlisted?"

"Catch me at that!" cried Ambrogio. "Novara is unsafe ground for us to linger on, my dear fellow; that's just the place where father will look for me first. And what's the use of enlisting? why, only to be sent to some depôt to drill, and drill, and drill, till, perhaps, all the fun is over."

"But," observed Vincenzo, "without being drilled we cannot make good soldiers."

"There is no drill so good as actual fighting," said the mayor's son sententiously. "I know that the companies commanded by Major Griffini and Captain Longoni, now actually at the camp, are made up of youths, most of them students who have had no drill at all, and they do very well; so why shouldn't we? We'll volunteer into one or other company, eh; what do you say, Vincenzo?"

Vincenzo had little faith in volunteers, because he had heard the Signor Avvocato repeatedly express a poor opinion of their discipline and usefulness—all men past fifty are incredulous about volunteers—and he would have preferred, therefore, to enlist into a regular regiment; at the same time he was not insensible to the advantage of entering the lists without going through a tedious, and perhaps long apprenticeship, during which the war might come to an end; and then farewell all hope of distinction. Vincenzo was at that happy age, when the justice of a cause seems the best guarantee for its success;

and, the Italian cause being justice itself, in his eyes, he felt not the least doubt of its ultimate, nay, speedy triumph. He accordingly started no new objection, contenting himself with observing that, so as he had his heart's desire of meeting the Austrians in a fair stand-up fight, he cared little whether he did so as a volunteer or a soldier of the line.

The morning was passing beautiful. The sun had risen in all its glory; the country far and near seemed to quiver with pleasure under the salutation of its early rays; from farm to farm cock answered cock; phlegmatic cows, lifting up their heads, lowed forth their satisfaction; calves capered cheerily over the dewy pastures; larks sang themselves drunk in the newly born light—it was ecstasy to walk amid this revival of nature. But, as the sun rose higher and higher above the horizon, so did our pedestrians' elasticity of spirits and steps lower in proportion. About seven o'clock the inconvenience of heat and dust began to make itself felt rather severely—another hour, and they had entered the outskirts of that zone of territory, where the cultivation of rice begins. A wide-spread carpet of the tenderest green, intersected by canals, bordered by pollards and poplars, and here and there agreeably relieved by substantial farmhouses, and rich oases of mulberry and other fruit trees—such was the general aspect of the country. The smiling rice-grounds bear nothing on the face of them to warn the passengers of the foul emanations which rise from their water-steeped foundations weltering in the broiling sun—quite the contrary; they look as placid and innocent as the finest expanse of delicate English turf. But the pale fever-stricken creatures, whose lot it is to labour in these nurseries of disease, know better. Vincenzo was born in a region like this; had lived in it till the age of nine years; and he now gazed upon the familiar prospect with the twofold melancholy which attaches itself to the scenes of one's childhood and of one's first great sorrow of life. It was in a rice plantation near Vercelli that his mother had died, and that his father had been infected with the germs of the malady which had also carried him to an untimely grave.

Ambrogio too had recollections of his own, and very disagreeable ones, connected with rice-grounds—that is, recollections of ague, which had kept him low for ever so long; and, as he thought of it, he fell to inveighing against himself for having forgotten to put a bottle of wine in his knapsack. "What an ass I was not to have thought of it! A couple of glasses of Monferrato would have carried us on triumphantly to Cascina Grande, there to have our siesta; whereas we shall have to stop at the first house on our way—for rest we must, and, heated as we are, we cannot lie down in the open air without, I may say for me at least, the certainty of catching the fever. I have had it twice already, and I have no wish to recommence. The heat is so extraordinary also for the end of May."

"I wonder if it is as bad on the banks of the Mincio?" gasped Vincenzo.

"No doubt of it, if not far worse," answered Ambrogio; "and, when Peschiera is taken, then comes Mantua, and the swamps there are famous for their unwholesomeness."

"Poor soldiers, how they must suffer, and what lots of them will die," said Vincenzo, feelingly.

"No doubt of that either," returned the other; but, at the sound of wheels in their rear, all Ambrogio's sympathy for the sufferings of the army vanished. He exclaimed, "Hallo! a gig behind us in the road, comrade; we must ignominiously squat down behind this friendly bank; this is the most critical moment of our journey. If my dad gives chase, as I warrant he will, depend on it that he is at our heels now."

Squatting down in the fields below the road, or skulking behind trees at every new alarm, their weary march at last brought them to a haven of refuge—a wretched tumble-down cottage. As they entered it without much ceremony, an old forlorn-looking woman, with a babe in her arms, and two little

urchins at her heels, attracted by the sound of steps, came from a back-room and inquired their business. Their business, said Ambrogio, was to purchase a bottle of wine, and beg the permission to rest their weary limbs. Rest, said the woman, they were welcome to, and a cup of coffee, and a dish of *polenta*, if they could wait till it was cooked; but wine she had none—that was an article of luxury she had not seen for many a long day. Her husband had been laid up with the fever, and unable to work for the last four months, and they were as poor as could be.

While saying this, and to the great amazement of the two youths, who had taken it for granted that she was the grandmother of the children, she put the baby to her breast—the only available means of effectually hushing the screams in which it had never ceased to indulge since the entrance of the strangers. Each of the exhausted wayfarers accepted gratefully and swallowed the cup of coffee proffered to them. Coffee is rather an article of necessity than of luxury in these pestilential districts, and is always to be found, even in the most miserable hovel. Half an hour later, provisions were *hinc inde* put in common, and a substantial meal improvised, consisting of the woman's *polenta*, and Ambrogio's bread and sausage.

"Do you know if the war is likely to come to an end soon?" asked the woman between one mouthful and another.

"I am afraid not," replied Ambrogio. "Peschiera is as good as taken; but then, there's Mantua, and after Mantua, Verona—two teeth hard to draw."

"People about here say that the men on the reserve are to be called into active service; pray, do you happen to know if it is true?" inquired the woman.

"Not true as yet," said Ambrogio, "but very likely to be so in a short time."

"Then, I say, it is a downright abomination," cried the woman, in a sudden burst of passion.

"Surely you are aware," put in Vincenzo, conciliatingly, "that it is according to the law of the service."

"Those who make such laws ought to be ashamed of themselves," said the woman vehemently.

"But, my dear madam," urged the ex-seminarist, "the laws may seem hard—actually be hard, without ceasing to be just."

"Just! not a bit of justice in them," screamed the exasperated woman. "Is it just to wrench a father from his family, and leave wife and children all to starve?"

"A very pitiful case, and very hard to bear," persisted Vincenzo; "still, if the country requires the father's arm to defend it—"

"The country!" interrupted she, in anything but a respectful tone; "and what does the country do for me, that I should give it the life of my husband, the father of my children? The country indeed! An hospital to die in, suppose there's a corner vacant in it—that's what the country gives to me, and such as me."

Vincenzo was going to reply; but Ambrogio nudged him to hold his tongue, and said himself to the woman, "My good friend, what's the use of exciting yourself now? Very likely your husband may never be called on to quit you; very likely there may not be any occasion to call out the men on the reserve; but, if the worst comes to the worst, and your husband and other husbands should be required for active service, depend on it, the King and the Government, and the public, will not leave the bereaved wives destitute, but provide for them and their children in the absence of their natural support." The woman was a little soothed by this assurance—one which the event fully justified. But no liberal allowance to their families ever succeeded in reconciling to active service a whole class of soldiers, who had hitherto considered themselves, and had practically been, lawfully exempted from it, and whose heart besides was in their homes. Thus, the then actual Government was paying

the penalty of the want of foresight of the Government which had preceded it, and which, in no prevision of war, had given permission to as many of the men on the reserve as had asked for it to marry.

Eight hours of weary walking, without a wink of sleep, had so exhausted the two lads, that they began to dose on their seats; seeing which the hostess led them to the sleeping-room of the family, the only one which contained a bed, and there she bade them lie down, and rest as long as they pleased. Begging her not to let them sleep over a couple of hours, they threw themselves, dressed as they were, on the bed, and in two seconds were fast asleep.

We beg the judicious reader, who may have felt scandalized by the unpatriotic language of this poor drudge in the plains of Novara, or otherwise shocked by the want of public spirit in the few characters hitherto sketched—we beg the reader, we say, to bear in mind that we are dealing with a country the seat for ages past of a far from always enlightened despotism, and where all that goes to make the education of a people, representative institutions, public instruction, free speech, free press, and so on, had had but a two months' growth at the time to which we refer. That sublime abstraction, "the country"—an abstraction, the comprehension of which, by the bye, presupposes a certain training, and consequent enlargement of the mind—was little likely to be understood and felt, little likely to carry weight with it against tangible and dear realities, in hard-toiling districts, within reach of no other authoritative voice than that of a parish-priest, oftener than not the humble servitor of the powers that were.

Where, then, was the strength of liberal Piedmont? In the prestige and example of royalty, in the devotion of the army, in the public spirit of the populations of the large cities, in the enthusiasm of the youths of the university, in the common sense and love of order of all classes.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### AN EVENTFUL DAY.

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon when Ambrogio woke of his own accord and roused his still sleeping comrade. The woman pleaded in defence of not having kept to their instructions, and her promise, that they had looked so weary, and slept so soundly, that she had not had the heart to waken them. Nor did Ambrogio find courage to quarrel with the well-meaning soul, though the delay incident on her transgression interfered sadly with the plan he had traced out.

Ambrogio's intention was, as we know, so to manage both their time and their legs as to arrive at Novara about dusk, pass through the town, and push on straight to Madelli on the Ticino, and there to rest. Whereas, the three hours they had lost at the cottage left them no chance of reaching Novara before eleven at night, and that too after a tramp sufficiently long to put the further stage to Madelli quite out of the question. Nothing need hinder them, to be sure, from passing through the town at eleven at night as at dusk, and trusting to find shelter for the night at the first cottage they might come to. But to secure admittance at so unusual an hour was more than problematical; and, in case of denial, there would be no resource left but to discover the driest ditch for a bed, and the softest stone for a pillow—a resource anything but palatable to one so fearful of the marshy grounds as Ambrogio had every reason to be.

He, however, kept all these perplexing reflections to himself, and took leave of his hostess, as Vincenzo did, with those hearty thanks and good wishes that Italians never grudge to anybody. The heat was less oppressive than it had been during the last hours of their morning's walk; at least they felt it less, because of the refreshment and long rest they had enjoyed; but the dust was as bad as ever, nay much worse, when after a few miles they struck into the high road between Turin

and Novara. An additional drawback also was the increased number of vehicles, and the consequent necessity for the runaways to stop and skulk more frequently, in order that those conveyances, going in the same direction as themselves, might pass. This being the direct line of communication between the capital and the camp, the great concourse there of carriages of all descriptions, of strings of horses and mules, of riders and pedestrians, was easily accounted for.

The majority of those on foot were soldiers; and Vincenzo remarked with pleasure, that scarcely a civilian passed a uniform, whether single or in groups, without giving a hearty cheer. Many of the inhabitants of the houses scattered along the road, waited, wine-bottle in hand, on their thresholds, for the soldiers; went up to them, and bid them stop and refresh themselves. The great majority of the military looked in high spirits, and sang in chorus as they marched along—it was only the few who jogged on heavily, or rested with a weary and dejected air by the roadside. The advent of a Government courier, whirling past in a chaise, or at full speed on horseback, never failed to excite universal enthusiasm; hurrahs, shouts, waving of caps, hats, shakoes, greeted the messenger, every one taking it for granted that he could be the bearer of none but good tidings.

Amid the diversion offered by the animation of the road, it was a comparatively light task for our young friends to walk steadily and briskly on; they enjoyed the change from loneliness to bustle and cordial salutations. They had prudence enough, however, not to yield to the friendly advances of any fellow-travellers, lest, at some moment, when the sound of wheels in their rear necessitated hiding, their movements should either be hampered or engender suspicion. Nevertheless, what with excitement, and growing familiarity with danger, much of their former vigilance wore off; and a deaf ear was more than once turned to ominous sounds, fortunately without any untoward result.

A second allowance of bread—they had had a first one on starting from the cottage in the rice-grounds—seeming now fairly earned by a three hours' trudge, they shared between them the last half of the last loaf; but, in spite of hunger, the process of swallowing was not easily accomplished, from the quantity of dust that had to be swallowed with the bread. The propitious sight of a dry pine-branch above the door of a house they were passing, suggested the advisability of moistening the bread and their throats; accordingly, they entered the wine-shop, and ordered a couple of glasses of Nebbiolo. A long row of deal tables, with benches to correspond, stretched from end to end of the lurid hole; no table was occupied, save one—at which sat two young gentlemen, wearing on their heads sugar-loaf hats, with tricolour cockades, and on their chins all the stock of beard, scanty though it was, with which Mother Nature had gifted them. A thick layer of dust on their clothes and boots witnessed to the fact of their having journeyed far, and on foot.

The customary salutations were exchanged between them and the new comers. "No lack of dust, eh?" said the shorter of the couple with cockades to the couple *sans* cockades. "We look like so many statues of the Commendatore in *Don Giovanni*. If the question is not indiscreet, are you going much farther?"

"As far as——Novara," replied cautious Ambrogio; "and now, may I put a similar question to you?"

"Oh! we are students from Turin going to join our comrades at the camp," answered the one who had already spoken.

"That is to say," here interposed the taller, who had hitherto kept silence, "we are going to place an enthusiasm and a spirit, which, well directed, would take us straight to Vienna, at the service of old martinets, procrastinators and blunderers, who will soon use it up to no purpose in marches, counter-marches, and the like—that is what we are going to do."

"Nonsense," remarked his companion; "remember the proverb that the better is the enemy of the good. Of what avail lamenting that which we have not? Let us instead make the best of what we have. Napoleons cannot be improvised for the occasion."

"Who asks for Napoleons?" rejoined the other, warmly; "there is no need of them. Only give me new men and a new system—that is what I want. For new things, new men; for revolutionary ends, revolutionary means. Take any lieutenant full of pluck and faith in Italy's future—place him at the head of the army—sound the tocsin—rouse, arm the land—set the popular passions in a blaze, and then—at the foe—that's the way to conquer! Instead of which, what are you doing? You entrust the army to leaders without zeal and capacity, who waste precious time and blood before strongholds best let alone; you distrust and discountenance our volunteers; you throw cold water on the enthusiasm of the masses; you dwindle a national war down to the pitiful proportions of a dynastic one. I say that is the road to certain ruin. I appeal to these gentlemen if it be not so," wound up the orator, with an interrogative gesture to the two young strangers.

Ambrogio answered, not without embarrassment, "I am but a poor ignorant peasant, whose opinion can carry no weight; but I would remind you that, up to this date, the army has done very well, and that looks as if it were tolerably well commanded; and, as to pluck, why, who has shown more of that than his Majesty the Commander-in-Chief? Nor do I agree with you as to the national enthusiasm, which you accuse the Government of stifling, and of which you would make your lever. Well, in the cities, the popular spirit may be great and unanimous—I don't say no; but in the country districts, such as the one where I live, for instance, you would discover but a precious small amount of enthusiasm for the war."

"Exactly," insisted the tall student, "because the Government does nothing to arouse it. Only scatter a number of chosen men throughout the country, establish a pulpit of patriotism in every hamlet, and then see how easily you will bring the agriculturists up to the boiling point."

"May be so," said Ambrogio, with a doubtful shake of the head, and rising to go; "Rome, you know, was not built in a day. But it is getting late, and we must be off; pleasant journey, gentlemen, and good luck; perhaps we may meet again before the campaign is over. Farewell till then."

The sun had set, and Vincenzo and Ambrogio walked silently for some time in the soft twilight; the hour was propitious for meditation, and apparently neither of them lacked matter for reflection. "Ambrogio," said Vincenzo at last, "do you think that that gentleman's denunciation of the way the war has been carried on has in it any reasonable foundation?"

"About as much," replied Ambrogio, "as my criticism of a Greek play, or yours on some point of navigation, might possess. His knowledge of war, I fancy, may rank with mine of Greek, or yours of seafaring matters. How, then, can he be a judge? Common sense points out that those who have made certain subjects the study of their lives must know more about them than those who have not, and common sense also tells us that the man who knows must be the one to be trusted."

"Common sense says so," echoed Vincenzo; "yet we have instances of the contrary. It is bewildering and disheartening to perceive such discrepancies of opinion among those who belong to the same party, and who ought to be of one mind. If we, of the liberal party, cannot agree among ourselves, how can we hope to succeed?"

"True," said Ambrogio; "still we must not exaggerate to ourselves the practical bearing of these differences of opinion. Often they do not affect the actions of those who entertain them, as we see in the case of this student, who, in spite of his professed distrust of old martinets and blunderers, not the less goes himself to the camp, and stakes his

life for his country. I will tell you what will clear away all these different shades of way of thinking, and make all men of one mind—a signal victory."

"God grant it, then, and soon," cried Vincenzo.

"Amen!" pronounced Ambrogio.

Engrossed by such speculations as these, our travellers reached the outskirts of Novara. It was then a quarter past eleven. They had been taking notice for some time of a huge muffled sound, which every now and then broke upon the stillness of the night; they wondered what it might be, and compared it to the rushing of a distant torrent, or rather, perhaps, to the uproar of a great throng; but at this late hour Novara, a quiet town even in broad daylight, was not likely to be up and astir. As they drew nearer, they caught vibrations in the air rising distinctly above the confused rumble they had first heard, which no ear could mistake for aught but snatches of the human voice.

"A fire probably," said Ambrogio.

"Or a *fête*," suggested Vincenzo; "I can see something like illuminations in the distance." They hurried on, and presently came to a large house with lights in every window; then they saw a second and a third, and so on, more or less illuminated. Meanwhile the hum of voices and the tread of feet became distinctly audible; the tunes of the national songs that were being sung, even the very words of them, could be easily made out. Following in the track of these sounds, our two youths, quite out of breath, less from fatigue than from anxious anticipation of some great event, made their way into a large square, as light as if it were midday. This was evidently the focus of the rejoicing. Turning to the first person they met with, Vincenzo and Antonio eagerly asked what was the cause of this demonstration of joy. "Bless me! where do you come from?" said the man thus questioned, in the tone of one offended. "Why, Peschiera is taken; a great victory at Goito. Italy for ever!"

The two friends would have gladly echoed his words; but impossible—they had no voice left; they threw themselves instead into each other's arms, and sobbed like children. (*Italico more*, if you will, fair critic, and stern objector to the melting mood; but why not allow that it is *more humano?*)

"We have it, hurrah!" shouted Ambrogio, at last.

"Henceforth we shall be all of one mind," added Vincenzo, not less elated.

"It is so already—have you no eyes, no ears? don't you see the proofs of one common feeling of confidence and thankfulness pervading this great throng? Let us stop at that *caffé*, and have something to clear our throats; strange that good news should choke one worse than road dust, and make one's legs as weak as water." It was not easy among the tangle of men and chairs to discover two empty seats outside the *caffé* designed by Ambrogio for a halt. But, having at last succeeded, and procured something to eat and something to drink, our two volunteers in embryo recovered the full use of their tongues, and eagerly entered into conversation with their neighbours; and, on its being ascertained that they were new arrivals, and, therefore, fit recipients for the particulars of the great news, they were soon put in possession of all the official and unofficial information by a dozen of obliging informants speaking all at once.

And, even strip them of all the unavoidable exaggeration, the tidings were glorious tidings. Peschiera had surrendered after scarcely a fortnight's siege; 30,000 Austrians had been routed by 18,000 Piedmontese; these were the events of one and the same day, the 30th May, the most auspicious day of the campaign of 1848. Well might the hearts of the citizens of Italy dilate, well might their gladness overflow in songs, *vivas*, and fraternal embraces. People ran to and fro, shouted to each other, fell on each other's necks, capered like mad; at one spot a veteran soldier on his knees was thanking God that he had lived to see such a day, the bystanders cheering him lustily; farther on a group of artizans sucked in every

syllable of the blessed despatch from the camp, read aloud and commented upon for their benefit by an officer of the national guard; acclamations of "Long live the army! long live the king!" hailed the appearance of the few stray uniforms scattered among the crowd, which opened before them. Bands of citizens of all classes—gentlemen, tradesmen, day labourers, soldiers, national guards—arm in arm, ten or twelve abreast, paraded round the square at military pace, singing national hymns in chorus. Nor was there wanting a good sprinkling of the fair sex, gentlewomen as well as women of the people, to enliven the scene, on which fell floods of light from the windows of the houses rising on the three sides of the square, all splendidly illuminated and studded with Italian flags, or with transparencies appropriate to the occasion. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs from balconies, or threw down bouquets, after which gentlemen in their zeal occasionally sent their hats. There is nothing like small places for the heartiness of such demonstrations—joy, like caloric, when diffused over a large area, cannot but lose a part of its intensity.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### DANGERS OF EXCITEMENT.

As repose, with solid and liquid restoratives, gradually lessened the fatigue consequent on their long journey, our young patriots began to grow weary and ashamed of being merely passive spectators of the joyous proceedings going on before them, and felt themselves called upon to lay their meed of noise and movement upon the altar of their country. A childish whim, you will say, and quite inconsistent with the commonest dictates of prudence, and with their preconceived plan; for, if there was one good reason for shunning Novara in its slumbers, and its every night's scanty supply of flickering street lamps, there were two at least for not parading through Novara awake, astir, and in a blaze of light. But excitement has thrown wiser men than either Vincenzo or Ambrogio off their guard.

Yielding to the enthusiasm of the moment, they left their seats and joined the moving throng; they hurried hither and thither in vague expectation of a vague something, occasionally attracted by some peculiarly striking transparency, but finding nothing to do in the patriotic line beyond buying large tricolour cockades, which they stuck in their hats, or exchanging an occasional shout or *viva* with some of the passers-by. At last they bethought them of falling into the rear of one of the joyous troops of citizens marching round the square, singing in chorus. No sooner had they done so than reinforcements came in from right and left, so that Ambrogio and Vincenzo suddenly found themselves promoted from the tail to the centre of a column on a par, as to numbers, with any of those that preceded. This looked like better sport, and they rather enjoyed it.

Presently the chorus they had been singing came to an end, and the singers to a standstill; calls for this or that song ran along the ranks. Vincenzo burst forth with Pio Nono's hymn. "No, no, none of that," cried several voices. Ambrogio, like the chivalrous friend he was, took up the air with all his might and main. Two or three of those nearest to him joined in, and then the opposition waxed fast and furious. A volley of groans, and "We won't have it," nearly smothered the hymn; in spite of which Ambrogio and Vincenzo, with one or two supporters, persisted. Upon this a young man—apparently, from his station in the front, one of the leaders—forced his way to the centre, and asked in a voice of authority who had begun the hymn to Pio Nono.

"I," said Ambrogio.

"I," said Vincenzo, almost in the same breath.

"Then have the goodness to cease it," said the young man, "or else leave our party."

"Can't one sing what one pleases in a free country?" asked Ambrogio.

"You are at liberty to sing whatever you please," returned the young man

civilly, "but not if you remain among us. We have purposely excluded the hymn you seem to patronize, and your continuing to do so while in our ranks can only create a disturbance. We are glad to have you in our party if your views and ours suit; if not, we had better separate—"

A terrific tantarara from the big drum put an end to the controversy and to its object by breaking up the columns; every man in them ran helter-skelter in the direction of the noise.

Vincenzo's mortification was extreme, less at his own discomfiture than at the disparagement it involved of a name dear to his heart. To Ambrogio, better informed through his assiduous perusal of the Official Gazette, this phase of public feeling with regard to the Pope was no novelty; and he explained to his friend that Pio Nono's refusal to declare war to Austria, together with sundry other acts indicative of his growing lukewarmness in the cause of Italy, had considerably lessened the pontiff's popularity, and the vogue of the hymn named after him. This explanation was a heavy blow to Vincenzo; it seemed that every inch he climbed up the tree of knowledge was to cost him one of his dearest illusions.

The stroke of the big drum, which had dispersed the singing columns, had also been the signal for the crowd to rush and converge towards a point at one of the extremities of the square. Ambrogio and Vincenzo did as they saw others do, and learned in answer to their questions that the band of the national guard was about to give the intendente a grand serenade. In fact, the music had begun before our youths had joined the compact throng blocking up all access to the town-hall. Presently, in a pause from the music, some one from among the crowd made a lengthy speech, at the close of which the multitude cheered tremendously, and the company in the balcony of the town-hall waved their handkerchiefs and hats, and made a profusion of bows. More music, more cheers, followed by a dead silence as a gentleman in black took up a position in the centre of the balcony, bowed, and began to speak. Every word he said was received with applause; and, when he ceased, and once more bowed, the cheers became positively terrific. From the place they occupied in the rear of the mass our two adventurers could not hear a word of the speech, or see much more than the tip-top of the head of the hero of the serenade; but they were near enough to enjoy the band, to unite lustily in the hurraing, and to catch a share of the magnetic current of enthusiasm which pervaded the very air. The musicians began to put up their instruments, the gathering to break up and disperse—the *fête* was over. The lads turned round to make their way to some place of shelter for the rest of the night, when—

But, to account for what follows, we must return to Barnaby, whom we left, on the afternoon of the preceding Sunday, driving at a quick pace to Ibella. He arrived there at half-past five, and went straight to the intendenza, where he found the bureaux shut, and of course nobody except the porter, who informed him that the Signor Intendente was gone a little way into the country. The Signor Intendente did not come back till past eleven at night—too late naturally to see anybody on business; and Barnaby, whether he liked it or not, had to champ the bit of impatience till the morrow. It was ten o'clock next day, Monday, before he succeeded in obtaining his credentials for the intendente of Novara, and was able to start on his search after the fugitive. There is a fine stretch of road from Ibella to Novara, and Blackie had neither the mettle of Bucephalus nor the wings of Pegasus, but only indifferent legs, and spirit which needed to be recruited by reasonably frequent allowance of rest and food. Blackie, to speak to the point, did not enter Novara much before midnight. Barnaby had sense enough to leave the intendenza alone at that hour, and go in quest of rest and refreshment for man and beast.

The intendente, applied to next morning, Tuesday, evinced a laudable readi-

ness to do honour to the recommendation of his colleague of Ibella, and, after taking down in writing an accurate description of the runaway seminarist, desired Barnaby to call again at four in the afternoon, to learn the result, if any, of the intendente's inquiries. Barnaby was punctual to the appointment, and then received the assurance that no colonel of the name of Roganti existed in the army, nor was there any depôt or corps of volunteers at Novara. The man in authority further expressed his conviction that the young seminarist had been made the dupe of some charlatan, or even worse, who had played on the lad's credulity. A report, in fact, of a youth in a seminarist's dress having been seen on the previous Sunday on the road to ——, in the company of a suspicious-looking character, had reached the intendenza that very morning. Acting upon this information, the intendente had already transmitted orders to the different stations of carabineers, to track out and detain the two individuals. Similar orders had been given in the town itself, and all necessary measures taken for their apprehension, in the improbable case of their arriving at Novara at liberty. There was nothing, therefore, for Barnaby to do but to be patient and wait, calling from time to time at the intendenza for news.

Barnaby made use of his hours of forced leisure to pen and forward to the Signor Avvocato a series of hieroglyphics purporting to be a summary of the preceding information. Early on Wednesday he was again at the intendenza, in the hope of some fresh tidings—there were none. Barnaby's power of forbearance was now stretched to the utmost, and he was brewing *in petto* a famous *quousque tandem*, to be served hot to the Signor Intendente on the first opportunity, when, towards one o'clock of the same day, a hasty summons for him came from the intendenza. He hurried thither, and was introduced to a stranger, who had brought fresh and startling intelligence indeed. This person was no other than Ambrogio's father, who had, on discovering the flight of the two birds, started at once for Novara, and, like the practical man that he was, applied forthwith at the intendenza for intelligence and aid.

From him Barnaby learned the arrest of Vincenzo's companion the horse-stealer, and Vincenzo's detention at his, the mayor's, house, and consequent escape in the disguise of a peasant, in company with the speaker's son. The mayor made so sure that the runaways would come to Novara that he earnestly solicited the adoption of still stronger precautions than had been already taken, to prevent all possibility of disappointment. Thereupon, a description of the two youths was sent to all the inns and lodging-houses of Novara, with strict injunctions to let the authorities instantly know of any such arrivals. Besides this, two police agents, in private clothes, were posted at the gate through which the lads were expected to enter, and others scattered through the town. One would suppose it an impossibility to escape from such a sharp look-out; nevertheless, all these wise precautions were within an ace of being frustrated by the great news of victory, which a few hours after burst upon the town like a bomb. Owing either to a slack surveillance at the gate, or to the large affluence of people streaming in from the environs, the two lads got into the town unobserved, and might possibly have preserved their *incog.* to the end, had they had prudence enough to remain at the *caffè*, mere spectators of the rejoicings, and at their termination have left Novara. Instead of which, as we know, they were ill-advised enough to exhibit themselves all over the square; which led, in the long run, to their being identified by a policeman, who was at the time thinking of anything but them.

The police, be it known, had orders to spare the lads the mortification of an arrest in public, save in the event of some absolute necessity. The policeman, therefore, contented himself with dogging their steps, until he stumbled on one of his comrades, to whom he whispered the discovery he had made, desiring him to carry the news to the

intendenza. The intendenza despatched the bearer of the news to a *caffè*, at which it had been preconcerted the mayor and Barnaby should take up their quarters for the whole evening. The mayor and Barnaby at once set out with the messenger. The policeman, by dint of certain peculiar shouts, succeeded in putting himself in communication with, and shortly after in joining, his fellow agent, who was keeping watch on Vincenzo and Ambrogio. The youths, with eyes and neck strained towards the balcony of the town-hall—the intendente was then speechifying—were as good as blind to all that was going on round them.

The mayor and Barnaby had all the leisure and facility they could desire, to choose their position close to the two unsuspecting lads, a little in the rear; and they had stood there a good twenty minutes before Ambrogio and Vincenzo moved. They turned round at last, meaning to go back to the *caffè*, and found themselves face to face—Ambrogio with his father, Vincenzo with Barnaby.

"Pleasure enough for one day, I should think," said the mayor, drawing Ambrogio's arm within his own. "Now to bed, sir; to-morrow we'll have a reckoning."

"Glad to see thee out of thy black robe all the same," said Barnaby to Vincenzo, taking him by the arm; "but now let's follow the mayor's advice, and go to bed."

Without a word of remonstrance the two young friends, struck dumb by surprise, followed their unexpected guides to a neighbouring hotel; and, without a further word of explanation, the quatuor retired to rest—father and son in one double-bedded room, Barnaby and Vincenzo in another.

*To be continued.*

## "IRON SHIPS."

I DREAMED: In purple seas, on fringèd rocks,
Below the sunset, sate a Siren pale,
And sang sweet treachery. The mariners
Went hasting by with finger-hidden ears,
Or clinging to the thrilling mast for power.
They passed; and ocean-monsters by the rock
Rose up, and sported joyful to the song,
And mad with keen delight they lashed the sea,
And heaved their scaly sides. A sea-god rose
Most noble; with his shield of dripping gold
He waved them, and they sank. Then came down Night.

I dreamed: I saw them creeping by the shores,
Those low white sails, and thousand trickling oars;
And then the galleys rushed with brazen prows
To death-grips in that gulf; and throng'd the cries
Of all the lands below the rising sun;
Then failed to silence under Grecian shouts.
That might has melted from Ægean waves.

I dreamed: And lo, a pageant of the sea
Came floating wide at noon in Adria.
Light waves were leaping at the prows, and kissed,
And clave for them; then mirrored to the heart

The gold and purple of the singing ships;
And odours hung in every silken sail
Of her who wed the waters—richly wed.
They brought the joy and fatness of the East,
And poured it at her feet. Her mariners
Were men of east and west and north and south,
Strange-garbed and weaponed. Not as sons they loved.
Ah, woful mother, where thy sons take rest,
And strangers serve thee! She is widowed now;
The ring is spent that wed the plenteous sea.

I dreamed: I watched the Ocean of the West;
And, days and nights, there came no goodly ship,
But sun, and stars, and pulsing winds, and calms,
And shadows running purple on the sea—
So lonely was that highway of the world!
The moon came out, and laid a path of light;
And down the glory of the moon dropp'd slow
A hollow ship, with tall and ghostly masts,
Whereon the moonlight ran, and furlèd sails;
And on the clear-bathed decks about the masts,
Were crews of spirits, wav'ring like a dream.
She parted at the midst, and slow sank down,
Without an eddy, through a moon-white lake;
And, where she sank, a haughty ship of Spain
Groaned over, labouring o'er the seas for gold.
The caves are sealed; that sent the mermaids forth
The phantom-ships are hailèd to the moon;
The sea hath lost the legends of her youth,
With her lost loneliness; her ways are tracked;
Her shores are white with kindred trooping sails.

I dreamed: 'Twas night on Egypt and the sea.
Then sudden lightnings flashed the mouths of Nile,
The sea, the giant decks, the pallid sky,
To one full sight; and all the mouths of Nile
Roared echoes to the ships; and my heart rang,
For cheers rang oft that spake of my own land.

I dreamed: A ruling voice came from the sea:—
"Now! let the forests fatten in their dews,
And breezes sleep in all their drowsy tops,
And sun-light sleep, and send no hewer forth;
A breach is made in all the wooden walls!
The child, and now the stripling, Earth is past;
Be this her iron prime! Go, take man's arms;
Go, wrestle in the dim and stubborn mine,
And shape them in the roar and blast of flames,
And brace your ships with thousand shields of proof,
Stern Titans, till the war-bolts glide from them;
And ye shall hold the empire of the Sea,
In peace or reeling battle, to the end."

J. M.

# THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY P. F. S. H.

"Alii quidem equos amant, alii aves, alii feras; mihi verò à puerulo mirandum acquirendi et possidendi libros insedit desiderium."
—JULIANUS IMPERATOR.

To those lovers of books who care merely for the easy pleasures of light reading, or who are chiefly interested in curious and out-of-the-way works, as well as to the student of the more serious branches of learning and literature, the "Royal Library" at Windsor Castle offers not a few points of interest. The nature, objects, and merits of this establishment (though, as a matter of course, of a strictly private character) deserve all the more to be noticed, as it has, up to the present, been but very little known—one might almost feel inclined to say ignored—by most people, excepting those at and about the Court. For this reason, we do not hesitate to confess that it was with no ordinary pleasure that, at the suggestion of a friend, we made, some short time ago, what, in our own individual instance, may well be called a voyage of discovery to Windsor Castle, in order to treat ourselves to a short, but delightful feast upon some of the treasures and curiosities to be found in its library.

The origin of the present "Royal Library" at Windsor can be said to date only from the accession of King William IV.; for it was that monarch who, shortly after he had succeeded to the throne, ordered its formation. Since the "transfer"—as it is commonly called—of the "King's Library," in 1823, by George IV. to the British Museum, the absence of a library had made itself gradually felt at Court. If it were yet required to demonstrate the long and well-established truth, that it is much more difficult to acquire than to dispose of anything, the facts in question would furnish a very appropriate example. They show, at least, in a curiously suggestive manner, what an easy task it is, on the one hand, to dispose, in one moment, of the literary treasures collected during many years with much care, and at great cost, by order of one's ancestors; and, on the other, how much labour and time it requires to replace such intellectual stores for the future benefit of one's children after they have once been parted with. George IV. effected the said "transfer" to the nation of more than sixty-five thousand choice volumes, forming the "King's Library," by merely writing a short note; whereas it has almost taken the time allotted by nature to one entire generation to collect the forty thousand volumes, which now supply at Windsor the place of the older collection as it is now to be seen at the British Museum—where, until recently, it has been generally looked upon as a monument of royal munificence. As the word "given" is made use of without any further qualification in the commemorative inscriptions placed above the doors of the room now containing what was once the "King's Library," we are bound, in truth, to quote the following passage from Mr. Edwards's *Memoirs of Libraries*. "It may be matter of regret," says he, "but it cannot be "matter of surprise, that the public "character of George IV. is in no wise "ameliorated by this gift, splendid as "it was. In these days of scrutiny, "the gift, indeed, has been made to "throw a darker tinge into what was "already dark enough. The library, it "now appears, was to have been sold "to Russia. But Lords Liverpool and "Farnborough strenuously opposed such "a national disgrace. The former, then "Prime Minister, is said to have been "forced to expostulate 'vehemently' "with his royal master. To Lord "Farnborough—who is supposed to

"have first heard of the scheme of "expatriation in talking with Princess "Lieven—a large portion of the debt "of public gratitude is certainly due. "The late Mr. Croker gave a different "version of the story, by stating that "the motive of the gift was to lessen "the cost of the 'repairs' of Bucking- "ham Palace, by setting at liberty cer- "tain rooms which the library then "occupied." [1]

Some choice works, however, besides the art collection, which had formed part of the "King's Library," escaped the dangers of this contemplated "expatriation," and the vicissitudes of the above-mentioned "transfer," as they were retained for King George IV. Among those works is the famous Mentz Psalter of 1457, of which there are only two other copies in existence; but of these the one belonging to the Imperial Library at Vienna, though more perfect in some respects, is inferior in others. The Berlin copy is inferior to both the others. This rare and invaluable work had, during many years, formed an integral part of the University Library at Gottingen, and was, in a strange fit of equally excessive and injudicious loyalty, presented to King George III. upon the occasion of his coronation, by a deputation of professors chosen from among the Senate of the above university. It has, since then, become rather a matter of doubt, whether those gentlemen had any right to exercise their individual liberality at the expense of a foundation over which the corporation, by whom they had merely been delegated for congratulatory purposes, had, as such, no direct control. History, at all events, is not able to record the existence of any document sanctioning this gift, nor what advantage, besides the barren satisfaction of a gracious acceptance of this loyal present, accrued to the University of Gottingen, to console it for the otherwise irreparable loss of this much-cherished volume from amongst the rarities and treasures of its ancient and famous library. Besides this Psalter, there are, among the retained works, some of the earliest printed books with a date—such as the vellum Caxton, the rare Aldine Virgil of 1505, the Doctrynal of Sapyence, and the much-prized copy of Shakespeare of 1632, which was given by Charles I. to Sir Thomas Herbert immediately before his execution, and bears that unfortunate monarch's signature upon the title-page.[1] There were also retained the following works:—Boccacio's De Mulieribus Claris, folio, Ulmæ; Joannes Zainer, 1473, editio princeps; Dialogus Creaturarum Moralizatus, folio, Goudæ; Gerardus de Leeu, 1482; Falconia, Proba, Excerptum e Maronis Carminibus, etc. 4to; Glanvilla, De Proprietatibus Rerum, in folio maximo; Horatii Opera, Landini, Venetiis, 1483, folio, Josephus, De Bello Judaico, Latine, folio, Romæ, per Arnoldum Pannartz, 1475; Lactantius, Romæ, folio, 1468; Missale ad usum Ecclesiæ Sarisburiensis, folio, Rothomagi, Martin Morin, 1497—besides a goodly number of other old books, chiefly Greek and Roman classics,[2] and last, but not least, the finest extant manuscript copy of the Shah Jehan Namâh, written in beautiful Persian character, with numerous and costly illuminations and pictures, of an equally rare and curious character, and very perfect after their fashion.

The first step towards the formation of a new "Royal Library," to replace what had been the "King's Library," consisted in the appointment of Mr. Glover to the office, purposely created, of "Librarian to the King." This gentleman had, before the "transfer" of the above collection, occupied the post of sub-librarian, and was thereupon made keeper of the royal collections of prints and drawings. The retained works above enumerated were also committed to his care; and, when he assumed his new office, it was determined that the contemplated formation, or rather compilation, of a new collection of books, to be worthy of the name of "Royal Library," should forthwith be commenced. It was in the year 1833 that the Private

[1] Memoirs of Libraries, vol. i. pp. 472–474.

[1] *Vide* Edwards, *ubi supra*.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. i. New Series, pp. 236, 237.

Library of King George III., as well as what was termed his "Nobleman's Library," at Windsor Castle, and his "Gentleman's Library" at another palace, the Private Libraries of Queen Charlotte from Kew, and the Prince Regent's Library from Carlton House, were brought together for this purpose at Cumberland Lodge, in Windsor Great Park, in which place the books, maps, and papers of William Duke of Cumberland were already kept.

These *disjecta membra* of miscellaneous literature, piled together into one large heap, formed the incongruous mass out of which, under the auspices of Mr. Glover, was to be resuscitated the body of the "Royal Library." It need hardly be mentioned that, with such a process, the quantity of volumes assembled was, in proportion, far greater than the value of the works it comprised. These consisted chiefly of old, but by no means choice, editions of ancient and modern classics of nearly all countries in Europe; but there were also topographical works mainly relating to Great Britain, county histories, a multitude of ancient historical works, mostly in Latin, and many relating to the middle ages of Italy, France, and Germany, written in the languages of their respective countries. There were also some early printed books—such as several Aldines and Elzevirs—but in a few instances only of some rarity or value. Mediocrity and confusion were the predominant features of this accumulation of chaotic wisdom; which was not enhanced by the circumstance that it was represented chiefly by a motley number of duplicates and triplicates.

Cumberland Lodge was, however, soon found neither sufficient with regard to the necessary roominess for properly sheltering the miscellaneous multitude of books, nor convenient in situation, owing to its distance from the royal residence. It was, therefore, decided that all these so repeatedly transported volumes should undergo one more removal before they were to be finally deposited at Windsor Castle itself. The internal arrangement and fitting up of the apartments destined to hold the library was intrusted to Sir Jeffry Wyattville.

The part of the Castle in which they are situated faces towards the north, overlooking a corner of the town of Windsor, and, somewhat further off, Eton. It was built by order of Queen Elizabeth, and formed, for many years, the suite of rooms specially devoted to the royal residence. These apartments are spacious and elegant in their distribution. The largest of them, which is very fine both in its size and proportions, measures nearly eighty feet in length, and is very well lighted, both as a room and as a library, by seven large windows, commanding a fine view over the beautiful landscape, from which it acquires additional stateliness to the eye of the beholder. Not far from this noble apartment is the curious and elegant Blenheim Room—so called because it was there that Queen Anne, whilst sitting in her favourite boudoir, received the first news of the famous victory gained by the great Duke of Marlborough. It is a small polygonal chamber, constructed in the form of a lantern in the turret over the Norman gateway, and is, therefore, exquisite both in shape and site. Formerly it was a bay to King Henry VII.'s room, adjoining the end of Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; and in it used to be hung the flags presented each year upon the anniversary of the celebrated battle by the great duke and his direct male descendants, up to the present day, but which are now deposited in another part of the Castle.[1] Through each of its four

[1] Before the appropriation of the suite of apartments to the purposes of the Royal Library, the turret which was built by Henry VII. was used as a place of deposit for the Marlborough flags. According to the terms by which the Duke holds the castle of Blenheim, he is bound to send annually to Windsor Castle, on the anniversary of the battle, a white silk banner with the "Fleur de Lys" embroidered upon it. The last received was laid in the turret, and, when the next arrived, was hung up with those which had been received every year since the estate was vested in the family of the Churchills. The Duke of Wellington holds Strathfieldsaye upon similar terms, and annually sends a silken tricolour to the castle.

narrow, but light and airy, windows, one enjoys a different prospect for many miles around, over the well-timbered country and the green pastures bordering upon the banks of the, here as yet unpolluted and clear, river Thames. All these views offer so many charming pictures of "smiling fields," so truly English in their character, that one would have to seek in vain for their equals in many other countries. There is, at least to our knowledge, hardly any other library which could rival this one at Windsor Castle with regard to its situation, and the charms of its "surroundings." In all these respects it is truly royal, as well as in the character of its furniture, which is sumptuous and comfortable without being gaudy, and in its architectural decorations, which are sufficiently ornamental without being either extravagant or tasteless.

Let the reader only fancy himself seated in one of those substantial and commodious arm-chairs, either in the large room or in the Blenheim Chamber, turning over the leaves of a curious book, or gazing, in a tranquil state of mind, through one of the windows looking down upon the rural scenes below, and he will realize to his mind that which the ancient Romans called the *otium cum dignitate*. That the chiefs of that imperial people were accustomed to associate this sentiment of theirs with similar places, is proved by the silent, yet eloquent testimony afforded by the magnificent ruins of the various imperial libraries in and about the Eternal City. The still imposing remains of the libraries of Tiberius and Diocletian at Rome, and those of Hadrian at Tivoli, are worthy monuments of the high estimation in which literature and learning were held by those great rulers.

But to return from Imperial Rome to Royal Windsor. Sir Jeffry Wyattville terminated, in 1834, the necessary preparation of the suite of apartments which were henceforth to contain the collections of the Royal Library. During the following years, the books, which had been provisionally assembled at Cumberland Lodge, were gradually brought to the Castle, and there deposited in the various presses specially prepared for their reception. The plan according to which these volumes were finally arranged and put to rest after their numerous adventures and vicissitudes, partook, however, in its character and execution, more of the architectural than the bibliographic. To judge by the results of the combined operations of the knight and the librarian, the individuality and views of the former seem evidently to have predominated; for, according to his judgment, bibliographic considerations were rigorously subordinated to architectural design and exigencies, and the books were, consequently, marshalled upon the various shelves merely after their size, and without any regard to their contents, in strict accordance to the established principles of proportion, uniformity, and outward beauty. Folios filled the two lower shelves; then came, in regular succession, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos, all *secundum ordinem*— presenting to the admiring spectator scrupulously symmetrical rows and covers of a proper style of book-furniture.

This sort of arrangement, however tasteful and elegant in itself, will very probably be less convenient and pleasing to the more serious student than to the mere looker-on; but then, let it be remembered, for the sake of Sir Jeffry Wyattville, that he was not the original inventor of such a system. He merely imitated what other people had done long before him. For, "'Big books on "the lower, and little books on the "upper shelves; but let them be nicely "bound,' was a mode of patronizing "literature which was as well known "in the Vicus Sandalarius, or the Argi- "letum, as in Little Britain or Pall "Mall. Some specimens of collectors "of this class have been embalmed for "us by Seneca, and others of them have "their little niches in the galleries of "the satirical poets. But the brilliant "invention of what the bookbinders call "'dummies,' appears to have been re- "served for the moderns, although some- "thing approximating towards it has "been noticed on the walls of a room

"in the house of the tragic poet at "Pompeii." [1]

After what has already been stated, it is but natural that, in such a collection of books, early French memoirs and indifferent romances were numerous to superfluity; but we must refrain from mentioning their number and proportion to the other works, lest it should look like an exaggeration. This chance assemblage of literature enjoyed its undisturbed repose for the twenty-four years during which the late Mr. Glover held the office of Librarian to the Queen, in that order in which it had been definitely arranged upon its installation at Windsor Castle.

But thanks to the, in such matters, ever-active and beneficial influence of the late Prince Consort, supported by the zeal and knowledge of Mr. Woodward, the judiciously appointed successor to the former librarian, the whole *régime* of the royal library has, of late, undergone the most essential and salutary changes. It was only natural that he whose mind was so clear, refined, and cultivated, could not bear the idea that there should be under the very roof of his own residence a collection of more than forty thousand volumes next to useless, merely because of the want of order and proper arrangement. On the other hand, it is no wonder that, until he took the matter into his own consideration, the royal library, though containing much riches, was not much more than an almost nominal appendage to the furniture of the royal household, and that the not unimportant office of Librarian to the Queen had, from want of due encouragement, gradually sunk into a mere sinecure.

The interest which the late Prince Consort took in this special subject, so congenial to his general character, tastes, and disposition, soon communicated itself to others. Under his influence the Royal Library assumed, as a useful establishment, new life. There is something touchingly illustrative—since he is no more—with reference to the character and worth of the man, in the sort of relation in which the royal patron of learning and the fine arts at large placed himself towards this more private object of his attention. When he was residing at Windsor Castle, most of his leisure hours were spent in the apartments of the Royal Library. There he delighted in looking at the curious works of art and of literature, not merely with the eye of what is commonly understood by the appellation of a "connoisseur," but with the keen and rapid glance of a real critic; for he not only knew what he was looking at, but was also fully able to reason upon and to judge of the many varied subjects which there came under his notice. There, also, he used to discuss the future objects and arrangements of the Library—how matters were to be managed, and in what branches new acquisitions should be made, in order to increase the value of what was already extant. And thither he was in the habit of conducting his children, in order to infuse into their minds part of his own love for what was accomplished, elegant, and refined. He likewise encouraged the various members of the household, as well as the guests staying at the Castle, to avail themselves of these resources for pleasant recreation, and for the acquisition of useful knowledge; and, by his care, they were made easily and agreeably accessible to all who felt inclined to profit by the different advantages they offered. It was in such places and at such times that the Prince ought to have been seen, in order correctly to appreciate the man. Those who have merely known him upon state occasions, or in public, will hardly be able to realize to themselves his picture as he was in private life, when freed from the irksome restraints of representation and officiality. There the reserve of the Prince, whose natural shyness so many people mistook for pride, vanished altogether before the kind cordiality of the man's warm heart. And, when all his finer qualities and feelings came into play, the casual observer could not but be highly gratified at what he was contemplating. Being as superior in mind as he was in position, he knew well how, at the same time, daily to exercise

[1] Memoirs of Libraries, vol. i. p. 29.

that superiority, and also to make those with whom he might happen to be engaged in more familiar converse for the moment, unconscious of the existing disparity in rank and position. This advantage arose from his possessing that delightful gift to its full extent — a quality as rare as it is charming—of being affable in the true and highest sense of the word. For his affability was never spoiled by any admixture of that sort of condescension which frequently exercises a more irritating than soothing influence upon those whom it is meant to please.

Although the plans of the Prince with respect to the Royal Library, as with respect to the many other matters of more public importance that interested him, have been immaturely arrested, one may venture to hope that they will be carried out to the extent to which he himself intended to see them fulfilled. These plans, to state them briefly, were to form a good gentleman's and diplomatist's library—to be particularly well supplied in the departments of general art and history; after that, to be well provided with topographical, genealogical, and heraldic works of reference and of authority; and, as for the remainder, to contain so much only as would be sufficient for general knowledge, without approaching professional completeness in any of its other branches. All this can, of course, only be accomplished after some time; for the work of arranging the different departments in a useful and systematic manner, of cataloguing all the books, and of supplying the various deficiencies, is a slow and laborious one. Yet, when it is completed, it must be matter of satisfaction to know that the home of the best of living sovereigns is not wanting in one of the chief means for insuring the intellectual and moral welfare of her children.

## THE SONG OF ROLAND.

[Few people comparatively are aware of the wealth of poetry to be found in the French language, in the shape of its middle age epics. The grandest of these, and in its present form probably the oldest, the "Song of Roland"—written apparently by a priest named Turold—holds historical claim to English attention, not only from the circumstance of its earliest MS. being one of the treasures of the "Bodleian," but from its connexion with one of the half-dozen greatest events in our history, the battle of Hastings. To the sound of a "Song of Roland," and in all likelihood, this very one, England was conquered by the Normans. For Wace tells how "Taillefer who full well sang—on "a horse that fast went—before them "went singing—of Charlemain and of "Roland—and of Oliver and of the "vassals—who died in Roncevaux."

Of the poem in question, which appears to be of the eleventh century, several editions have appeared in France, and more than one translation amongst ourselves, such as the small quarto one by Mrs. Marsh, from a modern French version in the "Revue des deux Mondes." I believe, however, that the poem remains entirely unknown to the bulk of Englishmen, and that I shall be directing most readers to a new source of delight in giving them the following analysis, or abridged translation of the work, from the oldest text.—J. M. L.]

"Charles the king, our great emperor,
"seven years quite full has been in
"Spain. As far as the sea he con-
"quered the haughty land; no castle
"is there that remains before him; wall
"nor city is left to be broken, save
"Saragossa, which is on a mountain.
"King Marsile holds it, who loves not
"God; Mahomet he serves, and in-
"vokes Apollo."[1]

[1] The confusion here indicated between Mahomedanism and Paganism runs through all the popular thought of the middle ages.

Sitting in an orchard under shade, more than 20,000 men around him, Marsile calls his dukes and counts to council, as to how he may rid himself of Charlemain. One only answers him—the wise Blancandrin; who advises him to send a friendly embassy to Charles, with splendid presents, offering to go and do fealty to him at Michaelmas, and receive Christian baptism, giving ten or twenty hostages if necessary. He will himself send his son! The Franks will depart, Michaelmas will come and go without tidings of the paynim, the proud king will cut off the hostages' heads; but it is better they lose their heads "than that we lose bright Spain the fair!"

The advice is taken; envoys are sent with the lying message, on white mules, with olive branches in their hands. They come to Charlemain, who has just taken Cordova—sitting he too in "a great orchard;" by him, Roland and Oliver, and other chiefs, and 15,000 men of "sweet France." The knights are sitting on white cloths, playing at draughts and chess; agile bachelors are fencing; on an arm-chair of gold, under a pine-tree, beside a hawthorn, "sits the king "who holds sweet France; white is his "beard, and flowered all" (*i.e.* white-haired) "his head, comely his body, "proud his countenance. If any asks "for him, there is no need of pointing "him out." The messengers deliver their message. King Marsile will give largely of his treasures—bears and horses, and greyhounds in leash, 700 camels and a thousand moulted hawks, 400 mules loaded with gold and silver, fifty carts filled with the like to pay the soldiers. Charlemain has been long enough in this country; he should go to Aix; there the king will follow him!

"The emperor stretches his hands "toward God, bows his head, begins to "think. . . . In his words never was he "hasty; his custom is to speak at "leisure." Lifting his head, he asks what warrant he shall have of such words? The hostages are offered, the pledge of baptism is given. The emperor gives no answer, however, that night, but has the messengers nobly entertained, and summons his barons to council for the next morning, under a pine-tree; "By those of France," (*i.e.* by their advice), "he means wholly to walk."

They come—Duke Ogier and Archbishop Turpin; Richard the old and his nephew Henry; brave Count Acelin of Gascony; Theobald of Reims and his cousin Milo; Gerer and Gerin; Count Roland, and Oliver the brave and comely; and Guenes (or Ganilo), "who did the treason." The emperor sets forth Marsile's offers. Roland starts to his feet. "Ill shall ye credit Marsile!" Once before the same attempt was made; 15,000 pagans were sent with olive branches in their hands, using the same words; the emperor sent two of his counts; but the pagan king cut their heads off. "Make the war as you have "undertaken it; lead all your host to "Saragossa, besiege it all your life-long, "avenge those whom the felon has "killed!"

The emperor's visage darkens; he answers nought. All are silent, save Ganilo, who rises and comes before Charlemain, and proudly speaks: "When King Marsile offers you that with joined hands he will become your man, and will hold all Spain by your gift, and then will receive the law we hold, who advises you that we reject this plea, he cares not, sire, of what death we die. It is not right that pride's counsel should have the upper hand. Leave we the fools, and hold we by the wise."

Naymes (of Bavaria) comes after him—"better vassal in the court was none." "King Marsile is vanquished, he cries mercy; it would be a sin to do more to him; this great war should go no further." "Well hath the Duke spoken," say the French.

"Lord Barons, whom shall we send to Saragossa, to King Marsile?" Naymes offers to go; the emperor tells him he is a wise man, and shall not go so far from him. Roland offers; Oliver objects that he is too proud and might do mischief, but could well go himself; the emperor forbids them both. Arch-

bishop Turpin offers in turn, and is in turn silenced. The emperor tells the knights to choose a baron for messenger. "Ganilo, my stepfather," suggests Roland. "You shall send none wiser," say the French.

Full angry was Count Ganilo; from his neck he threw his great furs of sable, and remained in his tunic. "Hazel "were his eyes and full proud his visage, "comely his body and broad his sides;" all his peers look at him with admiration. "Fool!" says he to Roland, "what madness is this? Well do men know that I am thy stepfather. Hast thou judged that I go to Marsile? An' God grant that I return from thence, I will moot thee such a counterblow as shall last thee all thy life!"—"Am *I* proud and a fool?" answers Roland. "Well do men know I care not for threats. But it should be a wise man to do the message. If the king choose, I am ready to do it for you." Ganilo declares that he will go, after a short delay to lighten his "great wrath." Roland laughs on hearing this. Ganilo is ready to burst with rage. He addresses the emperor. Since none who go to Saragossa can return, he recommends to him his fair son Baldwin, the son of the emperor's sister; to him he leaves his honours and his fiefs; "keep him well; with my eyes I shall never see him." "Your heart is too tender," replies the emperor; "since I order it, it befits you to go." And he offers him the "staff and the glove," apparently the insignia of his embassy. "Sire," says Ganilo, "Roland has done all this; I will not love him all my life long, nor Oliver, for that he is his companion, nor the twelve peers, for that they love him so. I defy them, sire, before your eyes." Then said the king: "You are too ill-minded; now shall you go, for certain, when I command it." "Go I may, but without warranty"—*i. e.* for my life. As the glove is handed to him he lets it fall, an evil omen which strikes all the French. He takes his leave at once, and departs in stately array, amid much lamentation from his knights, whom he charges to greet for him his wife, and Pinabel his friend and peer, and his son Baldwin, whom they are to hold for lord.

He rejoins the Saracen messengers, and speaks with Blancandrin. The latter begins by dwelling on Charlemain's achievements, who has conquered Apulia and all Calabria, passed the salt sea to England, and conquered the tribute of it to the Holy Father. But what does he want in the Spanish marches? Evil work do those dukes and counts who so advise their lord! "I know none such," replies Ganilo, "but Roland. The emperor was sitting "under the shade in a meadow by Car-"cassonne; came his nephew, in his hand "a ruddy apple. 'Behold, lord!' said "Roland to his uncle, 'of all the kings "I present you the crowns.' His pride "should well confound him, for every day "he gives himself away to death. Were "he killed, we should all have peace." They ride on, and end by pledging each other that they will seek Roland's death.

They reach Saragossa, and find King Marsile sitting under a pine-tree, twenty thousand Saracens around. Blancandrin gives account of his embassy; Charlemain has returned no reply, but has sent a noble French baron, from whom they shall hear whether they will have peace or not.

"But Count Ganilo had well be-"thought himself; by great wisdom he "began to speak, as he who well knows "how." Charles's message, he tells the king, is that he should become a Christian, and receive half Spain in fief; if not, he shall be taken and bound, carried to Aix, and there judged and put to death. The king is so enraged that he would have pierced him with a javelin, if not hindered. Ganilo, seeing this, puts his hand on his sword, draws it two fingers' length out of the scabbard: "Sword," says he, "full fair and bright are you; so long have I borne you at the king's court, that the emperor of France shall never say that I die alone in the strange land; ere that, the best shall have paid for you!" The Saracens interfere to stop the quarrel. Ganilo declares that "for all the gold that

"God made, nor for all the riches in "the land," would he have spared to give Charlemain's message. "He was "wrapped in a mantle of sable, that was "covered with a cloth of Alexandria. "He throws it down, and Blancandrin "receives it; but his sword he would "not quit; in his right fist by the "golden hilt he held it. The pagans "say 'a noble baron is here.'" He goes on to develop the message. Charlemain will give Marsile half Spain in fee; "the other half he will give to "Roland his nephew; a full proud "joint-tenant you shall have there." If not, he will be besieged in Saragossa, bound, taken to Aix neither on palfrey, charger, nor mule, but thrown upon a wretched baggage-hack, and at Aix lose his head. In proof whereof he hands him the emperor's letter. Marsile, "discoloured with rage," breaks the seal, flings the wax away, and reads out the contents, by which Charlemain bids him, moreover, send as hostage his uncle the Khalif. Marsile's son asks that Ganilo be delivered to him, and he will do justice of him. Ganilo, hearing this, brandishes his sword, and sets his back against the pine trunk.

But the king enters into the orchard with the best of his men; Blancandrin bids him call the Frenchman, for he has pledged his faith for their behoof. At the king's bidding he brings Ganilo. "There they treat of the unrighteous "treason." Marsile begins by apologizing for his rashness, and offers Ganilo five hundred pounds' worth of gold in sables; before to-morrow night he will have made amends. He then begins to speak of Charlemain. "He is very "old; his time is spent; methinks he "is more than two hundred years old. "Through how many lands has he car-"ried his body! how many blows re-"ceived on his shield! how many rich "kings led to beggary! When shall he "ever be tired of warring?" Ganilo replies: "Not such is Charles. None "can see him and know him, but will "say that the emperor is a man. I "cannot so praise nor vaunt him to you, "but that there shall be in him yet "more honour and goodness. Who "could recount his great valour? God "has enlightened him with such a "baronage, as would rather die than "leave his baronry." The pagan says: "I marvel much at Charlemagne, who "is grey and old. Methinks he is two "hundred years old and more. Through "how many lands has he worked his "body! how many blows received of "lances and swords! how many rich "kings led to beggary! When shall he "ever be tired of warring?" "Never," said Ganilo, "while his nephew lives. "There is no such vassal under heaven's "cope. Full equally brave is his com-"rade Oliver; the twelve peers, whom "Charles holds so dear, form the van-"guard, with twenty thousand knights. "Charles is secure; he fears no man."

Marsile boasts in turn of the four hundred thousand knights whom he can bring forward. Ganilo warns him to do no such thing. "Leave folly, hold by "wisdom. Give so much wealth to the "emperor that every Frenchman shall "marvel. For twenty hostages that "you shall send to him, the king shall "return to sweet France; his rear-"guard he will leave behind him; "*there* will be his nephew Count Ro-"land, I think, and Oliver the brave "and courteous. Dead are the counts, "if any will believe me. Charles will "see his great pride fall; and he will "have no mind ever to make war upon "you."—"Fair Sir Ganilo, an' God "bless you, how shall I kill Roland?" Ganilo tells him that, when the king shall be at the pass of Sizer, his rear-guard behind him, with Roland and Oliver and twenty thousand French, he is to send a hundred thousand pagans against them. There will be great slaughter; but a second battle must be fought, and in one or the other Roland would perish; and, Roland dead, "Charles would lose the right arm of his body," and "the great land[1] would remain in peace." They mutually swear to the treason; Ganilo on the relics contained

1 "*Terre Major*," *i.e.* France, a remarkable expression of this poem.

in his sword-hilt, Marsile on a book of "the law of Mahomet and Termagant." One of the Saracens now gives his sword to Ganilo, another his helmet; Queen Bramimond two bracelets for his wife; the king promises him "ten mules laden with finest gold of Arabia," and this year by year. Ganilo departs with the keys of Saragossa, the presents and the hostages.

He reaches the emperor of a morning, as he sits on the green grass before his tent, Roland with him, and Oliver and Naymes, and a good number of others. He delivers the lying message. If he has not brought the Khalif, it is because with his own eyes he has seen him and 300,000 men all shipwrecked and drowned four leagues from the shore! Before a month Marsile will follow the emperor to France, to receive the Christian law and hold Spain of him! The king thanks him for his services. A thousand trumpets sound throughout the army; the French raise their camp, load their sumpter horses, and depart for "sweet France." But, while they march homeward, the Pagans ride by the upper valleys, hauberks on, banners folded, helmets closed, swords girded, shields on neck, and lances in rest; they tarry in a wood on the summit of the hills; 400,000 men await the day-break. "God! what sorrow that the French know it not!"

The emperor is troubled with evil dreams. At one time he dreams that Ganilo seizes his lance, and shaking it causes it to fly in pieces; at another, that, being at Aix, a boar bites his right arm, and a leopard from Ardenne assails him; but a hound comes leaping, bites the right ear of the boar, and wrathfully fights the leopard. At dawn he asks his barons whom he shall entrust with the charge of the rear-guard. "Roland, my stepson," answers Ganilo; "no baron have you of so great vassalry." "A devil alive are you," replies the king; "deadly rage has entered your body. And who shall be before me in the van-guard?"—"Ogier of Denmark," says Ganilo; "you have no baron who can do it better than he." Roland declares that, since the rear-guard is adjudged to him, the king shall lose nor palfrey, nor charger, nor ridable mule, nor hack, that shall not have been paid for by their swords. "Give me," says he to the emperor, "the bow you hold in your fist; methinks they shall not reproach me that it fall from me, as did to Ganilo the staff which he received with his right hand." The emperor's countenance darkens; "he fingers his beard and untwists his moustache;" he cannot help weeping. Naymes sees Roland's wrath, and begs the king to give him the bow; which he does. The emperor presses Roland to retain with him half the host. "I will do no such thing," replies Roland; "I will retain 20,000 full brave Franks; pass the gates all in safety; never shall ye fear any man while I live."

He mounts his charger; to him come Oliver his mate, and Gerin, and brave Gerer, and Berenger, and old Anseis, and proud Gerard of Roussillon, and rich duke Gaifer, and the other peers. "By my head, *I* will go!" says the archbishop. "And I with you," says Count Walter; "I am Roland's man; I ought not to fail him." Twenty thousand knights are thus chosen out. Count Roland calls Walter of Luz, and tells him with 1,000 men to occupy the depths and heights, that the emperor may lose none of his men.

"High are the mountains and gloomy "the valleys, dark the rocks, marvellous "the defiles." When the French approach the "great land," they see Gascony, and remember "their fiefs and their "honours, and their damsels and their "gentle wives; there is none of them "but weeps for pity. Charlemain is "anxious above all the others; he has "left his nephew at the gates of Spain." Duke Naymes rides beside him, and asks him why he is heavy-hearted. Charles tells him he fears Ganilo will destroy France; he has adjudged Roland to the rear-guard, whom if Charles loses, he will never have his match. Seeing him weep, 100,000 French are moved, and fear for Roland.

Meanwhile, Marsile has summoned all his men, 400,000 in three days. After exposing Mahomet to their adoration on the highest tower in Saragossa, they ride by hill and dale till they see the pennons of the twelve peers. Marsile's nephew comes forward on a mule, and, laughing, asks a guerdon of the king for many a service, "the blow of Roland," whom he means to kill with his sharp sword. Marsile "gives him the glove" of it. He then asks for eleven of the barons, to fight the twelve peers. Falsaro, Marsile's brother, king Corsalis; Malprimis of Brigal (swifter footman than a horse); Turgis count of Tourtelouse; Margariz of Sibille, the friend of ladies through his beauty; Chernuble, whose hair sweeps the ground, who bears a bigger load for sport than four mules for baggage, who comes from a land where "sun shines not, nor corn "can grow, nor rain falls, nor dew wets, "nor is there stone that be not all "black—some say that devils dwell "there"—with others, offer themselves for the purpose, all boasting of what they will achieve. One hundred thousand Saracens go with him, and arm in a larch grove.

"Clear was the day and fair was the "sun; no garment have they but it all "glitters like fire; they sound a thou-"sand trumpets for mere comeliness. "Great is the noise; the French heard "it. Said Oliver: 'Sir comrade, me-"thinks we may have battle of Saracens.' "Answers Roland: 'And God grant it "us! Well ought we to be here for "our king. For one's lord should one "suffer distress, and endure great heat "and great cold; one should lose both "leather and hair. Now look every "one to fulfil such great blows, that "evil song be not sung of us! Pagans "are in the wrong and Christians in "the right. Evil example shall never "be of me.'"

Oliver has climbed on a high pine-tree; he looks to right amidst a grassy vale; he sees come that paynim folk; he calls Roland, his comrade: "To-"ward Spain, I see come such a "tumult, so many white hauberks, so "many glittering helmets! These shall "do a great mischief to our French. "Ganilo knew it, the felon, the traitor, "who judged us" (*i.e.* assigned this post to us) "before the emperor."—"Hold thy peace, Oliver," answers count Roland; "he is my stepfather, "I will not have a word said of him." Oliver sees so many Saracens that he cannot even count the troops of them. All bewildered he descends from the pine tree. "I have seen so many Pagans," he tells the French, "never man on "earth saw more! . . . Ye shall have a "battle, never was the like! Lord "barons, have virtue from God; stand "to the field, that we be not beaten!" "Cursed be he that flees!" say the French; "never for dying shall one 'man fail you." "'Comrade Roland,'" Oliver pursues, "now blow your horn; 'Charles will hear it; the host will 'return.'—'I should do as a madman! 'In sweet France I should lose my 'praise! I will strike always great 'blows with Durandal; the brand shall 'be bloody to the hilt; ill shall come 'the felon pagans to the gates; I 'pledge you they are all judged to 'death.'—'Comrade Roland, now sound 'the ivory horn. Charles will hear 'it; he will make the host return. 'The king with his baronry will suc-'cour us.' Replies Roland:—'May it 'not please the Lord God that my 'kinsmen be blamed for me, nor sweet 'France fall into contempt! Rather 'will I strike enough with Durandal, 'my good sword that I bear girded to 'my side. You shall see the brand all 'bloody. Ill gathered themselves toge-'ther the felon pagans. I pledge you they 'are all given over to death.'—'Com-'rade Roland, sound your ivory horn; 'Charles will hear it, who is passing at 'the gates. I pledge you the French 'will return.'—'May it not please 'God," replies Roland to him, "that 'it be said by any living man that 'I have blown horn for pagans! Never 'for this shall my kinsmen have re-'proach. When I shall be in the great 'battle, and I shall strike a thousand 'blows and seven hundred, you shall

'see the bloody steel of Durandal. 'The French are good; they will strike 'as vassals; those of Spain shall have 'no safety from death.' Said Oliver: 'I know no blame of this. I have 'seen the Saracens of Spain; covered 'with them are the vales and the moun- 'tains, and the brushwoods and all the 'plains. Great are the hosts of that 'strange folk; a full small company 'have we.' Answers Roland: 'My 'desire is all the greater. May it not 'please God, nor His saints nor His 'angels, that ever for me France lose 'her worth! I had rather die than 'shame should come to me. The 'better we strike the more the em- 'peror loves us.' Roland is brave and Oliver is wise. Both have wonderful vassalage (*i. e.* bravery); now that they are on horseback and in arms, never for death will they eschew battle; good are the counts and high their words."

Oliver still remonstrates. Roland, "prouder than lion or leopard," calls the French, and speaks aloud to Oliver. "Sir comrade, friend, speak not so! The emperor, who left the French in our care, placed apart 20,000; to his mind there was not one coward among them. For one's lord one should suffer great ills, and suffer strong cold and great heat: one should lose blood and flesh. Strike with thy lance, and I with Durandal, my good sword, which the king gave me. If I die, he who has her may say, 'This sword belonged to a noble vassal.'" The Archbishop Turpin on his horse makes a sermon to the French: "Sir barons, Charles left us here; for our king well should we die. Help to sustain christendom. Ye shall have battle, ye are all sure of it, for with your eyes you see the Saracens. Cry your sins; pray God's mercy; I will absolve you to heal your souls. If ye die, ye will be holy martyrs; ye shall have seats in the highest paradise." "The "French dismount; they kneel on the "ground; the Archbishop blesses them "in God's name; for penance he com- "mands them to strike." The French then rise, mount their horses, and place themselves in battle array.

Roland is at the gates of Spain on his good horse Veillantif, in his hand his broadsword, the point towards heaven, a white pennon laced to the top; his golden reins float in his hands. "Full comely was his body, his visage "bright and laughing. After him came "following his comrade; those of "France claim him to warranty. Proudly "he looks towards the Saracens, towards "the French humbly and mildly; cour- "teously he says a word to them: 'Sir "barons, ride on gently; these pagans "go seeking a great martyrdom. To- "day shall we have booty fair and "great; so worthy never had King of "France.' At these words the hosts go "joining each other. Said Oliver: 'I "care not to speak. You deigned not "to sound your ivory horn; nor shall "you have aid from Charles. He knows "not a word of it, nor is he in fault, "the brave one. Those who are there "are not to blame. Lord barons, hold "the field; by God, I pray you, be "resolved to strike blows, to receive "and to give. The war-cry of Charles "we should not forget.' At these words "the French cry out; and who should "hear them shout 'Monjoie!' might "well remember vassalage."

The battle begins by a single combat between Roland and Marsile's nephew, whom Roland attacks with such fury, that he cleaves him down the spine. Then Marsile's brother, Falsaro, who "held the land of Dathan and Abiram," half a foot broad between his eyes, is killed by Oliver. Archbishop Turpin runs his great spear through King Corsalis; Angelier kills Malprimis of Brigal; Gerer his comrade another champion. "Fair is our battle," said Oliver. Duke Samson cuts a sixth through heart, and liver, and lungs. "A baron's blow," says the Archbishop. Anseis kills Turgis of Tourtelouse; other peers each their man. Of the twelve Saracen peers two only remain, Chernuble and Margariz, a "full valiant "knight, fair and strong, and swift and "light," who has a pass of arms with Oliver, but without result. The battle is now general. After fifteen blows

Roland's spear breaks, and he draws Durandal, with which he splits atwain both Chernuble and his horse. Oliver, with the stump of his broken spear, brains a pagan, strikes and hits on all sides till the wood splinters to his very hand. "Where is your sword Haultclear?" asks Roland. Oliver draws it, and cleaves in turn a pagan and his horse. "For such blows the emperor loves us," cries Roland. The Archbishop kills an enchanter, who, led by Jupiter, has already been in hell. "Brother Oliver," cries Roland, "fair are such blows to me." The pagans die by thousands and by hundreds; who flies not has no warranty against death. But "the French will not see again their "fathers nor their kindred, nor Charle- "main, who waits for them at the gates. "In France there is a marvellous tem- "pest, a storm of thunder and of wind, "rain and hail beyond measure. Many "a lightning falls, and frequent earth- "quakes truly are there from St. Michael "of Paris to Sens, from Besançon to the "port of Wishant. There is no shelter "whereof the walls crack not; against "midday great darkness is there, no "light save the sky opens. None sees "it without dismay; many say, 'Tis "the last day, the end of this present age.' "They know not nor speak the truth; "'tis the great woe for Roland's death."

"The French have struck with heart "and vigour. The pagans are dead, by "thousands, by crowds. Of 100,000 "not two can escape. Says Roland: "'Our men are full brave; no man "under heaven has better. It is written "in the *geste* of the French that our "emperor has vassals indeed.'" They go through the field, seeking their men; they weep with their eyes for their kinsmen. Now comes King Marsile with his great host, full thirty troops, 7,000 trumpets sounding the charge. Says Roland, "Oliver, comrade, brother, "felon Ganilo has sworn our death; the "treason cannot be hid; full great re- "venge shall the emperor take of it. A "battle we shall have, strong and ob- "stinate; never man yet saw the like "come together. I will strike with "Durandal my sword, and you, comrade, "strike with Haultclear; in so many "good places have we borne them, so "many battles have we achieved with "them, evil song should not be sung of "them."

Before Marsile's host rides the Saracen Abisme, black as pitch, loving more treason and murder than all the gold of Galicia; no man ever saw him play nor laugh. A favourite he of King Marsile, and bears his dragon, to which all the host rally. The Archbishop, seated on a horse which he took from a king whom he killed in Denmark, well cut of the feet, flat of leg, short of thigh, broad in the hind quarter, long in the sides, high in the back, with white tail and yellow mane, and small ears on his tawny head—no beast dare go against him—the Archbishop goes strike Abisme on his gemmed shield, and cleaves him from the one side to the other. "Great "vassalage is this," say the French; "with the Archbishop full safe is the "cross." Yet, seeing the pagans are so many, the French look often to Oliver and Roland. "Lord barons," says the Archbishop, "go not to think ill. By "God, I pray you that ye flee not, that "no worthy man sing evilly of it. . . . "We shall here have our end; beyond "this day we shall be no more alive; "but of one thing I warrant you well— "holy Paradise is given to you; with "the innocents ye shall sit there."

Angelier of Gascony is now killed by a Saracen, the same who gave Ganilo his sword. Oliver, however, takes swift revenge of the peer's death. Then Valdabrun, another of Ganilo's friends, "lord by sea of 400 dromons," who had taken Jerusalem by treason, violated Solomon's temple, and killed the patriarch before the font, kills Duke Samson, whom Roland in turn avenges. An African, of Africa, son of King Malchus, kills Anseis, and is killed by Turpin. The son of the King of Cappadocia kills Gerin and Gerer, Berenger and others, but, meeting Roland, flees before him—yet in vain; with one blow Roland cleaves atwain man and horse. So valiant are the French, that victory

seems long to remain with them. Great is the prowess of Roland, Oliver, and the Archbishop. The number of their slain "is written in charters and briefs; the *geste* says, more than 4,000." But, after four successful encounters, the fifth is "heavy and grievous; all the "French knights are killed, save sixty. "Before they die, they will sell them-"selves dear."

Count Roland sees great loss of his men. He calls his comrade, Oliver: "Fair dear comrade, for God's sake who protects you, see how many good vassals lie on the earth. Well may we pity sweet France the fair; how deserted she remains now of such barons! Ah, friend king, why are you not here? Oliver, brother, how shall we do it? How shall we send news to him?" Said Oliver, "I know not how to fetch him. Better die than shame be drawn on us."

Said Roland then, "I will sound the ivory horn; Charles will hear it, who is passing the gates of Spain. I pledge you the French will return." Said Oliver, "Great shame were it, and a reproach to all your kinsmen. Such a shame would last all their lifetime. When I said it to you, you would do naught. You shall not do it by my advice." . . . "If the king were here, we should have no harm; those who are there ought to bear no blame." Said Oliver, "By this beard of mine, if I may see my pleasant sister Alda, never shall you lie in her arms."

Said Roland then, "Why are you wroth with me?" And he answered, "Comrade, it is your doing; for vassalage by sense is not folly; better is measure than foolishness; Frenchmen are done to death by your lightness. Never shall Charles have service of us. . . . Never shall be such a man till God's judgment. You will die here, and France will be shamed. To-day the loyal company fails us, for before evening grievous will be the parting."

The Archbishop heard them disputing; he pricked his horse with his spurs of pure gold. He came to them and began to reprove them: "Sir Roland, and you Sir Oliver, for God I pray you dispute not. To blow the horn would now no more avail us; but nevertheless it is full better the king should come; he may avenge us. Those of Spain ought not to return. Our French, descending on foot, will find us dead and cut to pieces. They will lift us in biers, on sumpter horses; they will lament us with mourning and pity; they will bury us in minsters, so that we be not eaten by wolves, nor hogs, nor dogs." Roland answers, "Sir, you speak full well."

Roland has placed the ivory in his mouth. . . . High are the hills, and the voice is full long. For thirty great leagues they heard it answer. Charles heard it, and all his companies. Said the king, "Our men do battle." And Ganilo replied, "If another said it, it would seem a great lie."

Count Roland, by labour and by effort, by great pain, sounds his ivory horn; from his mouth bursts the clear blood forth; the temples of his head are bursting. Of the horn he holds very wide is the hearing. Charles hears it, who is passing at the gates; Naymes hears it; the French listen. Said the king, "I hear Roland's horn. Never would he sound it but in a fight." Ganilo answers, "Battle there is none. You are old, and flowery, and white; by such words you seem a child. You know enough Roland's great pride; great marvel is it that God has so long suffered him. . . . For a single hare he goes blowing his horn all the day; before his peers he goes now boasting. Besides, there is no one who would seek him in the field. Ride on then; why stop you? The great land is full far ahead."

Count Roland has his mouth all bloody; burst are the temples of his head; he sounds the ivory with pain and weariness. Charles hears it, and his French likewise. Said the king, "That horn has a long breath." Replies Duke Naymes: "A baron is labouring at it! There is battle! By my wit, that man betrayed him who sought to deceive you. Make ready, sound your cry, bear succour to your fair vassalry; you hear well enough that Roland is going mad."

The king at once rides back in all haste with his men. He has Count Ganilo seized and handed over as a felon to the cooks of his household, placing him in charge of Bego, the master-cook. A hundred kitchen companions, of the best and the worst, pull out his beard and moustache, and strike him each four blows with their fists; they beat him with sticks; they put a big chain on his neck, chaining him "like a bear," and place him on a sumpter horse for shame.

"High are the hills, and dark, and "great; deep the valleys, swift-running "the streams; the trumpets sound be- "hind and before. . . . Angrily rides the "emperor; anxious and sorrowful the "French." But they cannot be in time.

Roland looks to the hills and the moors; he sees so many French lie dead; he bewails them as a gentle knight. "Lord barons, God have mercy on you! grant paradise to all your souls! make them lie in holy flowers! Never saw I better vassals than you; so long have you always served me—so great countries have ye conquered for Charles! . . . Land of France, a full sweet country are you. . . . Barons of France, for me I see you die; I cannot defend nor warrant you. God help you who never lied! Oliver, brother, I ought not to fail you. I will die of grief if another kill me not. Sir comrade, let us go and strike again!"

Count Roland has gone afield; he holds Durandal; he strikes like a vassal. . . . As the stag goes before the dogs, before Roland so flee the pagans. Said the Archbishop, "You do well enough. Such valour should a knight have, who bears arms and sits on a good horse. In the battle he should be strong and fierce, or otherwise he is not worth four pence; rather should he be monk in minster, so shall he pray daily for our sins." Roland replies, "Strike! Spare them not." At these words the French begin again, fierce as lions, knowing that they shall have no quarter.

King Marsile strikes valiantly on the Saracens' part; he kills amongst others Gerard of Roussillon. Roland, seeking to avenge them, strikes off the king's right hand, and kills his son. A hundred thousand pagans are so affrighted that they take to flight, never to return. But, if Marsile has fled, there remains his uncle Marganice, with his black Ethiopians, large-nosed, broad-eared, more than fifty thousand. Seeing them ride against him, "Then said "Roland, 'Here shall we receive mar- "tyrdom; now know I well that we "have but little to live; but felon he "who sells not himself dear before. "Strike, lords, with your polished wea- "pons! So challenge your deaths and "your lives that sweet France be not "shamed by us. When to this field "shall come Charles my lord, and shall "see such a chastening of the Saracens, "that against one of us he shall find "fifteen dead, he will not fail to bless "us.'"

The fewness of the French gives pride and comfort to the Saracens. Marganice, striking Oliver from behind, pierces him through the chest with his spear, and thinks to have well avenged his people on such a knight alone. But Oliver, though feeling his death-wound, strikes with Haultclear the golden helmet of Marganice, casting down its flowers and crystals, and cleaves his head down to the smaller teeth. "Pagan," he cries, "nor to wife nor lady whom thou hast seen shalt thou boast in the kingdom whence thou art, that thou hast taken from me one penny's worth, or done damage to me or to any." Flinging himself into the midst of the fray he strikes on all sides, dismembering the Saracens, throwing one dead upon the other. But he calls to Roland for aid, for to-day they must part.

Roland looks on Oliver; his face is colourless; the clear blood runs down his body and drops to the ground; for grief he faints on his horse. Oliver has so bled that his eyes have lost their strength; "nor far nor near can he see "so clear as to recognise any mortal "man. When his comrade meets him, "he strikes him on his helmet gemmed "with gold; he cleaves it in two to the "nose-piece, but wounds him not in "the head. At such a blow Roland

" looks on him, and asks him soft and " gently, 'Sir comrade, have you done it " willingly? This is Roland, who is " wont to love you so; in nowise had " you defied me.' Said Oliver, 'Now I " hear you speak, I see you not. The " Lord God see you! I have struck " you; now forgive me.' Roland replies, " 'I am none the worse. I forgive it " you here, and before God.' With " these words one bends to the other; " midst such love behold they are parted!

" Oliver feels that death much an- " guishes him. Both his eyes turn in " his head; he loses all his hearing and " his sight. He descends from horse- " back, and lies down on the earth; " hardly and loud he proclaims his sins, " both his hands joined towards heaven. " He prays God that he may give him " paradise, and bless Charles and sweet " France, and his comrade, Roland, above " all men. His heart fails him—the " count is dead."

Roland sees it, and laments over him full sweetly: "Sir comrade, ill were you " so bold! Together we have been for " years and days; thou didst me no " wrong, nor did I wrong thee; when " thou art dead, 'tis grief that I should " live." He faints again on his horse; only his golden stirrups prevent his falling. When he comes back to himself he sees great damage. All the French are killed, save the Archbishop, and Walter of Luz, who has been fighting the Pagans on the mountains, and has seen all his men killed. He is now fleeing against his will through the valleys, calling on Roland: "Ha! gentle " Count, valiant man, where art thou? " Never knew I fear, where thou wert. " I am that Walter who conquered " Maelgut, nephew to Droo, the old and " greyhaired; through vassalage I was " wont to be thy favourite. My lance " is broken, and pierced is my shield, " and my hauberk unmailed and broken; " a spear has struck me through the " body; I shall die, but I have sold " myself dear." Roland hears him, and returns to the fray. He kills twenty of the enemy, Walter six, the Archbishop five. A thousand Saracens come down on foot, 40,000 on horseback. They dare no more approach, but from afar they throw lances, and spears, and darts. Walter falls the first; then Turpin is wounded in the head, pierced with four spears through the body, his horse killed under him. But quick he leaps up again from the earth, looks for Roland and runs to him: "I am not vanquished! a good vassal yields never alive." He draws his sword of burnished steel; in the great fray he strikes 1,000 blows and more. Charles said afterwards that he spared none; 400 were found around him, some wounded, some struck through, some with their heads cut off; so says the *Geste* and he who was in the field, the baron (St.) Giles, through whom God makes miracles, who made the charter in Laon minster."

"Count Roland is fighting bravely; but his body is all in sweat and very hot, his head pains him full sore. His temples are burst through his blowing of the horn, but yet he would fain know if Charles will come. He draws the ivory horn; feebly he sounds it. The emperor stood and listened. 'Sirs,' said he, 'full ill it goes with us. Roland my nephew this day fails us; I hear by his blowing that he will scarcely live more; who would be there, let him ride swiftly; sound your trumpets, as many as are in the host.' Sixty thousand are blown so loud that the mountains resound, and the valleys answer. The pagans hear it, they take it not for pleasantry." Four hundred of the best of them rush at once upon Roland. He sees them approach without fear; he and the Archbishop have both heard the music of Charles's host.

"Count Roland never loved a coward, nor a proud man, nor a man of ill parts, nor a knight that were not a good vassal." He called Archbishop Turpin: "Sir, you are a-foot, and I am on horseback; for love of you I will here take my stand; together will we have the good and the evil; I will not leave you for any fleshly man. We will yet today return this assault to the pagans. The blows of the best are those of

Durandal." Said the Archbishop: "Felon, who shall not strike well; Charles is coming, who will well avenge us."

The pagans say amongst themselves that Roland will never be vanquished by fleshly man. Once more they fling missiles at them; Roland's shield is fractured and pierced, his hauberk broken and unmailed; his horse, Veillantif, wounded in twenty places, and killed under him. The pagans now flee towards Spain; Roland, unhorsed, cannot pursue them. He goes to the aid of the Archbishop, unlaces his gilded helmet, takes off his light white hauberk, cuts off his tunic, and puts strips of it in his wounds. Pressing him then to his breast, softly he places him on the green grass; full gently he prays him: "Ha, gentle man, now give me my leave; our companions, whom we had so dear, now are they dead; we should not leave them. I wish to go and fetch them, and place them in order before you." Said the Archbishop: "Go and return; this field is yours, thank God, and mine." Roland returns; he goes all alone through the field. He searches the valleys, he searches the hills; he finds Berenger and Anseis and Samson, he finds old Gerard of Roussillon; one by one the baron has taken them; he has come with them all to the Archbishop; he has placed them in a row before his knees. The Archbishop cannot forbear weeping; lifting his hand he gives his blessing, then says, "Ill was it with you, barons; God the glorious have all your souls, and place them in Paradise in holy flowers! my own death so anguishes me, I shall not see the mighty emperor." Roland goes again to search the field, and brings back Oliver pressed against his bosom. He places him on a shield by the others; the Archbishop absolves and crosses them. Roland bursts out weeping, and falls fainting to the earth. Seeing him faint, the Archbishop felt such a woe as never before; he takes the horn, and goes to fetch water from a runnel in Roncevals. Slowly he goes tottering: so feeble is he through loss of blood, that, before he has gone an acre, he falls on his face. Roland, recovering himself, rises to his feet. "He looks below, and he looks "above; on the green grass, beyond his "comrades, he sees the noble baron "lying, the Archbishop . . . Dead is "Turpin, Charles's warrior. By great "battles, and by full fair sermons, "against the paynim he was ever a "champion; God grant him His holy "blessing!

"Count Roland sees the Archbishop "on the ground; out of his body he "sees the bowels lying; over his brow "his brain is bubbling out; on his "chest he has crossed his white fair "hands." Sorely Roland bewails him, according to the custom of his country. "'Ha, gentle man, debonair knight, "this day I commend thee to the glo-"rious Heavenly One; never shall be "man who will more willingly serve "Him. Since the Apostles was never "such a prophet to keep the law, and "to draw men. May never your soul "have suffering! May the gate of "Paradise be open to him!'"

Roland feels that death is near; by his ears his brain is escaping. He prays God for his peers, and then the angel Gabriel for himself. Taking the ivory horn in one hand, and Durandal in the other, he proceeds to Spainward, and ascends a hill, where under a goodly tree are four blocks of marble. Here again he faints away, when a Saracen, who feigned himself dead, seizes on him and his arms, exclaiming, "Vanquished is Charles's nephew! This sword will I carry to Arabia!" But Roland, feeling the sword drawn away, opens his eyes, and with the ivory horn, which he had not lost hold of, strikes him such a blow as crushes helmet and head at once, drives the eyes out of their sockets, and stretches the Saracen dead at his feet. "Coward," said he, "how wert thou so bold as to seize me by right or by wrong? None shall hear it but shall deem thee a fool." But he has split the thick of the ivory horn, and all the crystal and gold is falling from it. He perceives that he can see no more. He raises

himself, however, on his feet; before him was a brown rock. He strikes ten blows on it with Durandal. The steel creaks, but does not break. "Ha, Durandal," he exclaims, "how "bright thou art, and white! How "thou shinest and flamest against the "sun! Charles was in the vales of "Maurienne when God of Heaven com- "manded him by His angel that he "should give thee to a captain; where- "fore the gentle king, the great, did "gird thee on me. With this I con- "quered him Normandy and Britanny, "with this I conquered him Poitou "and Maine, with this I conquered "him Burgundy and Lorraine, with "this I conquered him Provence and "Aquitain, and Lombardy, and all "Romania; with this I conquered him "Bavaria and all Flanders, and Alemain "and all Apulia, Constantinople, whereof "he took the faith, and in Saxony, too, "he did what he demanded; with this "I conquered him Scotland, Wales, "Ireland, and England, which he held "for his chamber; conquered have I "with this so many countries and "lands which Charles holds, the white- "bearded, that for this sword I have "sorrow and grief. Better to die than "that it remain among the paynim. "May God the Father not let France "be shamed thereby." . . .

"Roland feels that death is passing "through him; from his head it de- "scends upon his heart. Beneath a "pine-tree he goes running, upon the "green grass he lies down on his face, "under him he puts his sword and the "ivory horn; he turns his head toward "the pagan folk. For this he does "it . . . that Charles should say and all "his people that the gentle count "died a conqueror. He confesses his "sins, minutely and often . . . he "stretches his right glove toward God. ". . . St. Gabriel took it from his hand. "Upon his arm he held his head "bowed; with clasped hands he is "gone to his end. God sent His angel "cherubim, and St. Michael of the "danger; with them came St. Gabriel; "they bear the Count's soul to Para- "dise." [1]

"Dead is Roland; God has his soul "in heaven. The emperor reaches "Roncevals. There is no way nor path, "nor of void earth yard nor footbreadth "but Frenchman or pagan lies there. "Charles cries, 'Where are you, fair "nephew? Where is the Archbishop "and Count Oliver, where is Gerin and "his comrade Gerer, where is Otho and "Count Berenger . . . What is become "of Angelier the Gascon, Samson the "duke, and Anseis the baron? Where "is Gerard of Roussillon the old, the "twelve peers whom I had left?' . . . "He pulls his beard like a man in "wrath; his knight barons weep . . . "20,000 fall fainting to the ground . . . "they weep for their sons, their brothers, "their nephews, their friends, their "liege lords." Naymes advises the king to ride on and take revenge on the pagans. The sun stops in the heavens while the French pursue the fleeing Saracens, and drive them into the Ebro. King Marsile, however, has meanwhile reached Saragossa, from whence he had sent his letters to Baligant, the old amiral, who has survived Virgil and Homer, threatening to renounce his faith if not succoured. Baligant leaves Alexandria with a huge fleet, and at last, the day after the battle, reaches Saragossa, of which Marsile sends the keys out to him. Hearing what has happened, the amiral rides at once to meet the emperor.

After a night troubled with evil dreams, Charles had gone out alone in search of his nephew's body; for he had heard Roland say that, were he to die in a strange realm, he would pass beyond his men and his peers, and would have his head turned toward the foemen's country, and would thus end conqueringly (*conquerrantment*). As he

[1] The climax of interest is henceforth past. Yet so entirely, it would seem, for the middle-age reader or hearer, did the fate of the individual here merge into the larger story of the conflict between Christian and Mussulman, that two-thirds of the poem still remain. I shall, of course, abridge still more summarily henceforth.

goes, he finds the flowers of all the field red with the blood of "our barons," and cannot forbear weeping. Reaching two trees, he recognises Roland's blows on three blocks of marble, and sees his nephew lying on the green grass, a sight which makes him faint away. On his return to consciousness he begins "so softly" to lament him: "Friend Ro- "land, God have mercy on thee! never "man saw such a knight to wage and "end great battles; my honour is turned "to decline!" He tears out his hair by handfuls; 100,000 Franks weep to see him. "Friend Roland," he begins again, "I shall go to France; when I "shall be at Laon in my room, from "many realms shall come the stranger "men; they will ask, 'Where is the "Count-Captain?' I shall tell them "that he is dead in Spain. With "great sorrow afterwards shall I hold "my realm; never shall be day that I "do not weep and lament for this. "Friend Roland, worthy man, fair "youth, when I shall be at Aix "in my chapel, my men shall come, "they will ask me news; the mar- "vellous and evil news shall I tell "them: 'Dead is my nephew, who made "me conquer so much!' Against me "will rebel the Saxons, and Hungarians, "and Bulgarians, and so many different "nations, Romans, Apulians, and all "they of Palermo, and those of Africa, "and those of Califern. . . . Ah, France, "how deserted thou remainest! So "great woe have I that fain would I "not be."

They bury the dead with absolutions, incense, and great honour. The hearts of Roland and Oliver and Turpin are taken out, put in a cloth, and then into a white marble urn; their bodies are then put into stag-leather, well washed with spice and wine, and placed upon three carts, covered with a cloth. News now comes of the approach of the Saracen vanguard, and two messengers bring the amiral's message of defiance. The battle is now set in array. The French have ten corps of troops; of the Saracens the *geste* of the French reckons thirty corps. Before the amiral is borne his dragon, and the standard of Tervagant and Mahound, and an image of Apollo the felon. Between the hosts there is no mountain, nor valley, nor hill, nor forest, nor wood; they see each other well amidst the plain. The battle is engaged. The French, greedy of revenge, do wonders, but not without loss; even Duke Naymes is wounded. Towards evening, beginning to despair of success, the amiral draws out his beard, white as flower on thorn, that wherever he goes he may be seen. The two sovereigns meet at last in single combat; Charles receives a blow on the head, which cleaves the helmet, and lays bare the bone; he staggers, he is near to falling, but the angel Gabriel calls to him, "Great king, what doest thou?" Recovering himself, with "the sword of France" he cleaves the amiral in twain with a deadly blow. The pagans now flee, and the French pursue. Great is the heat, and the dust rises; the pursuit lasts as far as Saragossa. Bramimond, Marsile's wife, has mounted to her tower, with the clerks and canons of her false law. When she sees the confusion of the Arabs, "Help us, Mahomed!" she exclaims; "our men are vanquished, the amiral is killed." On hearing her, Marsile turns to the wall, and dies of grief, giving his soul to the devils. The emperor breaks down the gates of Saragossa, and enters the city. A thousand French search the town, "the synagogues, and mahoundries" (*mahumeries*); with mallets of iron and wood they break the images; the bishops bless the waters, lead the pagans to baptism; if any oppose he is hung, or burnt, or killed; more than 100,000 are baptized, all but the queen, who is to be led a prisoner to sweet France, that she may be converted "by love."

Leaving a garrison in Saragossa, the emperor now departs. At Bordeaux, on the altar, he places the ivory horn full of gold—pilgrims see it who go there. To Blaye he takes his nephew and Oliver and the Archbishop, has them put in white tombs; they lie there in St. Roman's. He tarries not till he reaches Aix, and, as soon as arrived,

sends to summon "his judgers," Bavarians and Saxons, Lorrainers, Germans, Burgundians, men of Poitou, Normans and Bretons, and those of France. Then begins the trial of Ganilo.

But as Charlemain enters the hall, "to him comes Alda, a fair damsel. Said she to the king, "Where is Roland the Captain, who swore to take me for his mate?" Charles has sorrow and grief for the saying; he weeps with his eyes, he pulls his white beard. "Sister, dear friend, thou askest me of a dead man! I will give thee a full weighty exchange for him; this is Louis. I cannot say more; he is my son, and will hold my marches." Alda answers: "This word is strange to me. May it not please God, nor His saints, nor His angels, that after Roland I remain alive!" She loses her colour, she falls at Charlemain's feet, she is dead for ever; God have mercy on her soul! The French barons weep and lament over her. Charles summons four countesses; they bear her to a convent of nuns, watch her the night till the daybreak, bury her fairly by an altar. "Full great honour the king has done her."

Ganilo the felon, in chains of iron, is before the palace, bound to a stake by serfs, who tie his hands with straps of stag-leather, and beat him with sticks. When the barons assemble, Charles has him brought before him. "Sir barons," says he, "judge me Ganilo. He was in the host with me as far as into Spain; he took from me 20,000 of my French, and my nephew whom ye shall never see, and Oliver the brave and the courteous; the twelve peers has he betrayed for money." Said Ganilo: "A felon be I if I hide it; Roland wronged me in gold and in goods, wherefore I sought his death and his ruin; but no treason do I grant." . . . "Before the king stood there Ganilo; a lusty body has he, a pleasant colour on his face; were he loyal, he had well resembled a baron." . . . He cried aloud: "For God's love, hearken to me, barons; I was in the host with the emperor, I served him by faith and by love. Roland, his nephew, took me into his hatred, and so adjudged me to death and to grief. I was messenger to King Marsile; by my knowledge I got clear; I defied Roland the fighter, and Oliver, and all their comrades; Charles heard it, and his noble barons; I have avenged myself of them, but there is no treason." . . . There are assembled thirty of his barons, who all obey one, Pinabel of Sorence Castle, a good vassal, who can both speak and fight, who has undertaken to give the lie at the sword's point to any who should condemn Ganilo. The barons consult together; they decide upon praying the king to quit claim Ganilo for this once, that he may serve him faithfully hereafter. Roland is dead, and will be seen no more; it would be folly to fight! Only Thierry, brother of Lord Geoffrey of Anjou, holds out against this decision. It is, however, carried to Charlemain, whose visage darkens on receipt of it.

But Thierry comes forward, a knight spare of body and skin, black-haired, brown-eyed, not very tall, nor yet too short. Courteously he bids the emperor not trouble himself. Ganilo is a felon for having betrayed Roland—he has perjured himself against the king. Wherefore Thierry adjudges him to be hung, and his body burnt as a felon. If any of Ganilo's kin will give him the lie, he is ready to warrant his judgment. "Well said," reply the Franks. Pinabel takes up his kinsman's quarrel; glove are given; Ogier of Denmark proclaims the appeal of battle to be in due form. They fight in a meadow before Aix. After many a stout stroke, Pinabel offers to become Thierry's man "by love and by faith," if he will reconcile Ganilo to the king. Thierry replies by offering to reconcile Pinabel with Charlemain if he renounces the battle. Each refuses; Thierry receives at last a blow which cuts his face open, but replies to it by another which cleaves Pinabel's head in two and strikes him dead. The emperor comes and takes Thierry in his arms, wiping his face with his great sable furs. Pinabel's pledges, thirty of Ganilo's kinsmen,

are hung on a tree; Ganilo is sentenced to be torn to pieces by horses.

Bramimond is next baptized under the name of Juliana.

But at night, while the king is lying in bed in his vaulted chamber, St. Gabriel comes from God to bid him summon all his hosts, that he may go into the land of Syria, to the succour of King Vivian, who is besieged by the pagans. Fain would the emperor not go.

"'God!' said the king, 'so painful is my life!' He weeps with his eyes; he pulls his white beard. Here ends the story (*geste*) that Turold related."

## THE FISHER FOLK OF THE SCOTTISH EAST COAST.

Newhaven near Edinburgh, "Our Lady's Port of Grace," as it was originally named, is the most accessible of all fishing villages; and, although it is not the primitive place now that it was some thirty years ago, having been considerably spoiled in its picturesqueness by the encroachments of the modern architect, and the intrusion of summer pleasure-seekers, it is still unique as the abode of a peculiar people who keep up the social distinctiveness of the place. How Newhaven and similar fishing colonies originated there is no record; it is said, however, that this particular community was founded by King James III., who was extremely anxious to extend the industrial resources of his kingdom by the prosecution of the fisheries, and that to aid him in this design he brought over a colony of foreigners to practise and teach the art. Some fishing villages are known to have originated in the shipwreck of a foreign vessel, when the people saved from destruction squatted on the nearest shore and grew in the fulness of time into a community.

Newhaven is most celebrated for its "fish-wives," who were declared by King George IV. to be the handsomest women he had ever seen. The Newhaven fish-wife must not be confounded by those who are unacquainted in the locality with the squalid fish-hawkers of Dublin; nor, although they can use strong language occasionally, are they to be taken as examples of the *genus* peculiar to Billingsgate. The Newhaven women are more like the *dames* of the market of Paris, though their glory of late years has been somewhat dulled. Before the railway era, the Newhaven fish-wife was a great fact, and could be met with in Edinburgh in her picturesque costume of short but voluminous and gaudy petticoats, shouting "Caller herrings!" or "Wh'all buy my caller cod?" with all the energy that a strong pair of lungs could supply. Then, in the evening, there entered the city the oyster wench, with her prolonged musical aria of "Wh'all o' caller ou?" But the spread of fishmongers' shops and the increase of oyster taverns is doing away with this picturesque branch of the business. Thirty years ago, nearly the whole of the fishermen of the Firth of Forth, in view of the Edinburgh market, made for Newhaven with their cargoes of white fish; and these, at that time, were all bought up by the women, who carried them on their backs to Edinburgh in creels, and then hawked them through the city. The sight of a bevy of fish-wives in the streets of the modern Athens, although comparatively rare, may still occasionally be enjoyed; but the railways have lightened their labours, and we do not now find them climbing the *whale brae* with a hundred weight, or two hundred weight, perhaps, of fish, to be sold in driblets, for a few pence, all through Edinburgh.

The industry of fish-wives is proverbial, their chief maxim being, that "the woman that canna work for a man is no worth ane;" and, accordingly, they under-

take the task of disposing of the merchandize, and acting as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Their husbands have only to catch the fish, their labour being finished as soon as the boats touch the quay. The Newhaven fish-wife's mode of doing business is well known. She is always supposed to ask double or treble what she will take; and, on occasions of bargaining, she is sure, in allusion to the hazardous nature of the gudeman's occupation, to tell her customers that "fish are no fish the day, they're just men's lives." The style of higgling adopted when dealing with the fisher-folk, if attempted in other kinds of commerce, gives rise to the well-known Scottish reproach of "D'ye tak' me for a fish-wife?" The mode of doing business with a fish-wife is admirably illustrated in the "Antiquary." When Monkbarns bargains for "the bannock fluke" and "the cock paddle," Maggie Mucklebackit asks four and sixpence, and ends, after a little negotiation and much finesse, in accepting half a crown and a dram; the latter commodity being worth siller just then, in consequence of the stoppage of the distilleries.

The sketch of fisher-life in the "Antiquary" applies as well to the fisher-folk of to-day as to those of sixty years since. This is demonstrable at Newhaven; which, though fortunate in having a pier as a rendezvous for its boats, thus admitting of a vast saving of time and labour, is yet far behind inland villages in point of sanitary arrangements. There is here an everlasting scent of new tar, and a permanent smell of decaying fish, for the dainty visitors who go down to the village from Edinburgh to partake of the fish-dinners for which it is so celebrated. Up the narrow closes, redolent of "bark," we see hanging on the outside stairs the paraphernalia of the fishermen—his "properties," as an actor would call them—nets, bladders, lines, and oilskin unmentionables, with dozens of pairs of those particularly blue stockings that seem to be the universal wear of both mothers and maidens. On the stair itself sit, if it be seasonable weather, the wife and daughters, repairing the nets and baiting the lines—gossiping, of course, with opposite neighbours, who are engaged in a precisely similar pursuit. In the flowing gutter which trickles down the centre of the old village, we have the young idea developing itself in plenty of noise, and adding another layer to the incrustation of dirt which it seems to be the sole business of these children to collect on their bodies. These juvenile fisher-folk have already learned from the mudlarks of the Thames the practice of sporting on the sands before the hotel windows, in the expectation of being rewarded with a few halfpence. "What's the use of asking for siller before they've gotten their denner?" we once heard one of these precocious youths say to another, who was proposing to solicit a bawbee from a party of strangers.

At Fisherrow, a few miles east from Newhaven, there is another fishing community, who also do business in Edinburgh. "The Fisher-raw wives," in the pre-railway times, had a much longer walk with their fish than the Newhaven women; neither were they held in such esteem, the latter looking upon themselves as the salt of their profession. Dr. Carlyle, of Inveresk, whose memoirs were recently published, in writing of the Fisherrow women of his time, says:—"When the boats come in late to "the harbour in the forenoon, so as to "leave them no more than time to reach "Edinburgh before dinner, it is not un-"usual for them to perform their journey "of five miles by relays, three of them "being employed in carrying one basket, "and shifting it from one to another "every hundred yards, by which means "they have been known to arrive at the "fishmarket in less than three quarters "of an hour." It is a well-known fact, that three of these women went from Dunbar to Edinburgh, which is twenty-seven miles, with each of them a load of herrings on her back of 200lbs., in five hours. Fatiguing journeys with heavy loads of fish are now saved to the wives of both villages, as dealers attend the arrival of the boats, and buy up all the sea produce that is for sale. In former times there used to be great battles

between the men of Newhaven and the men of Fisherrow, principally about their rights to certain oyster-scalps. The Montagues and Capulets were not more deadly in their hatreds than these rival fishermen. Now the oyster-grounds are so well defined that battles upon that question are never fought.

The "pandore" oysters are principally obtained at Prestonpans; and at that village, and the neighbouring one of Cockenzie, the modern system, as we may call it, for Scotland, of selling the fish wholesale, may be seen in daily operation. When the boats arrive at the boat-shore, the wives of those engaged in the fishing are in readiness to obtain the fish. These are at once divided into lots, and put up to auction, the skipper's wife acting as the George Robins of the company, and the price obtained being divided among the crew, who are also, generally speaking, owners of the boat. Buyers, or their agents, from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. are always ready to purchase, and in a few hours the scaly produce of the Firth of Forth is being whisked along the railway at the rate of twenty miles an hour. This system is a faint imitation of what is done in England, where the owners of fishing-smacks consign their produce to a wholesale agent at Billingsgate, who sells it by auction, in lots, to the retail dealers and costermongers.

Dredging for oysters is a principal part of the occupation of the Cockenzie fishermen. There are few lovers of this dainty mollusc who have not heard of the "whiskered pandores." The pandore oyster is so called because of being found in the neighbourhood of the salt-pans. It is a large fine-flavoured oyster, as good as any "native" that ever was brought to table, the Powldoodies of Burran not excepted. The men of Cockenzie derive a good portion of their annual income from the oyster traffic. The pursuit of the oyster, indeed, forms a phase of fisher life here as distinct as at Whitstable. The times for going out to dredge are at high tide and low tide. The boats used are the smaller-sized ones employed in the white fishery. The dredge somewhat resembles in shape a common clasp-purse; it is formed of net-work, attached to a strong iron frame, which serves to keep the mouth of the instrument open, and acts also as a sinker, giving it a proper pressure as it travels along the oyster-beds. When the boat arrives over the oyster-scalps, the dredge is let down by a rope attached to the upper ring, and is worked by one man, except in cases where the boat has to be sailed swiftly, when two are employed. Of course, in the absence of wind, recourse is had to the oars. The tension upon the rope is the signal for hauling the dredge on board, when the entire contents are emptied into the boat, and the dredge returned to the water. These contents, not including the oysters, are of a most heterogeneous kind—stones, sea-weed, star-fish, young lobsters, crabs, actiniæ—all of which are usually returned to the water, some of them being considered as the most fattening ground-bait for the cod-fish. The whelks, clams, mussels, and cockles, and occasionally the crabs, are used by the fishermen as bait for their white-fish lines. Once, in a conversation with a veteran dredger as to what strange things *might* come in the dredge, he replied, "Well, master, I don't know what sort o' curiosities we sometimes get; but I have seen gentlemen go out with us a-dreggin', and take away big baskets full o' things as was neither good for eating or looking at. The Lord knows what they did with them." During the whole time that this dredging is being carried on, the crew keep up a wild monotonous song, or rather chant, in which they believe much virtue to lie. They assert that it charms the oysters into the dredge. Talking is strictly forbidden, so that all the required conversation is carried on after the manner of the *recitative* of an opera or oratorio. An enthusiastic London *litterateur* and musician, being on a visit to Scotland, determined to carry back with him, among other natural curiosities, the words and music of the oyster-dredging song. But, after being exposed

to the piercing east wind for six hours, and jotting down the words and music of the dredgers, he found it all to end in nothing: the same words were never used, the notes were ever changing. The oyster-scalps are gone over by the men much in the way that a field is ploughed by an agricultural labourer, the boat going and returning until sufficient oysters are secured, or a shift is made to another bed.

The fishermen of Cockenzie and Prestonpans do not breed and nurse the oysters from the "spat," as the dredgers of Whitstable do. These latter never trust to the natural resources of their oyster-beds, but purchase at Colchester or elsewhere what is called "brood," being the spat in its second stage. This brood is carefully laid down in the oyster-beds off Whitstable, and is allowed to grow for three, or perhaps four years. The oysters in different stages are marked off by means of long poles, so that this shell-fish farm is divided into separate fields, each being in a particular stage of growth. At the time when the oysters are lifted for the London or other markets, they are measured by being thrown against a wire grating, and all those under a certain size are thrown again into the water to wait till their beards grow larger. Whitstable is as peculiar in its way as any of the Scottish fishing villages, and a great number of its inhabitants are related by marriage. A writer in a popular periodical gave the place the name of "the Happy Fishing Ground," principally from its inhabitants being banded, so to speak, into a kind of joint-stock company, where all share and share pretty much alike. The oysters are consigned to a London fish-salesman, and the proceeds, when received, are regularly divided among those entitled to partake. To give an idea of the business done, it may be stated that, in 1860, the Whitstable men took as much as 50,000*l.* for native oysters alone; which, after deducting the cost of the brood, would still leave a handsome profit.

Farther along on the Scottish east coast is Dunbar, the seat of an important herring fishery—grown from a fishing village into a country town, in which a mixture of agricultural and fishing interests gives the place a somewhat heterogeneous aspect. Between Abbs Head and Berwick, however, is situated Eyemouth, a fishing-village pure and simple, with all that wonderful filth scattered about which is a sanitary peculiarity of such towns. The population of Eyemouth is in keeping with the outward appearance of the place. As a whole, they are rough, uncultivated, and more drunken in their habits than the fishermen of the neighbouring villages. Coldingham shore, for instance, is only three miles distant, and has a population of about one hundred fishermen, of a very respectable class, sober and well dressed, and "well to do." Not long since an outburst of what is called "revivalism" took place at Eyemouth, and seemed greatly to affect it. The change produced for a time was unmistakeable. These rude, unlettered fishermen ceased to visit the public-houses, refrained from the use of oaths, and, instead, sang psalms and said prayers. But this wave of revivalism, which passed over other villages besides Eyemouth, has rolled away back, and, in some instances, left the people worse than it found them.

Crossing the Firth of Forth, the coast of Fife, from Burntisland to "the east neuk," will be found studded at intervals with quaint fishing-villages; and quaintest among the quaint is Buckhaven. Buckhaven, or, as it is locally named, Buckhyne, as seen from the sea, is a picturesque group of houses sown broadcast on a low cliff. Indeed, most fishing villages seem thrown together without any kind of plan. The local architects had never thought of building their villages in rows or streets; as the fisher folks themselves say, their houses are "a' heids and thraws," that is, set down here and there without regard to architectural arrangement. The origin of Buckhaven is rather obscure—it is supposed to have been founded by the crew of a Brabant vessel, wrecked on that

portion of the Fife coast in the reign of Philip the Second. The population are, like most of their class, a peculiar people, living entirely among themselves; and any stranger settling among them is viewed with such suspicion that years will often elapse before he is adopted as one of the community. The industrious fishermen of Buckhaven are moral, sober, and comparatively wealthy. Indeed, many of the Scottish fisher folk are what are called "warm" people; and there are not in our fishing villages such violent alternations of poverty and prosperity as are to be found in places devoted entirely to manufacturing industry. There is usually on the average of the year a steady income, the people seldom suffering from "a hunger and a burst," like weavers or other handicraftsmen.

As denoting the prosperous state of the people of Buckhaven, it may be stated that most of the families there are worth about 200*l.*; and, indeed, some of them are comparatively wealthy, having money in the bank, as well as a considerable capital in boats, nets, and lines. The men, being much from home, away at the herring fishery, or out at the deep-sea fishing, have no temptation to spend their earnings or waste their time in the tavern. Indeed, in some of the fishing villages, there is not even a single public-house. The Buckhaven men delight in their boats, which are mostly "Firth-built," *i. e.* built at Leith, on the Firth of Forth. Most of the boats used by the Scottish fishermen are built at that port—they are all constructed with overlapping planks; and the hull alone of a boat, thirty-eight feet in length, will cost a sum of 60*l.* Each boat, before it can be used for the herring or deep-sea fishery, must be equipped with a suit of nets and lines—say, a train of thirty-five nets at a cost of 4*l.* each, making a sum of 140*l.*; which, with the price of the hull, makes the cost 200*l.*, leaving the masts and sails, as well as inshore and deep-sea lines and many other *etceteras*, to be provided for before the total cost can be summed up. The hundred boats which belong to the men of Buckhaven consequently represent a considerable amount of capital. Each boat with its appurtenances has generally more than one owner—in other words, it is held in shares. This is rather advantageous than otherwise, as every vessel requires a crew of four men at any rate, so that each boat is usually manned by two or three of its owners—a pledge that it will be looked carefully after and not be exposed to needless danger. With all the younkers of a fishing village it is a point of ambition to obtain a share of a boat as soon as ever they can; so that they save hard from their allowances as extra hands, in order to attain as early as possible to the dignity of proprietorship. We look in vain, except at such wonderful places as Rochdale, to find manufacturing operatives in a similar financial position to these Buckhaven men; in fact, our fishermen have been practising the plan of co-operation for years without knowing it, and without making it known.

The retired Buckhaven fishermen can give a good deal of information about the money value of the fisheries. One, who was a young fellow five-and-twenty years ago, said the herring was a kind of lottery, but that, on an average of years, each boat would take annually something like a hundred crans—the produce, in all cases where the crew were part owners, after deducting a fifth part or so to keep up the boat, being equally divided. "When I was a younker, sir," said this person, "there was plenty o' herrin', an' we had a fine winter fishin' as well, an' sprats galore. As to white fish there was plenty five-an'-twenty year agone. Haddocks now are scarce to be had; being an inshore fish, they've been a' ta'en in my opinion. Line fishin' was very profitable from 1830 to 1840. I've seen as many as a hunder thoosand fish o' ae kind or anither, ta'en by the Buckyne boats in a week—that is, coontin inshore boats an' them awa at the Dogger Bank; the lot brocht four hunder pound; but all kinds o' fish are now so scarce, that it takes mair than dooble the labour to mak the same money that was made then."

Used-up gentlemen in search of sea-side sensations could scarcely do better than take a tour among the Scotch fisher-folks, in order to view the wonders of the fishing season, its curious industry, and the quaint people. There are scenes on the coast worthy of any sketch-book; there are also curious sea-side resorts that have not yet been vulgarized by hordes of summer visitors—infant fishing villages, set down by accident in the most romantic spots, occupied by hardy men and rosy women, who have children "paidling" in the water or building castles upon the sand. Such sea-scapes—for they look more like pictures than realities—may be witnessed from the deck of the steamboat on the way to Inverness or Ultima Thule. Looking from the steamer at one of these embryo communities, one may readily guess, from the fond attitude of the youthful pair who are leaning on the old boat, that another cottage will speedily require to be added to the two now existing; in a few years there will be another; in course of time the four will be eight, the eight sixteen; and lo! in a generation, there is built a large village, with its adult population gaining wealth by mining in the silvery quarries of the sea, and the youngsters splashing in the water or gathering sea-ware on the shore, whilst the old men will potter about the rocks setting lobster-pots, doing business in the crustaceous delicacies of the season. In good time the little community will have its annals of births, marriages, and deaths, its chronicles of storms, its records of disasters, and its glimpses of prosperity; and in two hundred years its origin may be lost, and the inhabitants of the original village represented by descendents in the sixth generation. At any rate, boats will increase, curers of herrings and merchants who buy fish will visit the village and circulate their money, and so the place will thrive. If a pier should be built, and a railway branch out to it, who knows but it may yet become a great port?

Steam-boat travelling has been in some degree superseded by the railway carriage; but to tourists going to Inverness or Thurso the steamer has its attractions. It is preferable to the railroad when the time occupied in the journey is not an object. On board a fine steamboat one has opportunities to study character, and there are always a few characters on board a coasting steam-vessel. And, going north from Edinburgh, the coast is interesting. The steamer may pass the Anster or Dunbar herring fleet. The passengers can see the Bell Rock lighthouse, and think of the old legend of the pirate who took away the floating bell, that had been erected by a pious abbot on the Inchcape Rock as a warning to mariners, and who was promptly punished for his sin by being shipwrecked on the very rock from which he had carried off the bell. After leaving Aberdeen, the Bullers of Buchan are among the wonders of the shore, and the sea soughs at times with mournful cadence in the great caverns carved out by the waves on the precipitous coast, or it foams and lashes with majestic fury, seeking to add to its dominions. All the way, till the Old Man of Wick is descried, guarding the entrance of Pulteneytown harbour, there are ruined castles, and ancient spires, and curious towers perched on high sea-cliffs; or there are frowning hills and screaming sea-birds to add to the poetry of the scene. And along these storm-washed coasts there are wonders of nature that show the strong arm of the water, and mark out works that human ingenuity could never have achieved. Loch Katrine and the pass of Glencoe have been the fashion ever since Sir Walter Scott *made* Scotland; but there are other places beside these that are worth visiting.

The supposed scene of Sir Walter Scott's novel of "The Antiquary," on the coast of Forfarshire, presents a conjunction of scenic and industrial features which commends it to notice. At such a place as Auchmithie, which is distant a few miles from Arbroath, there is often some cause for excitement; and a real storm or a real drowning is something vastly different from the shipwreck in

the drama of "The Tempest," or the death of the Colleen Bawn. The beetling cliffs barricading the sea from the land may be traversed by the tourist to the music of the everlasting waves, the dashing of which only makes the deep solitude more solemn; the sea-gull sweeps around with its shrill cry, and playful whales gambol in the placid waters. The visitor may explore some of the vast caves which only a few years ago were the nightly refuge of the smuggler. Brandy Cove and Gaylet Pot are worth inspection, and inspire a mingled feeling of terror and grandeur. Fisher-life may be witnessed here in all its unvarnished simplicity. The daily routine is simple and unvarying; year by year, and all the year round, it changes only from one branch of the fishery to another. The season, of course, brings about its joys and sorrows—sad deaths, which overshadow the village with gloom; or marriages, when the people may venture to hold some simple *fête*, but only to send them back with renewed vigour to their occupations. Time, as it sweeps over them, only indicates a period when the deep sea hand-lines must be laid aside for the herring drift, or when the men must take a toilsome journey in search of bait for their lines. Their scene of labour is on the sea, ever on the sea; and, trusting themselves on the mighty waters, they pursue their simple craft with persevering industry, never heeding that they are scorched by the suns of summer or benumbed by the frosts of winter.

There is, of course, an appropriate season for the capture of each particular kind of fish. There are days when the men fish inshore for haddocks; and there are times when, with their frail vessels, the fishermen sail long distances to procure larger fish in the deep seas, and when they must remain in their open boats for a few days and nights. But the El-dorado of all the coast tribe is "the herring." This abounding and delightful fish, which can be taken at one place or another from January to December, yields a six weeks' fishing in the autumn of the year, to which all the fisher-folk look forward with hope, as a period of money-making, and which, so far as the young people are concerned, is generally expected to end, like the third volume of a love story, in matrimony. Many of the fishermen go a long distance from home to prosecute the herring fishery. The Newhaven men, as a rule, go to Dunbar; men on the Aberdeen coast will repair to Peterhead: and, while a few men repair annually to the Lewes, hundreds from all parts of the coast push on to Wick in Caithnessshire, which is to herring what Manchester is to cotton or Birmingham is to brass. Fortunes have been made at the herring fishery; but of late years the fishery has fluctuated so much that it is difficult to say what have been the results to individual fishermen.

If we assume the average "take" of each boat over the season; as being of the value of 100*l.* it will rather be over than under the mark. There are seldom less than a thousand boats congregated at Wick in the herring season, and, to "man" these effectually, "hired men" are required. These are got from the Hebrides and other places, and they are paid a wage by the parties who own the boat. It is said that the British herring fishery is now on the decline, and that to take as many fish as were taken twenty-five years ago requires about five times the quantity of netting that was then in use. It will be a serious calamity for Scotland if there be any truth in the recently published speculations as to the over-fishing of the herring.

It is, no doubt, considered by some to be an easy way to wealth to prosecute the herring or white fisheries, and secure a harvest grown on a farm where there is no rent payable, the seed of which is sown in bountiful plenty by nature, which requires no manure to force it to maturity, and no wages for its cultivation. But it is not all gold that glitters. There are risks of life and property connected with the fishery which are unknown to the industries that are followed on the dry land. There are times when there is weeping and wailing along the shore. The seasons are

not always suffused in sunshine, nor is the sea always calm. The boats go out in the peaceful afternoon, and the sun, gilding their brown sails, may sink in golden beauty in its western home of rosy-hued clouds; but anon the wind will freshen, and the storm rise apace. The black speck on the distant horizon, unheeded at first, has grown into a series of fast-flying clouds, and the wind which a little ago was but a mere capful soon begins to rage and roar, the waves are tossed into a wilder and wilder velocity, and, in a few hours, a great storm is agitating the bosom of the wondrous deep. The fishermen become alarmed; hasty preparations are made to return, nets are hauled on board, sails are set and dashed about by the pitiless winds, forcing the boats to seek the nearest haven. Soon the hurricane bursts in relentless fury; the fleet of fishing-boats toss wildly on the maddening waves; gloomy clouds spread like a pall over the scene; while on the coast the waters break with ravening fury, and many a strong-built boat is dashed to atoms on the iron rocks, and many a gallant soul spent in death, within a span of the firm-set earth. Morning, so eagerly prayed for by the disconsolate ones who have been watching from the land, at length slowly dawns, and reveals a shore covered with the fragments of wood and clothes which too surely tell the disasters of the night. The *débris* of boats and nets lie scattered on the rocks and boulders, dumb talebearers that bring sorrow to many a household. Gaunt women,

"Wives and mithers maist despairing,"

with questioning eyes, rush wildly about, piercing with their looks the hidden secrets of the waters; and here and there a manly form, grim and stark and cold, cold in the icy embrace of death, his brows bound with wreaths of matted sea-weed, gives silent token of the majesty of the storm.

Taking a jump from Auchmithie, it is desirable to pause a moment at the small fishing village of Findon, in the parish of Banchory Devenick, in Kincardineshire, in order to say a few words about a branch of industry in connexion with the fisheries that is peculiar to Scotland. Yarmouth is famed for its "bloaters," a preparation of herrings slightly smoked, well known over England; and in Scotland there is that unparagoned dainty, the "Finnan haddock," the best accompaniment that can be got to the other substantial components of a Scottish breakfast. Indeed, the Finnan haddie is celebrated as a breakfast luxury all over the world, although it is so delicate in its flavour, and requires such nicety in the cure, that it cannot be enjoyed in perfection at any great distance from the sea-coast. George the Fourth, who had certainly, whatever may have been his other virtues, a kingly genius in the matter of relishes for the palate (does not the world owe to him the discovery of the exquisite propriety of the sequence of port wine after cheese?), used to have genuine Finnan haddocks always on his breakfast-table, selected at Aberdeen and sent express by coach every day for his Majesty's use. The fame of this particular fish, and the consequent great demand, has, however, now rendered it necessary to "manufacture" it. In fact, to meet the demand is pretty nearly impossible; for, the haddock being a very accessible fish, frequenting the shallow waters of the coast, it has been so industriously preyed upon by the fishermen that it has become scarce. "Where are the haddocks?" is a question that is now being frequently asked by those interested in the fisheries. This scarcity, too, has led to a little bit of fraud, viz. the manufacture of codlings (young of the codfish) into Finnan haddocks. Great houses of brick have now been erected at various places on the Moray Firth and elsewhere; and in these immense quantities of haddocks and other fish are smoked for the market by means of burning billets of green wood. Formerly the fisher folk used to smoke a few haddocks in their cottages over their peat fires for family use. The fame of these soon spread beyond the locality where they were manipulated, till there gradually came to be a consi-

derable demand for them. The guard of the Aberdeen and Edinburgh coach was in the habit of bringing a few bunches to his friends in the latter city; and, these being distributed in various parts of the town, a taste for the delicacy was soon formed, and a dealer in groceries, on hearing of their fame, persuaded the guard to bring him some bunches for sale. The trade grew, till it required a collection to be made in the fishing districts in order to get together the requisite quantity; so that what was once a mere local effort has now become a prominent branch of the fish trade. But it is seldom that the home-smoked fish can be obtained, with its delicate flavour of peat-reek. The manufactured Finnan or yellow haddie, smoked in a huge warehouse, is more plentiful, of course, but it has lost the old relish. It is pleasant to see the clean fireside and the clear peat fire in the comfortably furnished cottage, with the children sitting round the ingle on the long winter evenings, listening to the tales and traditions of the coast, the fish hanging all over the reeking peats, acquiring the while that delicate yellow tinge so refreshing to the eyes of all lovers of a choice dish.

Foot Dee, or "Fittie," as it is locally called, is a quaint suburb of Aberdeen, figuring not a little, and always with a kind of comic quaintness, in the traditions of that northern city, and in the stories which the inhabitants tell of each other. They tell there of one Aberdeen man, who, being in London for the first time, and visiting St. Paul's, was surprised by his astonishment at its dimensions into an unusual burst of candour. "My stars!" he said, "this maks a perfect feel [fool] o' the kirk o' Fittie." Part of the quaint interest thus attached to this particular suburb by the Aberdonians themselves arises from its containing a little colony or nest of fisher folk, of immemorial antiquity. There are about a hundred families living in Fittie, or Foot Dee, Square, close to the sea, where the Dee has its mouth. This community, like all others made up of the fishing folk, is a peculiar one, and differs of course from those of other working people in its neighbourhood. In many things the Foot Dee people are like the gipsies. They rarely marry, except within their own class; and those born in a community of fishers seldom leave it, and almost never engage in any other avocation than that of their fathers. The square of houses at Foot Dee is peculiarly constructed. There are neither doors nor windows in the outside walls, although these look to all the points of the compass; and none live within the square but the fishermen and their families, so that they are as completely isolated and secluded from public gaze as are a regiment of soldiers within the dead walls of a barrack. The Fittie men seem poorer than the generality of their brethren. They purchase the crazy old boats of other fishermen, and with these, except in very fine weather, they dare not venture very far from "the seething harbour bar;" and, the moment they come home with a quantity of fish, the men consider their labours over, the duty of turning the fish into cash devolving, as in all other fishing communities, on the women. The young girls, or "queans," as they are called in Fittie, carry the fish to market, and the women sit there and sell them.

As a class, the fishers are intensely superstitious. For instance, whilst standing or walking they don't like to be numbered. Rude boys will sometimes annoy them by shouting:

"Ane, twa, three;
What a lot of fisher nannies I see!"

It is also considered very offensive to ask fisher people, whilst on their way to their boats, where they are going to-day; and they do not like to see, considering it unlucky, the impression of a very flat foot upon the sand; neither can they go to work if on leaving their homes in the morning a pig should cross their path. This is considered a particularly unlucky omen, and at once drives them home. Before a storm, it is usually thought, there is some kind of warning vouchsafed to them; they see, in their mind's eye doubtless, a comrade wafted

homeward in a sheet of flame, or the wraith of some one beckons them with solemn gesture landward, as if saying, "Go not upon the waters." When an accident happens from an open boat, and any person is drowned, that boat is never again used, but is laid up high and dry, and allowed to rot away—rather a costly superstition. Then, again, some fisher people perform a kind of "rite" before going to the herring fishery, in drinking to a "white lug"—that is, that, when they "pree" or examine a corner or lug of their nets, they may find it glitter with the silvery sheen of the fish, a sure sign of a miraculous draught.

It is well worth while, by way of variety, to see the fishing population of the various towns on the Moray Firth. Taking the south side as the best point of advantage, it may be safely said that from Gamrie to Port Gordon there may be found many studies of character, and bits of land, or rather seascape, that cannot be found anywhere else. Portsoy, Cullen, Porteasy, Buckie, Port Gordon, are every one of them places where all the specialities of fisher-life may be studied. Buckie, from its size, may be named as a kind of metropolis among these ports; and it differs from some of them inasmuch as it contains, in addition to its fisher folk, a mercantile population as well. The town is divided and subdivided by means of its natural situation. There is Buckie east the burn, New Buckie, Nether Buckie, Buckie below the brae, Buckie above the brae, and, of course, Buckie west the burn. A curious system of "nicknames" prevails among the fisher people, and most notably among those on the Moray Firth, and in some of the Scottish weaving villages as well. In all communications with the people their "to" (*i.e.* additional), or, as the local pronunciation has it, "tee" names, must be used. At a public dinner a few months ago several of the Buckie fishermen were present; and it was noticeable that the gentlemen of the press were careful, in their reports of the proceedings, to couple with the real names of the men the appellations by which they were best known—as "Mr. Peter Cowie, 'langlegs,' proposed the health, &c." So, upon all occasions of registering births, marriages, or deaths, the "tee" name must be recorded. If a fisherman be summoned to answer in a court of justice, he is called not only by his proper name, but by his nickname as well. In many of the fishing villages, where the population is only a few hundreds, there will not, perhaps, be half a dozen different surnames, and the whole of the inhabitants therefore will be related "through-ither," as such intermixture is called in Scotland. The variety of nicknames, therefore, is wonderful, but necessary in order to the identification of the different members of the few families who inhabit the fishing villages. The different divisions of Buckie, for instance, are inhabited by different clans; on the west side of the river or burn there are none but Reids and Stewarts, while on the east side we have only Cowies and Murrays. Cowie is a very common name on the shores of the Moray Firth; at Whitehills, and other villages, there are many bearing that surname, and, to distinguish one from the other, such nicknames as Shavie, Pinchie, Howdie, Doddlies, &c. are employed. In some families the nickname has come to be as hereditary as the surname; and when Shavie, senior, crosses "that bourne," &c. Shavie, junior, will still perpetuate the family tee name. All kinds of circumstances are indicated by these names—personal blemishes, peculiarities of manner, &c. There is, in consequence, Gley'd Sandy Cowie, and Big gley'd Sandy Cowie; there is Souples, Goup-the-lift, Lang-nose, Brandy, Stottie, Hawkie, &c. Every name in Church or State is represented—kings, barons, bishops, doctors, parsons, and deacons; and others, in countless variety, that have neither rhyme nor reason to account for them.

Crossing the Moray Firth to Wick, those interested in the industrial features of the country, may witness the greatest herring-fishery in the world, where, every season, the waters are covered by a fleet of twelve hundred boats. At Wick, the art of conducting

fish commerce may be studied to the greatest advantage. The native population is augmented during the herring season by some four thousand persons, who come to hire themselves for the six weeks of the fishery to the resident boat-owners. Then there is also gathered there a countless number of females who officiate as "gutters," and who may be seen from daybreak to dusk actively engaged at the gutting-troughs. Vast quantities of herrings are taken annually off the coast of Caithness, and the capture and curing of these fish forms the staple trade of Wick. During July and August the harbour is filled with the boats and various craft, with salt from Liverpool, or barrel-staves from Norway, all of them in hot haste to get delivered, that they may go off with herrings to the Elbe or the Baltic. The owners of boats at Wick engage to fish for particular curers, who have curing-stands there; and the bargain made is usually that the boat shall deliver green fish to the extent of two hundred crans (if so many herrings be caught), at so much per cran, with a ready-money bounty to each boat besides. The fishery for herrings, as conducted at Wick, is a good deal in the nature of a lottery; there are always people anxious to have a boat of their own, and curers ready to find the money, thus involving the ambitious boat-owner in a liability which must be worked off before he can be free to fish for a curer of his own selection. Sometimes the boat may be wrecked before it is paid for, or the seasons following its purchase may be so unproductive as to prevent the owner earning more money than will pay his hired men. Fisher-life is developed from the individual to the general at Wick. The army of fishermen and the fleet of boats are all concentrated on one object—the herring shoal. Murdoch and Donald from the Isle of Skye, men half farmers and half fishermen, have come over to hire themselves for the fishery, and their sisters and daughters for the gutting. If the fleet has been lucky, and a marvellous draught takes place throughout the night, the town rises into a mad excitement, and during the whole of the next day the people rush about in a kind of joyful frenzy. The quays are dripping with salt-water, and the weird-like gutters eviscerate in desperation, as basketful after basketful of the glittering treasures are poured into the gutting-trough. It takes the curers' agent all his time to jot down the arrivals from the different boats, so fast do the gratified fishermen pour them into the great receptacle. Even at dusk all is not over on the occasion of a great catch, and extemporised torches throw a lurid glare over the scene, and admit of the women gutting far into the night. There is usually one night in each season in which the fishing culminates into a great catch, and the joy of all concerned is in accordance with the previous despondency. The gutters are a study of themselves. When the labours of the day commence, and the trig lasses, who have been waiting the arrival of the boats, begin to disrobe, and dress for their part in the industrial drama, it looks as if the *corps* were individually "making up," to use a theatrical phrase, for the witches in the tragedy of "Macbeth." It is necessary for these young women to put on such attire as will not spoil, so that they change themselves into Calais fish-women, and at once become—

> "Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
> And shrill and fierce in accent."

They perform their labours with great rapidity, and are paid according to the work they perform, so that in a space of a few minutes a "gang" of three will fill a barrel with eight hundred fish.

The late Mr. Wilson gives some information about the curing of herrings at Wick:—"The cure of herrings is an "object of such paramount importance "to the town and neighbourhood, that "when an unusual *take* occurs, and de-"licate female hands are wanting for "the work, a kind of requisition is "sent through the town, even to the "most respectable inhabitants, to allow "their domestics to attend as gutters "for a day or two; and in hiring ser-"vants it is by no means unusual for "the latter to stipulate for *leave to gut*

" during a certain number of days, as a " perquisite beyond their usual termly " wages. To prevent indolence or idle- " ness, all these gutters are paid by piece- " work—that is, so much a cran or " barrel after the fish are packed. At " the rate of 4*d.* per barrel, each gutter, " according to her skill and activity, " may make from four to seven shillings " a day; and in former times, when so " high as a shilling a barrel was some- " times allowed during a press of work " and scarcity of hands, the gains were " actually enormous. An expert and " practised company of three can make " up among them sixty-three barrels in " a day, or twenty-one barrels each; " so that, in the glorious times alluded " to, a gutter might have kept her gig, " and driven to the scene of action " daily."

As will be inferred from these details, the fisher folk as a body are not literary or intellectual. They have few books, and many of them never look at a newspaper. It is not surprising, therefore, that only one author has arisen among the fisher people — Thomas Mathers, fisherman, Monance, Fifeshire. We have had many poets from the mechanic class, and even the colliers from the deep caverns of the earth have begun to sing. Mathers's volume is entitled, " Musings in Verse by Sea and Shore." The following lines will at once explain the author's ambition and exhibit his style :—

" I crave not the harp o' a Burns sae strong,
Nor the lyre o' a sweet Tannahill;
For those are the poets unrivalled in song,
Can melt every heart, and inspire every tongue,
Frae the prince to the peasant at will.

" To weep wi' the wretched, the hapless to mourn,
To glow wi' the guid and the brave;
To cheer the lone pilgrim, faint and forlorn,
Wi' breathins that kindle and language that burn,
Is the wealth and the world I would crave."

It is certain that we know less about the natural and economic history of the fishes of the sea than we do about most other industrial pursuits. Abroad they manage these things better. France is cultivating the sea as we do the land, and with great success; and the Dutch people, who have been celebrated in this branch of industry since the period when Amsterdam was founded on herring bones, " have an occasional public exhi- " bition of fishing boats, nets, and other " implements used in their fisheries, with " the view of making known throughout " Holland all important inventions or " improvements which bear on the ques- " tion of fishing industry." Why Great Britain should be behind other nations in any branch of commerce is a problem that it is not at present our duty to solve.

J. G. B.

## TO VIRGIL.

Thou sleepest, Virgil, where the shores and seas
Reflect a mutual smile; above thy tomb
The air is glory, and the gale perfume,
And softly voiced with sound of yellow bees.
This was thy home, thy common prospects these;
And hence the light, through thy pure eyes refined,
That lit up every region of thy mind,
And taught thy verse the listening world to please:
That sacred verse, whose sweet immortal charm
Still dignifies the round of rural toil,
Still consecrates the harvest-laden soil
And pastoral downs of many a Saxon farm;
Till half we think that ancient Faunus reigns,
And Pan and Ceres haunt our woods and plains.

H. C. G. M.

# THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOSEPH LEMUEL CHESTER.

As the recognised head of a nation counting its population by millions, and occupying a territory of such magnificent proportions, it cannot be denied that the President of the United States takes high political rank among the supreme authorities of the civilized world. His position, however, in its powers and limitations, its privileges and its responsibilities, presents many strange anomalies, and more than one real or seeming paradox. Neither king nor emperor, his sovereignty combines the attributes of both, while the constitutional restraints that hedge him in on every side render that sovereignty, in reality, the merest semblance of the thing itself. No extraordinary *coup d'etat* to which he might resort—no arbitrary edict, in the nature of an imperial *ukase*, he might issue—would be recognised or could stand an instant, either against the established laws they violated, or the indignant and determined expression of the popular will; and yet, so long as he does not overstep the limits prescribed by the national compact, or infringe the statutes by which its provisions are defined, no ruler living sways his sceptre more royally, or finds his authority more readily acknowledged or more sacredly respected.

Attaining this high dignity, not through any accident of birth, or other genealogical right, but simply by means of the free suffrages of a heterogeneous people, expressed in what is known as the "popular vote," it would naturally be presumed that whoever was thus distinguished by the mass of his countrymen had previously won the right to such distinction, by patriotic services of an extraordinary character, either in the field, the senate, or the ranks of diplomacy. If the natural and reasonable rule, that "the labourer is worthy of his hire," were always recognised and obeyed, such might be the case; but, unfortunately, the truthfulness of another axiom, that "republics are ungrateful," has never elsewhere received such repeated demonstrations as in the political history of the United States of America.

It may be very safely asserted that, with the single exception of Washington, that country has never had a chief magistrate whose right to the dignity was acknowledged by, and whose administration was satisfactory to, the great mass, or even any considerable majority, of the people. Washington alone received the unanimous vote of the presidential electors. Monroe nominally took nearly equal rank in this respect, receiving the entire electoral vote, with the single exception of that of one State; but his apparent popularity was accidental, rather than based on the universal esteem of the people. A change of only three votes in the Electoral College would have made Jefferson President, in 1797, instead of the elder Adams. In 1801, the vote for Jefferson and Burr was a tie, and the former was finally elected only after thirty-five ballotings by the House of Representatives.

The very machinery of a presidential election, so little comprehended abroad, often defeats the precise object it was nominally designed to secure. A candidate may receive a "plurality" of the votes cast throughout the country, and, consequently, in the electoral college—thus being indorsed as the choice of the people themselves—and yet find himself eventually in a practical minority, and compelled to yield to a competitor whom the popular voice has repudiated. Strange as this may seem, it is, nevertheless, strictly true.

In the year 1824, the electoral vote stood as follows: for General Jackson,

ninety-nine ; Mr. J. Q. Adams, eighty-four ; Mr. Crawford, forty-one ; and Mr. Clay, thirty-seven—clearly indicating that the largest portion of the voting population desired the election of the first-named candidate, in preference to that of either of the others ; and, according to the first principles and strict spirit of democratic rules and doctrines, this expression of the will of the greater number should have been respected in the final decision. Yet, because General Jackson's plurality was not an absolute majority over all the other votes combined, that decision was wrested from the hands of the Electoral College, and transferred to the House of Representatives—a body composed of men elected chiefly with regard to local state interests, and without any reference to the presidential contest—where, by a constitutional provision, such issues are to be determined by the votes of entire States, and not of their individual delegates, and Mr. Adams was duly chosen President, although the number of votes cast by the people for General Jackson exceeded, by more than one-sixth, that polled for his successful opponent. As a further proof that General Jackson was undoubtedly the real favourite of the people on this occasion, and that their intentions were frustrated, it is proper to add that, four years later, when the next presidential election took place, he received no less than one hundred and seventy-eight electoral votes ; while the number cast for Mr. Adams, who was again his antagonist, amounted to only eighty-three.

It will be seen, therefore, that however great his claims to the honour, and however sincere the determination of the greater number of the people to confer it upon him, the competitor in the presidential race who primarily outstrips his opponents has no guarantee of final success, but is at the mercy of the ill-contrived and needlessly complicated elective system—one of the defects of the present Constitution, which even sad experience has failed to induce the American Legislature or the people to correct.

Again, owing to some strange idiosyncrasy in public sentiment or action, those universally recognised as the most eminent and deserving among American statesmen have been coldly or carelessly rejected by the people *en masse*, although individually acknowledged to be not only worthy of but clearly entitled to this high distinction. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and others who might be named, went down to their graves without reaching any relatively higher position than that of Cabinet Minister, under men infinitely their inferiors in every respect, but who had accidentally leaped, at one bound, almost from the ranks of the commonalty into the supreme chair of State. On the other hand, the successful presidential aspirants have sometimes been men possessing no legitimate claim to the suffrages of the people, on the score of either character, abilities, or public services, and whose elevation has been alike astounding to themselves and the country at large.

As an evidence of the strange and extreme uncertainty attending a presidential contest, a case in point may be adduced. In the year 1852, the state of public feeling was such that the then Democratic party was greatly at a loss for a candidate at the ensuing election. Without entering into details, it is enough to say that it regarded its chance of success as hopeless ; but, as it could not retire altogether from the field, and as its most prominent members declined jeopardizing their future prospects by risking what appeared to be inevitable defeat, the nominating convention confined itself to selecting some individual who would be contented with the mere glory of having been a candidate, and the right to transmit to his posterity the somewhat questionable record that he had once "run for the Presidency." In other words, it sought for a man whom the party was willing to sacrifice, and who was equally willing to be sacrificed. After considerable difficulty he was discovered in the person of Mr. Pierce. This gentleman had been, indeed, a member of the Upper House of Congress and also one of the numerous military

generals created during the Mexican war; but so utter a stranger was he to the people of the country, that even his very name was unknown, and immediately upon the announcement of his nomination, the entire press, from Maine to Texas, simultaneously and spontaneously headed its editorial articles on the subject with the extraordinary question, "Who is Frank Pierce?" Even the Democratic party itself apparently enjoyed the standing joke as much as its opponents, and the whole nation passed the interval between the nominations and the election in the quiet expectation that Mr. Pierce's vote in the Electoral College would be scarcely worth counting. And yet, owing either to an unpardonable apathy on the part of the Opposition, or to the tricky machinery before mentioned—perhaps to both—Mr. Pierce woke up one morning, a few weeks later, and found himself the President-elect of the United States, having triumphed over no less a personage in his antagonist than the veteran General Scott, who had grown grey in the service of the now ungrateful Republic.[1]

There is little doubt that the present President—Mr. Lincoln—reached his position in much the same manner, and owing to somewhat similar causes. The Republican party, so called, at that early stage of its existence, had little confidence in its strength, and was unwilling to risk its best men in the uncertain contest. Mr. Seward, confessedly occupying the most prominent position in its ranks, refused to immolate himself, as did others of little less notoriety. Had that gentleman then accepted the Republican nomination, the probability is that we should have witnessed none of the scenes of the past few months; for the Democratic party, North and South, recognising in him "a foeman worthy of its steel," would, doubtless, have remained intact, and presented an unbroken front to its opponents, instead of dividing, as it did, on comparatively trivial questions—which was, unquestionably, the real and sole cause of its defeat, and led to the fatal consequences that immediately ensued.

Still, another item in the chapter of accidents must not be overlooked. The American people, in the excitement of their presidential campaigns—at least, in more modern times—seem to have strangely ignored the possibility that the popular idol of the day might be unexpectedly compelled to yield to a Power more absolute even than that which raised him into his temporary greatness. The king never dies—but a president may. Taylor lived but little more than a year after his inauguration, and Harrison only a single month. In both instances, the Vice-Presidents, who, *ex officio*, assumed the superior functions, would certainly never have been selected by the people themselves for the chief magistracy. If they, too, had been stricken from their seats, and, subsequently, others in the line of succession as established by the Constitution, the presidential *toga* might have descended consecutively upon the shoulders of individuals still more incompetent (although members of Congress), and who, under no circumstances, would have been originally elected to this high office and intrusted with its responsibilities.[1] Whether it has hitherto been the result of mere carelessness on the part of party leaders, or has arisen from the paucity of eligible men in their ranks, or, still again, from the indisposition of the latter to accept a secondary position, with a pitiful salary, at the expense of their other fortunes, it is certain that the policy of placing wholly impracticable men where the accident of a day may clothe them with the supreme power is

[1] No offence is here intended towards General Pierce, or his old party. That gentleman really made a very good President—as modern Presidents go. The circumstances related were, however, so *apropos* to the point they illustrate, that their introduction could not well be avoided.

[1] Mr. King, who was elected Vice-President in 1852, died six weeks after the commencement of his official term, never having entered upon its duties, which were performed during that Administration by a presiding officer elected by the Senate from their own number, who would have become President in case of the death of the then incumbent of that office.

a bad one, and has so far worked disastrously.

Singularly enough, in a country that has always based its greatness on its peaceful policy and avocations, and whose standing army had never exceeded fifteen thousand men, the popular sentiment has ever been affected more strongly by the military renown of a presidential candidate than by the highest attributes of statesmanship he might possess. While fourteen of the sixteen Presidents have been educated originally to the legal profession, it is certain that the most thoroughly successful competitors for that office have hitherto invariably been men holding the rank of General—*par exemple*, Washington, Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, and even Pierce. It may be safely assumed that, owing to recent events, the military element has become and will continue more formidable than ever, and be absolutely dominant in all political matters in the United States for, at least, some years to come.

The political, or official, American year may be said to commence and terminate at twelve o'clock, noon, on the fourth day of March. On the biennial recurrence of that day, and precisely at that hour, the current Congress expires, by Constitutional limitation, and also, at the end of every fourth year, the current Administration ceases to exist.[1]

The first act of the President-elect is to take the oath of office; the simple ceremonies attending which are always now performed in the most public manner, and constitute what is called his Inauguration. These inaugural ceremonies have always taken place at the National Capitol, except in the cases of Washington and the elder Adams, when they occurred respectively at New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Jefferson was the first President inaugurated at Washington—on the 4th of March, 1801. In earlier times there was even less formality and excitement attending these occasions than at present—the President, simply attended, going quietly to one of the Halls of Congress, and taking the oath in the presence of that body and the few spectators who could be accommodated in the Chamber. Mr. Monroe's inauguration, in 1817, was the first that took place more publicly, and the custom then established has ever since prevailed; except in the case of Mr. J. Q. Adams, in 1825, when the ceremonial occurred in the Representatives' Hall. Mr. Tyler, indeed, took the oath at the Executive Mansion, in presence of the various heads of departments; and Mr. Fillmore at the Capitol; but, in either case, there was no other ceremony, and the act itself was probably one of supererogation, as the obligations originally administered to these gentlemen, as Vice-Presidents, contemplated the possibility of their subsequently assuming the superior functions. The inaugural ceremonies, in modern times, are briefly as follows:—

At twelve o'clock, or very shortly after, the President-elect, usually accompanied, as an act of courtesy, by the retiring President, makes his appearance in the Senate Chamber, where are already assembled the members of the Senate and of the National Judiciary,

[1] For many years it was customary for Congress to adjourn, *sine die*, on the 3d of March; but, more recently, the House of Representatives, at least, has prolonged its last session through that night, and, not unfrequently, down to the very mid-day stroke of the clock on the 4th. The establishment of this particular day had no reference to any national or historical occurrence, but was purely the result of accident. On the 13th of September, 1788, the old Congress passed a resolution fixing a future day for the appointment of the first presidential electors, another for the electors to meet and declare their vote, and a third for the formal commencement of national proceedings under the Constitution. These days were consecutively the first Wednesdays in January, February, and March, of the ensuing year, and the latter chanced to fall, in the year 1789, on the fourth day of the month. On that day, the new Congress accordingly met; but, owing to there being no quorum of the Senate previously in attendance, Washington's inauguration as President did not take place until the 30th of the following April. Subsequently, by an Act of the same Congress, his term of office, and that of all the subordinate members of the Government, were declared to date back to the 4th of March, which day has continued to the present time to be the commencement of the official year.

the heads of departments, and other officials, with a few distinguished spectators; when the oath of office is administered to the Vice-President-elect, in order, chiefly, to perfect the organization of the Senate, of which he then becomes, and continues, the presiding officer. Immediately after this ceremony, a procession is formed and proceeds to the portico, on the eastern front of the Capitol, over the steps leading to which a spacious platform has been erected. The extensive area, immediately in front, is densely packed with a living mass, of both sexes, many of whom have journeyed perhaps thousands of miles in order to be present at this crowning triumph of their political chief. The procession is, of course, received with the usual manifestations of enthusiasm; and it is very rarely that the slightest demonstration of dissatisfaction is made by the partizans of the defeated presidential candidate, who submit good naturedly to the temporary prostration of their dearest hopes, and philosophically console themselves and each other with the sanguine expectation of "better luck next time."

After an appropriate prayer, usually by some distinguished clergyman, the President-elect, without robes or any other official *insignia*, advances to the front of the platform, and reads his Inaugural Address; which occupies a space of time that depends upon its author's caprice, or, rather, upon the number of weighty topics then agitating the public mind. He is expected to touch upon every subject—past, present, or prospective—that possesses, or is likely to possess, any interest for any portion of the people. It may be here said, in reply to the wonder often expressed, and the pleasantry indulged in, especially by Englishmen, on account of the sometimes extravagant length of this and other Presidential Addresses, that the Inaugural is supposed to indicate minutely the future policy of the new Government, and that the Annual Messages of the President afford the only medium of direct communication between the Government and the people. While the members of the British Ministry must also have seats in one of the Houses of Parliament, and may there be publicly questioned in regard to any of their acts and purposes, in the United States the heads of departments must *not* be members of Congress; and, therefore, no information can be obtained from them on any subject, except such as they may choose to afford, in writing, in response to a formal resolution of that body. Of the two systems, I say very frankly, as an American, that I much prefer the one in vogue in England. But it may be very readily seen that the people of the United States depend greatly upon these periodical messages for their knowledge of Government policy and conduct generally, and shape their future political action, individually and collectively, according to their approval or condemnation of the revelations and propositions which they contain.[1]

At the conclusion of the Inaugural Address, or, usually, before the closing sentences have been read, the Chief Justice of the National Supreme Court, wearing his official robe, administers the oath of office, in the following form:—The President, holding in one hand the Constitution of the United States, lays his other upon an open Bible, and repeats the formula prescribed by the Constitution, and which constitutes the only ceremonial recognised in that instrument, as follows:—

"I do solemnly swear that I will "faithfully execute the office of Presi- "dent of the United States, and will, "to the best of my ability, preserve, pro-

[1] It may be interesting to know that so eager are the people to obtain these Addresses and Messages at the earliest possible moment, and so unwilling to await their reception after their delivery, even through the rapid medium of the telegraph, that later Presidents have suffered them to be privately printed in advance, and copies to be sent to certain confidential officials in the various cities, by whom they are furnished to the principal newspapers as soon as a telegram announces their delivery at Washington,—by which means they are read almost simultaneously in localities a thousand miles apart, and within an hour of their utterance at the Capital.

"tect, and defend the Constitution of "the United States."

And this is all. With the utterance of these simple but solemn words, the man, but yesterday one of the people, becomes the arbiter of the destinies of millions, and capable of acts that shall shake the universal world to its centre.

The procession now retires, the crowd disperses, and the capital resumes its usual avocations. A few peaceable cannon, perhaps, announce, through their brazen mouths, the termination of the ceremony; a military band accompanies the carriages of the President and his retinue to his new home; flags wave from the public buildings and hotels; the rabble cheer the passing cavalcade; and then every one goes about his business, whatever it may be, until the evening, when the "White House," the presidential mansion, is thrown open for a public *levée*. The President is visited in the afternoon by the diplomatic corps and other distinguished personages, and by noon the next day, if not before, may be found in his cabinet fairly at work — completing the unfinished labours of his predecessor, or initiating the changes and new measures to which he is committed by the peculiar policy of his party.

In case of the re-election of a President, the public inaugural ceremonies have heretofore been dispensed with; the oath being then taken, as a simple necessary formality, in one of the Halls of Congress, and in the presence of that body and the heads of departments. It is proper also to say that, in some instances, the public procession and other demonstrations of the populace are on a more extensive scale; military bands and political clubs coming from distant parts of the country in order to gratify their own curiosity, and add to the *éclat* of the occasion; but, even when the utmost excitement exists, and the greatest extravagance is displayed, the contrast between the presidential inauguration and the coronation of a European monarch may be said to be almost infinite.

The influx of strangers on these occasions is enormous, and it is not unusual for many persons, who can find no accommodation in the city or its vicinity, to sleep for one or two nights in tents and temporary sheds erected in the public grounds, or even to obtain such rest as they may in hackney coaches and other covered vehicles. The ordinary attendance at the inaugural ceremony is variously estimated at from one to two hundred thousand persons, and, in case the day proves stormy, the display of umbrellas alone is a curious sight, worth journeying some distance to witness. It is customary to close the day with a grand inaugural ball at one of the public saloons; but this is entirely unofficial in its character, although the President and his *suite* are usually present during some portion of the festivities.

Any natural-born citizen of the United States, having reached the age of thirty-five years, is eligible to the office of President, and no other requirements or disabilities are recognised in the Constitution; so that, to state an extreme case, the rag-picker of yesterday might become the Chief Executive of to-day. Although his term of office expires at the end of four years, he may be re-elected as often as his particular partizans can succeed in their efforts at the polls, or in the House of Representatives as the last resort. No incumbent, however, has yet been suffered to retain the office for more than two terms, and it is extremely doubtful if, under the peculiar institutions of the country, and owing to the uncertain temperament of such a heterogeneous people, any man living could acquire the degree of popularity necessary to carry him safely through a third ordeal like that to which candidates for the Presidency are always subjected.

It is a singular, but, after all, not unnatural fact, that the American Presidents are seldom heard of after their enforced retirement from the high dignity to which they have been temporarily elevated. Some of them, indeed, appear to have sunk into almost total obscurity; and it may be said that, with the exception of Washington himself—who stood

and ever must stand alone and apart from all others in the estimation of his country and the world—even the occasions of their deaths have failed to excite more than a passing attention, manifested chiefly in a formal attendance upon certain funeral ceremonies common in such cases, and the rehearsal in the daily journals of a few biographical and historical reminiscences relating to their respective careers. Among the earlier Presidents there are, of course, some names that cannot soon be forgotten, because they are identified with the more prominent features in the history of the country itself, and acquired, from this and other causes, a world-wide reputation; but who ever hears, in these days, of at least *some* who have held that office during the last twenty-five years?

Probably this state of things is owing mainly to the fact that the ex-Presidents have, with a single exception, withdrawn wholly from public life at the conclusion of their respective terms of office—perhaps under the impression, whether mistaken or otherwise, that it would be an infraction of personal or national dignity if they were to accept and occupy a more humble station. Mr. Van Buren retired, in 1841, to his private residence on the Hudson River, and there remained, engaged solely, according to the standing national joke, in "cultivating cabbages;" and I venture to say that he is, to the rising generation of America, as much of a myth as the Khan of Tartary or the Begum of Oude.[1] General Harrison died in office. His accidental successor, Mr. Tyler, returned to his plantation in Virginia. It is related of him that, shortly after, his neighbours, in a spirit of pleasantry, elected him to the almost menial office of overseer of the public roads in his vicinity; and that, instead of resenting what amounted practically to an insult, he not only accepted the post, but actually performed its duties in such a rigid manner, and exacted from the jesters so strict a fulfilment of the requirements of the law on their part, that they were glad to beg him, although vainly, to resign. He died a few months ago, and, sad to say, owing to recent occurrences, without the usual recognition of the event that would otherwise have been made by at least two-thirds of the people over whom he had once ruled. Mr. Polk sought his old home in Tennessee, and died shortly after. General Taylor died in office, but, had he lived, would scarcely have resumed his rank and duties in the national army. His successor, Mr. Fillmore, the second, and, as yet, the last of the accidental Presidents, returned to his office and his law books, but his own notoriety as a barrister does not appear to have increased by reason of his temporary greatness. He lived quietly, and very plainly, at Buffalo—respected, indeed, as a man and a citizen, but unrecognised and to many even unknown as an ex-President; and he is now actually serving as a volunteer in the army, and occupying no higher post than that of captain in one of the New York regiments. General Pierce, who entered office under a load of personal sorrow that almost overwhelmed him, and completely crushed the partner of his life, has devoted his whole time since his retirement to foreign travel and other recreations, in the hope of alleviating the grief from which the latter seems destined never to recover.[1] Mr. Buchanan has remained shut up in his bachelor quarters, occupying himself with his autobiography, by which he hopes to prove that he could not have averted the occur-

[1] Since the text was written, the news of Mr. Van Buren's decease has been received in England. As a remarkable and pertinent confirmation of the statements already made, I quote *verbatim* from the newspaper announcement of this and other events:—

"The steamer *Golden Gate* sailed from San Francisco on the 21st of July, with 1,000,000 dols. in specie for New York, and 270,000 dols. for England.

"*Ex-President Van Buren is dead.*

"The price of flour is quoted 20 dols. per bbl. Fresh meat 30c. to 40c. per lb."

An ex-President's death unceremoniously *sandwiched* between a shipment of specie and the price of fresh meat!

[1] Their only child, a promising son, was killed by a railway accident, before their own eyes, just before Mr. Pierce's inauguration.

rences of the past few months—a fearful responsibility that twenty millions of people, comprising his old political friends as well as foes, seem disposed to thrust upon him. The record of Mr. Lincoln's future cannot, of course, be here written; there is little doubt, however, that the military element before mentioned, and other weighty political causes, will effectually prevent his re-election to the post he now occupies; and his destiny is probably a return to his old functions as a member of the Illinois bar.

The only ex-President who ever trampled all ideas of infringing his own or the nation's dignity under foot, and possessed the moral courage to exemplify in his own person one of the strongest peculiarities of democratic institutions, was Mr. John Quincy Adams; who, in 1831, only two years after his retirement from the Presidency, being then sixty-five years of age, and having already spent forty years in the public service, took his seat in the Lower House of Congress, which he retained, literally, until his death—for he was finally stricken down in his place, and saw "the last of earth"[1] in the Speaker's room, only a few yards distant. I have never heard that, by pursuing this course, he lowered himself in the estimation of a solitary individual, either at home or abroad; but, on the contrary, this portion of his career is probably that in which he acquired his greatest reputation, and by which his memory will be longest perpetuated.

A series of singular coincidences in connexion with the demise of no less than three of the Presidents, excited extraordinary interest at the time of their occurrence, and are still referred to as among the most remarkable of their class. On the 4th of July, 1826, being the fiftieth anniversary of the birthday of the nation, died John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the immediate successors of Washington in the executive office. They were both originally lawyers, both members of the Congress which declared the national independence, both on the committee by which the declaration itself was reported; one was actually the author of that memorable instrument, and the other one of its strongest advisers and supporters, while both signed it; both were subsequently employed on foreign missions, both became Vice-Presidents, and both, finally, Presidents; and both, having assisted so materially at the nation's birth, and watched and fostered its growth for exactly half a century, sank, at almost the same moment, into their final rest, and their memories received jointly the funereal honours bestowed upon them by their mourning country. It is doubtful if a parallel can be found anywhere in the pages of history.

But to add to this extraordinary record, the death of James Monroe, the fifth President, occurred just five years later, in the year 1831, and also on the 4th of July. Although he had not been personally connected with the history of the Declaration of Independence, yet he had afterwards been one of its firmest defenders, and owed his eminence to its existence and perpetuation.

Singularly enough also, John Quincy Adams, sixth President, and Monroe's immediate successor, died on the 22d of February—another anniversary little less sacred to Americans than that of the 4th of July, viz. that of the birthday of Washington.

[1] His own last dying words.

END OF VOL. VI.

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